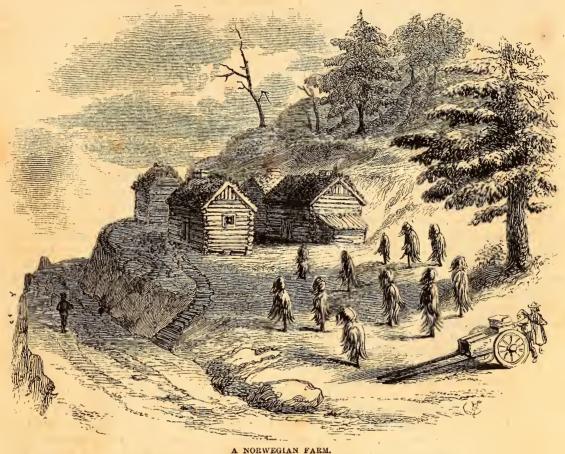


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A NORWEGIAN FARM

A FLYING TRIP THROUGH NORWAY.

EVERY where on the route through the interior I found the peasants kind, hospitable, and simple-hearted. Sometimes I made a detour of several miles from the main road for the purpose of catching a glimpse of the home-life of the farmers; and, imperfect as my means of communication were, I never had any difficulty in making acquaintance with them after announcing myself as a traveler from California. They had all heard, more or less, of that wonderful land of gold, and entertained the most vague and exaggerated notions of its mineral resources. It was not uncommon to find men who believed that the whole country was yellow with gold; that such quantities of that ore abounded in it as to be of little or no value. When I told them that the country was very rich in the precious metals, but that every hill was not a mass of gold, nor the bed of every river lined with

rocks and pebbles of the same material, they looked a little incredulous, not to say disappointed. Many of them seemed surprised that a Californian should be traveling through a distant land like Norway merely for amusement, and few seemed to be entirely satisfied when I assured them, in answer to their questions, that I was not very rich; that I was neither a merchant, nor a speculator, nor the owner of gold mines, but simply an indifferent artist making sketches of their country for pastime. French, German, and English artists they could believe in, for they saw plenty of them in the wilds of Norway every summer; but what use would such a poor business be in California, they said, where every man could make a thousand dollars a day digging for gold? I even fancied they looked at my rough and dusty costume as if they thought it concealed a glittering uniform,

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such as the rich men of my country must naturally wear when they go abroad to visit foreign lands. It was impossible to convince them that I was not extravagantly wealthy. On any other point there might be room for doubt, but the pertinacity with which they insisted upon that afforded me much amusement; and since I could not dispel the illusion, it generally cost me a few extra shillings when I had any thing to pay to avoid the stigma of meanness. Not that my extraordinary wealth ever gave them a plea for imposition or extortion. Such an idea never On the contrary, their entered their heads. main purpose seemed to be to show every possible kindness to the distinguished stranger; and more than once, at some of the post-stations, I had to remind them of things which they had omitted in the charge. For this very reason I was in a measure compelled to be rather more profuse than travelers usually are; so that the State from which I have the honor to hail owes me a considerable amount of money by this time for the handsome manner in which I have sustained its reputation. At some of the stoppingplaces on the road, where I obtained lodgings for the night, it was not uncommon to find intelligent and educated families of cultivated manners. Education of late years has made considerable progress in Norway; and the rising generation, owing to the facilities afforded by the excellent school system established throughout the country, but especially in the principal towns, will not be in any respect behind the times, so far as regards intellectual progress. It is the simplicity and honesty of these good people, however, that form their principal and most charming characteristic. To one long accustomed to sharp dealing and unscrupulous trickery it is really refreshing their confidence in the integrity of a stranger. Usually they left the settlement of accounts to myself, merely stating that I must determine what I owed by adding up the items according to the tariff; and although my knowledge of the language was so limited, I nowhere had the slightest approach to a dispute about the payment of expenses. one occasion, not wishing to forfeit this confidence, I was obliged to ride back half a mile to pay for two cigars which I had forgotten in making up the reckoning, and of which the innkeeper had not thought proper to remind me, or had forgotten to keep any account himself. surprise was manifested at this conscientious act -the inn-keeper merely nodding good-naturedly when I handed him the money, with the remark that it was "all right."

In the districts remote from the sea-ports the peasants, as may well be supposed, are extremely ignorant of the great outside world. Sweden and Denmark are the only countries known to them besides their own "Gamle Norge," save such vague notions of other lands as they pick up from occasional travelers. To them "Amerika" is a terra incognita. A letter once or twice a year from some emigrant to the members of his family, goes the rounds of the district, and

gives them all the knowledge they have of that distant land of promise; and when they listen, with gaping eyes and open mouths, to the wonderful stories of adventure, life, enterprise, and wealth detailed by the enthusiastic rover, it is no wonder they shake their heads and say that Christian, or Hans, or Olé (as the case may be), "always was a capital fellow at drawing a long bow." They firmly believe in ghosts and supernatural visitations of all sorts, but are very incredulous about any country in the world being equal to "Gamle Norge." Naturally enough they consider their climate the most genial, their barren rocks the most fertile, their government the best and most liberal on the face of the earth, and themselves the most highly favored of the human race. Goldsmith must have had special reference to the Norwegians when he sang of "that happiest spot below:"

"The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own."

And why should they be otherwise than contented—if such a thing as contentment can exist upon earth? They have few wants and many children; a country free from internal commotion, and too far removed from the great scenes of European strife to excite the jealousy of external powers; sufficient food and raiment to satisfy the ordinary necessities of life, and no great extremes of wealth or poverty to militate against their independence, either in a political or social point of view. With good laws, an excellent Constitution, and a fair representation in the Storthing, they are justly proud of their freedom, and deeply imbued with the spirit of patriotism.

Very little of poverty or beggary is to be seen by the wayside during a tour through Norway. Only at one point between Kringelen and Laurgaard—a wild and barren district exceedingly savage in its aspect, situated in a narrow gorge of the mountains near the head of the Logenwas I solicited for alms. A portion of this route, after passing Sinclair's Monument, is rudely fenced in so as to render available every foot of the narrow valley. The road passes directly through the little farms, which at this stage of the journey are poor and unproductive. The climate is said to be very severe in this district, in consequence of its altitude, and the sharp winds which sweep down from the mountain gorges. At every gateway a gang of ragged little children always stood ready to open the gate, for which of course they expected a few shillings; and as these gates occur at intervals of every few hundred yards for some distance, it produces a sensible effect upon one's purse to get through. Passing through some wretched hamlets in this vicinity crowds of old women hobbled out to beg alms, and I did not get clear of the regiments of children who ran along behind the cariole to receive the remainder of my small change for several miles. Strange to say, this was the only place during my rambles through the interior in which I saw any thing like beggary. Generally speaking, the farming lands are sufficiently productive to supply all the wants of the peasants, and many of the farmers are even comfortably situated.

The houses in which these country people reside are not altogether unlike the small logcabins of the early settlers on our Western frontier. I have seen many such on the borders of Missouri and Kansas. Built in the most primitive style of pine logs, they stand upon stumps or columns of stone, elevated some two or three feet from the ground, in order to allow a draft of air underneath, which in this humid climate is considered necessary for health. They seldom consist of more than two or three rooms, but make up in number what they lack in size. Thus a single farming establishment often comprises some ten or a dozen little cabins, besides the large barn, which is the nucleus around which they all centre; with smaller cribs for pigs, chickens, etc., and here and there a shed for the cows and sheep, all huddled together among the rocks or on some open hill-side, without the least apparent regard to direction or architectural effect. The roofs are covered with sod, upon which it is not uncommon to see patches of oats, weeds, moss, flowers, or whatever comes most convenient to form roots and give consistency and strength to this singular overtopping. The object, I suppose, is to prevent the transmission of heat during the severe season of winter. Approaching some of these hamlets or farming establishments during the summer months, the traveler is frequently at a loss to distinguish their green-sodded roofs from the natural sod of the hill-sides, so that one is liable at any time to plunge into the midst of a settlement before he is aware of its existence. Something of a damp, earthy look about them, the weedy or grass-covered tops, the logs green and moss-grown, the dripping eaves, the veins of water oozing out of the rocks, give them a peculiarly northern and chilling effect, and fill the mind with visions of long and dreary winters, rheumatisms, colds, coughs, and consumptions, to which it is said these people are subject. Nothing so wild and primitive is to be seen in any other part of Europe. A silence almost deathlike hangs over these little hamlets during a great part of the day, when the inhabitants are out in the hills attending their flocks or cultivating their small patches of ground. I passed many groups of cabins without seeing the first sign of life, save now and then a few chickens or pigs rooting about the barn-yard. The constant impression was that it was Sunday, or at least a holiday, and that the people were either at church or asleep. For one who seeks retirement from the busy haunts of life, where he can indulge in uninterrupted reflection, I know of no country that can equal Norway. There are places in the interior where I am sure he would be astonished at the sound of his own voice. The deserts of Africa can scarcely present a scene of such utter isolation. With a rod in his hand, he can, if given to the gentle art, sit and dream upon some mossy bank,

"In close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look
And hide him from day's garish noon."

Thus you often come upon an English sportsman waiting for a nibble.



WAITING FOR A NIBBLE.

The food of the peasants consists principally of black bread, milk, butter, and cheese. Meat is too expensive for very general use, though at certain seasons of the year they indulge in it once or twice a week. Coffee is a luxury to which they are much addicted. Even the poorest classes strain a point to indulge in this favorite narcotic; and in no part of Norway did I fail to get a good cup of coffee. It is a very curious fact that the best coffee to be had at the most fashionable hotels on the Continent of Europe—always excepting Paris—is inferior to that furnished to the traveler at the commonest station-house in Norway. This is indeed one of the luxuries of a tour through this part of Scandinavia. The cream is rich and pure, and it is a rare treat to get a large bowlful of it for breakfast, with as much milk as you please, and no limit to bread and butter. Your appetite is not measured by infinitesimal bits and scraps as in Germany. A good wholesome meal is spread before you in the genuine backwoods style, and you may eat as much as you please, which is a rare luxury to one who has been stinted and starved at the hotels on the Continent. I remember at one station beyond the Dovre Fjeld Bennett's Hand-Book says: "Few rooms, but food supplied in first-rate style when Miss Marit is at home. She will be much offended if you do not prove that you have a good appetite."

On my arrival at this place, not wishing to offend Miss Marit—for whom I entertained the highest respect in consequence of her hospitable reputation—I called for every thing I could think of, and when it was placed upon the table by that accomplished young lady (a very pleasant, pretty young woman, by-the-way), fell to work and made it vanish at a most astonishing rate. Miss Marit stood by approvingly. During a pause in my heavy labors I called the attention of this estimable person to her own name in the printed pamphlet, at which she blushed and looked somewhat confused. Possibly there might be a mistake about it.

"Your name is Miss Marit?" I asked, very politely.

"Ja."

"And this is Miss Marit in print?"

"Ja."

She took the book and tried to read it.

"Nikka Forstoe!"—she didn't understand.

"What does it say?" she asked, rather gravely.

Here was a job—to translate the paragraph into Norwegian! Besides, it would not do to translate it literally; so I made a sort of impromptu paraphrase upon it.

"Oh! it says Miss Marit is a very pretty young lady."

"Ja!"—blushing and looking somewhat astonished.

"And Miss Marit is a very nice housekeeper."

" Ja!"

"And Miss Marit makes splendid coffee, and thoroughly understands how to cook a beefsteak."

"Ja!"

"And Miss Marit would make a most excellent wife for any young gentleman who could succeed in winning her affections!"

"Nei!" said the young lady, blushing again, and looking more astonished than ever.

"Ja," said I, "it is all in print"—adding, with an internal reservation, "or ought to be."

Who can blame me for paying tribute to Miss Marit's kindness and hospitality? She is certainly deserving of much higher praise than that bestowed upon her, and I hope Mr. Bennett will pardon me for the liberal style of my translation. If he didn't mean all I said, let the responsibility rest upon me, for I certainly meant every word of it.

The farming districts are limited chiefly to the valleys along the river-courses, and such portions of arable lands as lie along the shores of the Fjords. A large proportion of the country is extremely wild and rugged, and covered, for the most part, with dense pine forests. The peasants generally own their own farms, which are small and cut up into patches of pasture, grain-lands, and tracts of forest. Even the most unpromising nooks among the rocks, in many parts of the Gudbransdalen Valley, where plows are wholly unavailable, are rooted up by means of hoes, and planted with oats and other grain.

I sometimes saw as many as forty or fifty of these little arable patches, perched up among the rocks, hundreds of feet above the roofs of the houses, where it would seem dangerous for goats to browse. The log-cabins peep out from among the rocks and pine-clad cliffs all along the course of the Logen, giving the country a singular speckled appearance. This, it must be remembered, is one of the best districts in the interior. The richest agricultural region is said to be that bordering on the shores of the Miösen. One of the comforts enjoyed by the peasants, and without which it would scarcely be possible for them to exist in such a rigorous climate, consists in the unlimited quantity of fuel to which they have such easy access. This is an inconceivable luxury during the long winter months; and their large open fire-places and blazing fires, even in the cool summer evenings, constantly remind one of the homes of the settlers in the Far West. When the roads are covered with snow the true season of internal communication commences. Then the means of transportation and travel are greatly facilitated, and the clumsy wagons used in summer are put aside for the lighter and more convenient sledges with which every farmer is abundantly provided. All along the route the snow-plows may be seen turned up against the rocks, ready to be used during the winter to clear and level the roads. In summer the means of transportation are little better than those existing between Placerville and Carson Valley.

It was during the height of the harvesting season that I passed through the Gudbransdalen.



SNOW-PLOW.

One of the most characteristic sights at this time of the year is the extraordinary amount of labor imposed upon the women, who seem really to do most of the heavy work. I thought I had seen the last of that in the Thuringerwald, Odenwald, and Schwartzwald, while on a foot-tour through Germany; but even the Germans are not so far advanced in civilization in this respect as the Norwegians, who do not hesitate to make their women cut wood, haul logs, pull carts, row boats, fish, and perform various other kinds of labor usually allotted to the stronger sex, which even a German would consider rather heavy for his "frow." The men, in addition to this ungallant trait, are much addicted to the use of tobacco and native corn-brandywhich, however, I can not but regard as a sign of civilization, since the same habits exist, to some extent, in our own country. Chewing and drinking are just as common as in California, the most enlight-

ened country in the world. Wherever I saw a set of drunken fellows roaring and rollicking at some wayside inn, their faces smeared with tobacco, and their eyes rolling in their heads, I naturally felt drawn toward them by the great free-masonry of familiar customs.

The system of farming followed by the peasants is exceedingly primitive, though doubtless well adapted to the climate and soil. Nothing can be more striking to a stranger than the odd shapes of the wagons and carts, and the rudeness of the agricultural implements, which must be patterned upon those in vogue during the time of Odin, the founder of the Norwegian race. Owing to the humidity of the climate, it is necessary in harvest time to dry the hay and grain by staking it out in the fields on long poles, so that the sun and air may penetrate every part of it. The appearance of a farm is thus rendered unique as well as picturesque. In the long twilight nights of summer these ghostly stakes present the appearance of a gang of heathenish spirits standing about in the fields,



A DRINKING BOUT.

their dusky robes trailing over the stubbles. The figures thus seen at every turn of the road often assume the most striking spectral forms, well calculated to augment those wild superstitions which prevail throughout the country. It was impossible for me ever to get quite rid of the idea that they were descendants of the old Scandinavian gods, holding counsel over the affairs of the nation, especially when some passing breeze caused their arms and robes to flutter in the twilight, and their heads to swing to and fro, as if in the enthusiasm of their ghostly deliberations.

Mingled with the wild superstitions of the people their piety is a prominent trait. Their prevailing religion is Episcopal Lutheran, though Catholicism and other religions are tolerated by an act of the Storthing, with the exception of Mormonism, which is prohibited by law. A considerable number of proselytes to that sect have emigrated to Salt Lake. This prevailing spirit of piety is observable even in the wildest parts of the country, where every little hamwith their long beards waving in the air, and let has its church, and neither old nor young

neglect their religious services. Most of these churches are built of wood, with a steeple of the same material, shingled over and painted black, so as to present the most striking contrast to the snows which cover the face of the country during the greater part of the year.

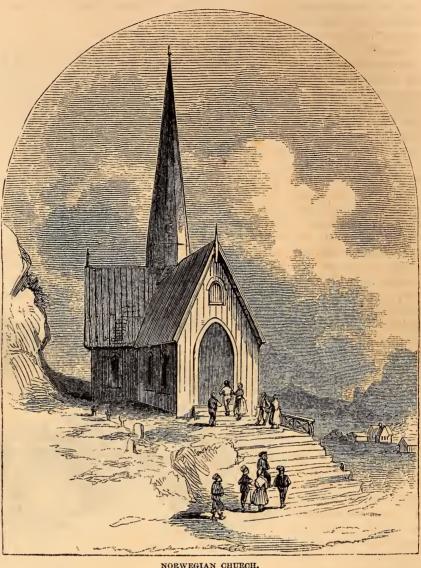
The parish schoolmaster is a most important personage in these rural districts.-He it is who trains up the rising generation, teaches the young idea how to shoot, and

"Out of great things and small draweth the secrets of the universe,"

He is greatly revered by the simple-minded old farmers, is cherished and respected by the mothers of families, enthusiastically admired and generally aspired to by the village belles, and held in profound awe by all the little urchins of the neighborhood. He speaketh unknown tongues; he diveth into the depths of ab-

struse sciences; he talketh with the air of one burdened with much learning; he "argueth the cycles of the stars from a pebble flung by a child;" he likewise teacheth reading, writing, and arithmetic, and applieth the rod to the juvenile seat of understanding. Opposite you have him to

Soon after leaving Storkterstad—a station about two days' journey from Lillehammer, on the main road to Trondhjem, I passed through a very steep and rugged defile in the mountains, with jagged rocks on the right and the foaming waters of the Logen on the left, where my attention was called by the skydskaarl to a small monument by the roadside bearing an inscription commemorative of the death of Colonel Sinclair. If I remember correctly, a fine description is given of this celebrated passage by Mögge, whose graphic sketches of Norwegian scenery I had frequent occasion to admire, during my tour, for their beauty and accuracy. I fully agree with my friend Bayard Taylor, that the traveler can find no better guide to the Fjelds and Fjords of this wild country than "Afraja" and "Life and Love in Norway." Laing has also given an interesting account of Across the river, which here dashes with fright-



NORWEGIAN CHURCH.

the massacre of Colonel Sinclair's party. From his version of this famous incident in Norwegian history it appears that, during the war between Christian the Fourth of Denmark and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, while the Danes held the western coast of Norway, Colonel Sinclair, a Scotchman, desiring to render assistance to the Swedes, landed at Romsdalen, on the coast, with a party of nine hundred followers. Another detachment of his forces landed at Trondhjem. It was their intention to fight their way across the mountains and join the Swedish forces on the frontier. Sinclair's party met with no resistance till they arrived at the pass of Kringelen, where three hundred peasants, hearing of their approach, had prepared an ambush. Every thing was arranged with the ut-most secrecy. An abrupt mountain on the right, abounding in immense masses of loose rock, furnished the means of a terrible revenge for the ravages committed by the Scotch on their march from Romsdalen. The road winds around the foot of this mountain, making a narrow pass, hemmed in by the roaring torrents of the Logen on the one side and abrupt cliffs on the other.



PARISH SCHOOLMASTER.

ful rapidity through the narrow gorge of the mountains, the country wears an exceedingly weird and desolate aspect; the ravines and summits of the mountains are darkened by gloomy forests of pine, relieved only by hoary and mosscovered cliffs overhanging the rushing waters of the Logen. On the precipitous slopes of the pass, hundreds of feet above the road, the peasants gathered enormous masses of rock, logs of wood, and even trunks of trees, which they fixed in such a way that, at a moment's notice, they could precipitate the whole terrible avalanche upon the heads of the enemy.

Such was the secrecy with which the peasants managed the whole affair that the Scotch, ignorant even of the existence of a foe, marched along in imaginary security till they reached the middle of the narrow pass, when they were suddenly overwhelmed and crushed beneath the masses of rocks and loose timbers launched upon them by the Norwegians. Rushing from their ambush the infuriated peasants soon slaughtered the maimed and wounded-leaving, according to some authorities, only two of the enemy to tell the tale. Others, however, say that as many as sixty escaped, but were afterward caught and Attached to this fearful story of retribution, Laing mentions a romantic incident, which is still currently told in the neighborhood. A young peasant was prevented from joining in the attack by his sweet-heart, to whom he was to be married the next day. She, learning that the wife of Colonel Sinclair was among the party, sent her lover to offer his assistance; but the

dead. Such is the tragic history that casts over this wild region a mingled interest of horror and romance.

The road from Laurgaard beyond the pass of the Kringelen ascends a high mountain. the right is a series of foaming cataracts, and nothing can surpass the rugged grandeur of the view as you reach the highest eminence before descending toward Braendhagen. Here the country is one vast wilderness of pine-clad mountains, green winding valleys, and raging torrents of water dashing down over the jagged rocks thousands of feet below. It was nearly night when I reached Dombaas, the last station before ascending the Dovre Fjeld.

A telegraphic station at Dombaas gives something of a civilized aspect to this stopping-place, otherwise rather a primitive-looking establishment. The people, however, are very kind and hospitable, and somewhat noted for their skill in carving bone and wooden knife-handles. I should have mentioned that, wild as this part of the country is, the traveler is constantly reminded by the telegraphic poles all along the route that he is never quite beyond the limits of civilization. Such is the force of habit that I was strongly tempted to send a message to somebody from Dombaas; but upon turning the matter over in my mind could think of nobody within the limits of Norway who felt sufficient interest in my explorations to be likely to derive much satisfaction from the announcement that I had reached the edge of the Dovre Fjeld in safety. name of a waiter who was good enough to black my boots at the Victoria Hotel occurred to me, but it was hardly possible he would appreciate a telegraphic dispatch from one who had no more pressing claims to his attention. I thought of sending a few lines of remembrance to the Wild Girl who had come so near breaking my neck. This notion, however, I gave over upon reflecting that she might attach undue weight to my expressions of friendship, and possibly take it into her head that I was making love to herthan which nothing could be farther from my intention. I had a social chat with the telegraph-man, however-a very respectable and intelligent person-who gave me the latest news; and with this, and a good supper and bed, I was obliged to rest content.

Leaving Dombaas at an early hour I soon began to ascend a long slope, reaching, by a gradual elevation, to the Dovre Fjeld. The vegetation began to grow more and more scanty on the wayside, consisting mostly of lichens and reindeer moss. I passed through some stunted groves of pine, which however were bleached and almost destitute of foliage. The ground on either side of the road was soft, black, and boggy, abounding in springs and scarcely susceptible of cultivation. At this elevation grain is rarely planted, though I was told potatoes and other esculents are not difficult to raise. On the left of the road, approaching the summit, lies a range of snow-capped mountains between the Scotch lady, mistaking his purpose, shot him Dovre Fjeld and Molde; on the right a series

of rocky and barren hills of sweeping outline, presenting an exceedingly desolate aspect. In the course of an hour after leaving Dombaas, having walked most of the way, I fairly reached the grand plateau of the Dovre Fjeld. The scene at this point of the journey is inexpressibly desolate.

Bare, whitish-colored hills bound the horizon on the right; in front is a dreary waste, through which the road winds like a thread till lost in the dim haze of the distance; and to the left the everlasting snows of Snaehatten. A few wretched cabins are scattered at remote intervals over the desert plains, in which the shepherds seek shelter from the inclemency of the weather, which even in mid-summer is often piercingly raw. Herds of cattle, sheep, and goats were grazing over the rocky wastes of the Fjeld. Reindeer are sometimes seen in this vicinity, but not often within sight of the road. The only vegetation produced here is reindeer moss, and a coarse sort of grass growing in bunches over the plain. I met several shepherds on the way dressed in something like a characteristic costume-frieze jackets, with brass buttons, black knee-breeches, a red night-cap, and armed with the usual staff or shepherd's crook, represented in pictures, and much discoursed of by poets:

"Methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;"

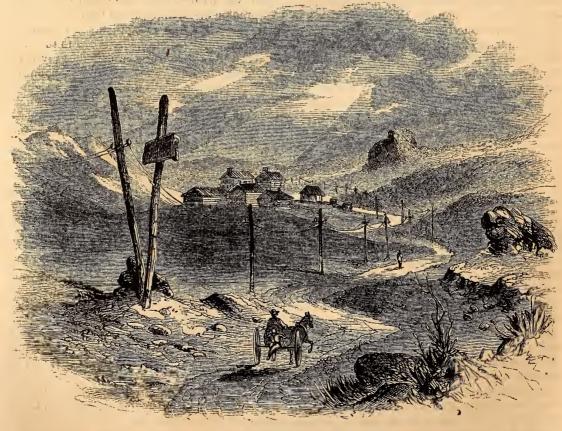
but not on the Dovre Fjelds of Norway. It must be rather a dull business in that region, taking into consideration the barren plains, the bleak winds, and desolate aspect of the country.

No sweet hawthorn bushes are there, beneath which these rustic philosophers can sit—

"Looking on their silly sheep."

Shepherd life must be a very dismal reality indeed. And yet there is no accounting for tastes. At one point of the road, beyond Folkstuen, where a sluggish lagoon mingles its waters with the barren slopes of the Fjeld, I saw an Englishman standing up to his knees in a dismal marsh fishing for trout.

The weather was cold enough to strike a chill into one's very marrow; yet this indefatigable sportsman had come more than a thousand miles from his native country to enjoy himself in this way. He was a genuine specimen of an English snob-self-sufficient, conceited, and unsociable; looking neither to the right nor the left, and terribly determined not to commit himself by making acquaintance with casual travelers speaking the English tongue. I stopped my cariole within a few paces and asked him "what luck?" One would think the sound of his native tongue would have been refreshing to him in this dreary wilderness; but without deigning to raise his head, he merely answered in a gruff tone, "Don't know, Sir-don't know!" I certainly did not suspect him of knowing much, but thought that question at least would not be beyond the limits of his intelligence. Finding him insensible to the approaches of humanity, I revenged myself for his rudeness by making a sketch of his person, which I hope will be recognized by his friends in England should he meet with any misfortune in the wilds of Norway. They will at least know where to search for his



DOVRE FJELD.



PLAYING HIM OUT.

body, and be enabled to recognize it when they find it. This man's sense of enjoyment reminded me of the anecdote told by Longfellow in Hyperion, of an Englishman who sat in a tub of cold water every morning while he ate his breakfast and read the newspapers.

I met with many such in the course of my tour. Is it not a little marvelous what hardships people will encounter for pleasure? Here was a man of mature age, in the enjoyment perhaps of a comfortable income, who had left his country, with all its attractions, for a dreary desert in which he was utterly isolated from the world. He was not traveling-not reading, not surrounded by a few congenial friends who could make a brief exile pleasant, but utterly alone; ignorant no doubt of the language spoken by the few shepherds in the neighborhood; up to his knees in a pool of cold water; stubbornly striving against the most adverse circumstances of wind and weather to torture out of the water a few miserable little fish! Of what material can such a man's brain be-composed, if he be gifted with brain at all? Is it mud, clay, or water; or is it all a bog? Possibly he was a lover of nature; but if you examine his portrait you will perceive that there is nothing in his personal appearance to warrant that suspicion. such were the case, this was not the charming region described by the quaint old Walton, where the scholar can turn aside "toward the high honey-suckle hedge," or "sit and sing while the shower falls upon the teeming earth, viewing the silver streams glide silently toward their centre, the tempestuous sea," beguiled by

the harmless lambs till, with a soul possessed with content, he feels "lifted above the earth." Nor was the solitary angler of the Dovre Fjeld a man likely to be lifted from the earth by any thing so fragile as the beauties of nature. His weight—sixteen stone at least—would be much more likely to sink him into it.

As I approached the neighborhood of Djerkin on the Dovre Fjeld, famous as a central station for hunting expeditions, I met several English sportsmen armed with rifles, double-barreled guns, pistols, and other deadly weapons, on their way to the defiles of the adjacent mountains in search of the black bears, which are said to infest that region. One of these enthusiastic gentlemen was seated in a cariole, and traveled for some distance in front of me. Taking into view the rotundity of his person, which overhung the little vehicle on every side, I could not but picture to myself the extraordinary spectacle that would be presented to any observant eye in case this ponderous individual should suddenly come in contact with one of those ferocious animals.



ENGLISH SPORTSMAN.

Here you have him, just as he sat before mea back view, to be sure, but the only one I could get in the emergency of the moment. It will be easy to imagine, from the dextrous grace of his figure, how he will bound over the rocks climb up the rugged points of the precipices, hang by the roots and branches of trees, dodge the attacks of the enemy, crawl through the brush, and, in the event of an unfavorable turn in the battle, retreat to some position of security.

No man can be blamed for running when he



is sure to be worsted in an encounter of this kind. Many a brave Californian has taken to his heels when pursued by a grizzly, and I have scarcely a doubt that I would pursue the same course myself under similar circumstances. Only it must look a little ludicrous to see a fat Englishman, a representative of the British Lion, forced to adopt this mortifying alternative rather than suffer himself to be torn into beef-steaks. It may be, however, that in this instance our Nimrod has suddenly discovered that it is about

dinner-time, and is hurrying back to camp lest

the beef should be overdone.

These bear-hunting Englishmen take care to have as many chances on their own side as possible. Hence they usually go into the mountains well provided with guides, ammunition, provisions, etc., and prepare the way by first securing the bear in some favored locality. This is done by killing a calf or hog and placing the carcass in the required position. A hired attendant lies in wait until he discovers the bear, when he comes down to the station or camp and notifies the hunter that it is time to start Thus the risk of life is greatly reduced, and the prospect of securing some game proportionally augmented. The black bears of Norway are not very dangerous, however, and hunted in this manner it requires no great skill to kill them. They are generally to be found in the higher mountains and defiles, a few miles from some farming settlement. In winter, when their customary food is scarce, they often commit serious depredations upon the stock of the Every facility is freely afforded by the peasants for their destruction, and every bear killed is considered so many cattle saved.

It was late in the afternoon when I descended a rocky and pine-covered hill, and came in sight of the station called Djerkin—celebrated as one of the best in the interior of Norway. This place is kept by an old Norwegian peasant family of considerable wealth, and is a favorite resort of English sportsmen bound on fishing and hunting excursions throughout the wilds of the Dovre

Fjeld. The main buildings and outhouses are numerous and substantial, and stand on the slope of the hill which forms the highest point of the Fjeld on the road from Christiania to Trondhjem. The appearance of this isolated group of buildings on the broad and barren face of the hill had much in it to remind me of some of the old missionary establishments in California; and the resemblance was increased by the scattered herds of cattle browsing upon

the parched and barren slopes of the Fjeld, which in this vicinity are as much like the old Ranch lands of San Diego County as one region of country wholly different in climate can be like another. A few cultivated patches of ground near the station, upon which the peasants were at work gathering in the scanty harvest, showed that even in this rigorous region the attempts at agriculture were not altogether unsuccessful. As usual, the principal burden of labor seemed to fall upon the women, who were digging, hoeing, and raking with a lusty will that would have done credit to the men.

I must say that of all the customs prevailing



PEASANT WOMEN AT WORK.

in the different parts of Europe, not excepting the most civilized states of Germany, this one of making the women do all the heavy work strikes me as the nearest approximation to the perfection of domestic discipline. The Diggers of California and the Kaffres of Africa understand this thing exactly, and no man of any spirit belonging to those tribes would any more think of performing the drudgery which he imposes upon his wife and daughters than a German or a Norwegian. What is the use of having wives and children if they don't relieve us of our heavy work? In that respect we Americans are very much behind the times. We pay such absurd devotion to the weakness of woman that they rule us with a despotism unknown in any other country. Their smiles are threats, and their tears are despotic manifestoes, against which the bravest of us dare not rebel. It is absolutely horrible to think of the condition of servitude in which we are placed by the extraordinary powers vested in, and so relentlessly exercised by, the women of America. I, for one, am in favor of a revival of the old laws of Nuremberg, by which female tyranny was punished. By a decree of the famous Council of Eight any woman convicted of beating her husband or otherwise maltreating him was forced to wear a dragon's head for the period of three days; and if she did not, at the expiration of that date, ask his pardon, she was compelled to undergo a regimen of bread and water for the space of three weeks, or until effectually reduced to submission. Something must be done, or we shall be compelled sooner or later to adopt a clause in the Constitution prohibiting from admission the State of Matrimony. What would the ladies do then? I think that would bring them to their senses.

Not only in the matter of domestic discipline, but of business and pleasure, are the people of Europe infinitely ahead of us. In France many of the railway stations are attended by female clerks, and in Germany the beer-saloons are ornamented by pretty girls, who carry around the foaming schoppens, having a spare smile and a joke for every customer. Of opera-singers, dancers, and female fiddlers, the most famous are produced in Europe. The wheeling girls of Hamburg, who roll after the omnibuses in circus fashion, are the only specimens in the line of popular attractions that I have not yet seen in the streets or public resorts of New York.

What would be thought of half a dozen of these street acrobats rolling down Broadway or Fifth Avenue? Doubtless they would attract considerable attention, and probably turn many a good penny. I fancy the Bowery boys would enjoy this sort of thing. A pretty girl of sixteen or seventeen, with her crinoline securely bundled up between her ankles, wheeling merrily along after an omnibus at the rate of five miles an hour would be an attractive as well as extraordinary spectacle. For my part, I would greatly prefer it to our best female lectures on phrenology or physiology. I think a girl who



WHEELING GIRLS.

can roll in that way must be possessed of uncommon genius. The wheeling boys of London are but a clumsy spectacle compared with this. No man of sensibility can witness such a sight without regarding it as the very poetry of motion.

But this digression has led me a little out of the way., I was on the road to Djerkin. A sharp pull of half a mile up the hill brought me to the door of the station, where I was kindly greeted by the family. Descending from my cariole a little stiff after the last long stage, I entered the general sitting-room, where there was a goodly assemblage of customers smoking and drinking, and otherwise enjoying themselves. The landlady, however, would not permit me to stop in such rude quarters, but hurried me at once into the fine room of the establishment. While she was preparing a venison steak and some coffee I took a survey of the room, which was certainly ornamented in a very artistical manner. The sofa was covered with little scraps of white net-work; the bureau was dotted all over with little angels made of gauze, highly-colored pin-cushions, and fanciful paper boxes and cardstands. The walls were decorated with paintings of cows, stags, rocks, waterfalls, and other animals, and gems of Norwegian scenery, the productions of the genius of the family—the oldest son, a Justice of the Peace for the District, now absent on business at Christiania. were very tolerably executed. The old lady was so proud of them that she took care to call my attention to their merits immediately upon entering the room, informing me, with much warmth

of manner, that her son was a highly respectable man, of wonderful talents, who had held the honorable position of Justice of the Peace for the past ten years; and that there was something in my face that reminded her of her dear boy. In fact, she thought our features bore a striking resemblance—only Hansen had rather a more melancholy expression, his wife having unfortunately died about three years ago (here the poor old lady heaved a profound sigh). could judge for myself. There was his portrait, painted by a German artist who spent some months at this place last summer. I looked at the portrait with some curiosity. It was that of a man about forty years of age, with a black skull-cap on his head, a long queue behind, and a pair of spectacles on his nose-his face very thin and of a cadaverous expression; just such a man as you would expect to find upon a justice's bench of a country district in Norway. Was it possible I bore any resemblance to this learned man? The very idea was so startling, not to say flattering, that I could hardly preserve my composure. I mumbled over something to the effect that it was a good face-for scenic purposes; but every time I tried to acknowledge the likeness to myself the words stuck in my throat. Finally, I was forced to ask the landlady if she would be so kind as to bring me a glass of brandy-wine; for I was afraid she would discover the internal convulsions which threatened every moment to rend my ribs asunder. While she was looking after the brandy-wine I made a hasty copy of the portrait, and I now leave it to the impartial reader to decide upon



JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

the supposed resemblance. It may be like me; but I confess the fact never would have impressed itself upon my mind from any personal observation of my own countenance taken in front of a looking-glass.



MODEL LANDLORD.

There was something so genial and cozy about the inn at Djerkin that I partially resolved to stop all night. At dinner-time the landlord made his appearance steaming hot from the kitchen. I no longer hesitated about staying. I am a great believer in the physiognomy of inns as well as of landlords. Traveling through a wild country like Norway, where there is little beyond the scenery to attract attention, the unpretending stations by the wayside assume a degree of importance equaled only by the largest cities in other countries. The approach, the aspect of the place, the physiognomy of the house, become matters of the deepest interest to the solitary wayfarer, who clings to these episodes in the day's journey as the connecting links that bind him to the great family of man. I claim to be able to tell from the general expression of an inn, commencing at the chimneytop and ending at the steps of the front door, exactly what sort of cheer is to be had within-

whether the family are happily bound together in bonds of affection; how often the landlord indulges in a bout of hard drinking; and the state of control under which he is kept by the female head of the establishment; nay, I can almost guess from the general aspect of the house the exact weight and digestive capacity of mine host, for if the inn promise well for the creature comforts, so will the inn - keeper. And what can be more cheering to a tired wayfarer than to be met at the door by a jolly red-faced old fellow-

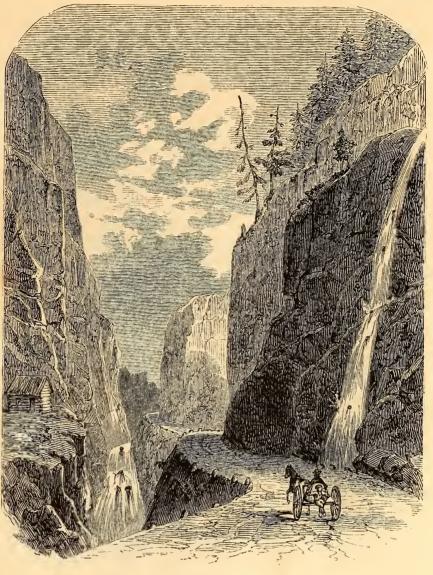
"His fair round belly with fat capon lined-

beef-steaks in the expression of his eye; his bald pate the fac-simile of a rump of mutton; plum-puddings and apple-dumplings in every curve of his chin; his body the living embodiment of a cask of beer supported by two pipes of generous wine; the whole man overflowing with

rich juices and essences, gravies, and strong drinks a breathing incarnation of all the good things of life, whom to look upon is to feel good-natured and happy in the present, and hopeful for the future; such a man, in short, as mine host of the Golden Crown, whose portrait I have en-

deavored to present.

If there be any likeness between myself and the son it certainly does not extend to the fa-He carries in his hands a steaming hot plum-pudding; he is a model landlord, and delights in feeding his customers. His voice is greasy like his face. When he laughs it is from his capacious stomach the sounds come. His best jokes are based upon his digestive organs. He gets a little boozy toward evening, but that is merely a hospitable habit of his to prove that his liquors are good. You commit yourself at once to his keeping with a delightful consciousness that in his hands you are safe. He is not a man to suffer an honest customer to starve. Nature, in her prodigality, formed him upon a generous pattern. Whatever does other people good likewise does him good. May he live a thousand years—mine host of the



DRIVSDAL VALLEY.

Golden Crown!—and may his shadow never be

The next morning I proceeded on my way resolved, if ever I came this route again, to spend a week at Djerkin. A withered old man accompanied me on the back of the cariole. After half an hour's hard climbing up a very steep hill we reached the highest point of the Dovre Fjeld, 4594 feet above the level of the sea. From this point the view is exceedingly weird and desolate. Owing to the weather, however, which was dark and threatening, I did not stop long to enjoy the view of the barren wastes that lay behind, but was soon dashing at a slapping pace down into the valley of the Drivsdal—one of the most rugged and picturesque in Norway.

My journey down the valley of the Drivsdal was both pleasant and interesting. A beautiful new road commences at Kongsvold, the last station on the Dovre Fjeld, after passing Djerkin, and follows the winding of the river through the narrow gorges of the mountains all the way to Ny Orne. On each side towering and pinecovered mountains rear their rugged crests, sometimes approaching so close to the river as to



PASSAGE ON THE DRIV.

overhang the road, which for miles on a stretch is hewn from the solid rock.

The innumerable clefts and fissures that mark the rugged fronts of the cliffs; the overhanging trees and shrubbery; the toppling boulders of granite, balanced in mid-air; the rushing torrents that dash from the moss-covered rocks; the seething and foaming waters of the Driv, whirling through the narrow gorges hundreds of feet below the road; the bright blue sky overhead, and the fitful gleams of sunshine darting through the masses of pine and circling into innumerable rainbows in the spray of the river, all combine to form a scene of incomparable beauty and grandeur such as I have rarely seen equaled in any part of the world, and only surpassed by the Siskiyon Mountains in the northern part of California.

About midway down the valley, after passing the settlement of Rise, I stopped to examine a curious passage of the river in the neighborhood of the Drivstuklere, where it dashes down between two solid walls of rocks, which at this point approach so as to form a passage of not more than fifteen feet in width. Securing my titles me to this distinction; but it has generally been my fate in this sort of travel to be set apart and isolated from the common herd in the fancy room of the establishment, which I have always found to be correspondingly the coldest and most uncomfortable. It is a great annoyance in Normore than fifteen feet in width. Securing my

cariole horse to a tree by the side of the road, I descended a steep bank under the guidance of my skydskaarl, a bright little fellow about ten years of age, who first called my attention to this remarkable phenomenon. I was soon compelled to follow his example and crawl over the rocks like a caterpillar to avoid falling into the frightful abyss below. For a distance of fifty or sixty yards the river, compressed within a limit of fifteen feet, dashes with fearful velocity through its rugged and tortuous boundaries, filling the air with spray and making an angry moan, as if threatening momentarily to tear the rocks from their solid beds, and sweep them into the broad and sullen pool below.

The trembling of the massive boulder upon which I lay outstretched peering into the raging abyss, the fierce surging of the waters, the whirling clouds of spray, and gorgeous prismatic colors that

flashed through them, created an impression that the whole was some wild, mad freak of the elements, gotten up to furnish the traveler with a startling idea of the wonders and beauties of Norwegian scenery.

Late one evening I arrived at a lonely little station by the wayside, not far beyond the valley of the Drivsdal. I was cold and hungry, and well disposed to enjoy whatever good cheer the honest people who kept the inn might have in store for me. The house and outbuildings were such as belong to an ordinary farming establishment, and did not promise much in the way of entertainment. Upon entering the rustic door-way I was kindly greeted by the host-a simple, good-natured looking man-who, as usual, showed me into the best room. Now, I am not aware of any thing in my appearance that entitles me to this distinction; but it has generally been my fate in this sort of travel to be set apart and isolated from the common herd in the fancy room of the establishment, which I have always found to be correspondingly the coldest and most uncomfortable. It is a great annoyance in Nor-

monest lout can enjoy the cozy glow and social gossip of the kitchen or ordinary sitting-room; but the traveler whom these good people would honor must sit shivering and alone in some great barn of a room because it contains a sofa, a bureau, a looking-glass, a few mantle-piece ornaments, and an occasional picture of the King or some member of the royal family. I have walked up and down these dismal chambers for hours at a time, staring at the daubs on the walls and picking up little odds and ends of ornaments and gazing vacantly at them, till I felt a numbness steal all over me, accompanied by a vague presentiment that I was imprisoned for The progress of time is a matter of no importance in Norway. To an American, accustomed to see every thing done with energy and promptness, it is absolutely astounding-the indifference of these people to the waste of hours. They seem to be forever asleep, or doing something that bears no possible reference to their ostensible business. If you are hungry and want something to eat in a few minutes, the probability is you will be left alone in the fine room for several hours, at the expiration of which you discover that the inn-keeper is out in the stable feeding his horses, his wife in the back-yard looking after the chickens, and his children sitting at a table in the kitchen devouring a dish of porridge. Upon expressing your astonishment that nothing is ready, the good man of the house says-"Ja! it will be ready directly, min Herr!" and if you are lucky it comes in another hour-a cup of coffee and some bread perhaps, which you could just as well have had in ten minutes. Patience may be a virtue in other countries, but it is an absolute necessity in Norway. I believe, after the few weeks' experience I had on the road to Trondhjem, I could without difficulty sit upon a monument and smile

Perceiving through the cracks of the door that there was a good fire in the kitchen, and hearing the cheerful voices of the man and his wife, varied by the merry whistle of my skydskaarl, I made bold to go in and ask leave to stand by the fire. The good people seemed a little astonished at first that a person of quality like myself should prefer the kitchen to the fine room with the sofa and bureau, the mantle-piece ornaments and pictures of the royal family; but by dint of good-humored gossip about the horses, and an extravagant compliment thrown in about the beauty of the landlady's childrenfor which I hope to be pardoned—I secured a comfortable seat by the fire, and was soon quite at home. The great open fire-place, the blazing pine logs, the well-smoked hobs, the simmering pots and steaming kettles, had something indescribably cheerful about them; and lighting my pipe, I puffed away cozily during the pauses in the conversation, having a delightful consciousness that nature had peculiarly adapted me for the vulgar enjoyments of life, and that every thing approaching the refinements of civilization was a great bore. It was doubtless at ease. The skydskaarl leaned over with a

this taint of the savage in my disposition that made me look with such horror upon neat rooms and civilized furniture, and fall back with such zest upon the primitive comforts of savage life. When I told the people of the house that I was all the way from California—that I had come expressly to see their country-there was no end to the interest and excitement. "Dear me!" they cried, "and you have traveled a long way! You must be very tired! And you must be very rich to travel so far! Ah Gott-how wonderful!" "Did you come all the way in a cariole?" inquired the simple-minded host. "No; I came part of the way by sea, in a great ship," "How wonderful!" "And what sort of horses had they in California?" I told some tough stories about the mustang horses, in which the landlord was profoundly interested, for I soon discovered that horses were his great hobby. Whatever we talked of, he invariably came back to horse-flesh. His head was overrunning with I praised his cariole horses, and he was enchanted. He gave me the pedigree of every horse in his stable—scarcely a word of which I understood—and then wound up by telling me he was considered the best judge of horses in all Norway. I did not think there was much in his appearance indicative of the shrewd horse-jockey, but was soon convinced of his shrewdness, for he informed me confidentially he had drawn the great prize at the last annual horse-fair at Christiania, and if I didn't believe it he would show it to me! I tried to make him understand that I had no doubt at all what he said was strictly true; but not satisfied at this expression of faith in his word, he went to a big wooden chest in the corner and took out a bag of money, which he placed upon the middle of the table with a proud smile of "That," said he, "is the prize! A triumph. hundred and fifty silver dollars—silver, mind you—all SILVER!" But perhaps I didn't believe it was a prize? Well, he would convince me of that. So he left the bag of money on the table and went into a back room to get the certificate of the Society, in which it was all duly written out, with his name in large letters, the paper being neatly framed in a carved frame, the work of his own hands. There it was; I could read for myself! I tried to read it to oblige him, and as I blundered over the words he took it into his head that I was still incredu-"Nai! nai!" said he, "you shall see the lous. money! You shall count it for yourself!" In vain I strove to convince him that I was entirely satisfied on the subject—that he must not go to so much trouble on my account. nai!" cried the enthusiastic dealer in horse-flesh, "it is no trouble. You shall see the money WITH YOUR OWN EYES!" And forthwith he untied the string of the bag, and poured out the shining dollars in a pile on the middle of the table. His good wife stood by, professing to smile, but I suspected, from the watchful expression of her eye, that she did not feel quite



THE PRIZE.

general expression of the most profound astonishment and admiration. "See!" cried the old man; "this is the prize—every dollar of it. But you must count it-I'll help you-so!" As there was no getting over the task imposed upon me without hurting his feelings, I had to sit down and help to count the money-no very pleasant job for a hungry man. After summing up our respective piles there appeared to be only a hundred and forty-nine dollars-just a dollar "Lieb Gott!" cried the man, "there short. must be a mistake! Let us count it again!" I felt that there was a necessity for counting it very carefully this time, for the landlady's eye was on me with a very searching expression. "Een, to, tre, five, fem, sex," and so on for nearly half an hour, when we summed up our counts again. This time it was only a hundred and forty-eight dollars - just two dollars The old man scratched his head and looked bewildered. The landlady moved about nervously, and stared very hard at me. It was getting to be rather an embarrassing affair. I blamed myself for being so foolishly drawn into it. Wishing to know if there really was fied that it was all right, I now thought it best

a mistake, I begged my host to let me count it alone, which I did by making fifteen piles of ten dollars each, carefully counting every pile. It was all right, the whole amount was there, a hundred and fifty dollars. "All right!" said I, much relieved; "don't you see, every pile is exactly the same height!" "Ja! ja!" said the man, "but I don't understand it. Here, wife, you and I must count it!" So the wife sat down, and they both began counting the money, varying every time they compared notes from two to ten dollars. Once they had it a hundred and sixty dollars. "The devil is in the money!" exclaimed the horse-dealer; "I'm certain I counted "And so am right." I!" said the woman; "I can not be mistak-It is you who en. have made the mis-take! You always were a stupid old fool about money!" This she said with some degree of asperity; for she was evi-

dently displeased at the whole proceeding. fool, eh? A fool!" muttered the old man; "you do well to call me a fool before strangers!" "Ja, that's the way! I always told you so!" screamed the woman, in rising tones of anger, "you'll lose all your money yet!" "Lose it!" retorted the man; "don't you see I have made ten dollars by counting it to-night! There! count it yourself, and hold your peace, woman!" Here the wife, suppressing her wrath, made a careful and deliberate count, which resulted in the exact sum of a hundred and fifty dollars! I was much relieved; but by this time the old man, unable to bear the torrent of reproaches heaped upon him by his good wife for his stupidity, swore she must have made a mistake. He was sure he had counted a hundred and sixty. Therefore he would count it again, all alone, which he proceeded to do, very slowly and cautiously. This time the result was a hundred and fifty-five dollars. "The devil's in it!" cried the astonished dealer; "there's some magic about it! I don't understand it. I must count it again!" The woman, however, being satisto return to my seat by the fire, where she soon began to busy herself preparing the supper, turning round now and then of course to let off a broadside at her old man. She took occasion to inform me, during the progress of her culinary labors, that he was a very good sort of man, but was somewhat addicted to brandy-wine, of which he had partaken a little too freely on the present occasion. I must excuse him. She would send him to bed presently. And now, if I pleased, supper was ready.

I could not help thinking, as I lay in bed that night, how lucky it was for these simple-minded people that they lived in the interior of Norway. Even in California, where public and private integrity is the prevailing trait of the people, it would hardly be considered safe to pull out a bag of money at a wayside inn and show it to every passing stranger. I have known men there in high public positions whom I would scarcely like to tempt in that way, especially if there was money enough in the bag to make robbery respectable.

All along the route during the next day the scenery was a continued feast of enjoyment. In looking back over it now, however, after the lapse of several months, it would be difficult to recall any thing beyond its general featurespine-covered mountains, green valleys, dark rocky glens, foaming torrents of water, and groups of farm-houses by the wayside. At Bjerkager I reached the first of the "slow-stations;" that is to say, the established post-houses, where a margin of three hours is allowed for a change of horses. I had supposed that in a country, and on a public route, where during the summer there must be considerable travel, it would hardly be possible that so long a delay could take place; but in this I was mistaken. The slowstations are emphatically slow; the keepers are slow, the horses are slow, the whole concern is slow. From Bjerkager to Garlid, and from Garlid to Hov, including all delays, a distance of three hours and a half ordinary time, it took me all day. No entreaties, no offers of extra compensation, no expressions of impatience produced the slightest effect. The people at these places were not to be hurried. Kind and good-natured as they were in appearance and expression, I found them the most bull-headed and intractable race of beings on the face of the earth.

I was particularly struck with the depressing lethargy that hung over a wretched little place called Soknaes, which I made out to reach the next morning. A dead silence reigned over the miserable huddle of buildings by the roadside. The houses looked green and mildewed. A few forlorn chickens in the stable-yard, and a half-starved dog crouching under the door-steps, too poor to bark and too lazy to move, were the only signs of life that greeted me as I approached. I knocked at the door, but no answer was made to the summons. Not a living soul was to be seen around the place. I attempted to whistle and shout. Still the terrible silence remained unbroken, save by the dismal echoes of my own

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melancholy music. At length I went to a rickcty shed under which some carts were drawn up for shelter from the weather. In one of the carts, half-covered in a bundle of straw, was a bundle of clothes. It moved as I drew near; it thrust a boot out over the tail-board; it shook itself; it emitted a curious sound between a grunt and a yawn; it raised itself up and shook off a portion of the straw; it thrust a red nightcap out of the mass of shapeless rubbish; the night-cap contained a head and a matted shock of hair; there was a withered, old-fashioned little face on the front part of the head underneath the shock of hair, which opened its mouth and eyes and gazed at me vacantly; it was an old man or a boy, I could not tell which till it spoke, when I discovered that it was something between the two, and was the skydskaarl or hostler of this remarkable establishment. He rubbed his eyes and stared again. "Hello!" said I. He grunted out something. "Heste og Cariole!" said I. "Ja! Ja!" grunted the hostler, and then he began to get out of the cart. I suppose he creaked, though I do not pretend that the sounds were audible. First one leg came out; slowly it was followed by the other. When they both got to the ground, he pushed his body gradually over the tail-board, and in about five minutes was standing before me.

"A horse and cariole," said I; "let me have them quick!"

"Ja! Ja!"

"Strax!" [directly!] said I.

"Ja! Ja!"

"How long will it be?"

"Ach!"—here he yawned.

"An hour?"

"Ja! Ja!"

"Two hours?"

"Ja! Ja!"

"Three hours?"

"Ja! Ja!"

"Sacramento! I can't stand that. I must have one strax—directly—forstöede?"

"Ja! Ja!" and the fellow rubbed his eyes and vawned again.

"Look here! my friend," said I; "if you'll get me a horse and cariole in half an hour I'll give you two marks extra—forstöe?"

"Ja! Ja! twa mark" (still yawning).

"Half an hour, mind you!"

" Tre time—three hours!" grunted the incorrigible dunderhead.

"Then good-by—I must travel on foot!" and with rage and indignation depicted in every feature I flung my knapsack over my shoulder and made a feint to start.

"Adieu! farvel!" said the sleepy lout, goodnaturedly holding out his hand to give me a parting shake. "Farvel, min Herr! May your journey be pleasant! God take care of you!"

to the summons. Not a living soul was to be seen around the place. I attempted to whistle and shout. Still the terrible silence remained unbroken, save by the dismal echoes of my own



TRAVELING ON FOOT.

road I cast a look back. He was still standing by the cart, yawning and rubbing his eyes as before. That man would make money in California—if money could be made by a bet on laziness. He is lazier than the old Dutch skipper who was too lazy to go below, and gave orders to the man at the helm to follow the sun so as to keep him in the shade of the main-sail, by reason of which he sailed round the horizon till his tobacco gave out, and he had to return home for a fresh supply. I call that a strong case of laziness, but scarcely stronger than the traveler meets with every day in Norway.

traveler meets with every day in Norway.

I now began to enjoy the real pleasures of Norwegian travel. No longer compelled to endure the vexatious delays to which I had lately been subject, I bowled along the road, with my knapsack on my back, at the rate of four miles an hour, whistling merrily from sheer exuberance of health and lack of thought. The weather was charming. A bright sun shed its warm rays over hill and dale; the air was fresh and invigorating; the richest tints adorned the whole face of the country, which from Soknaes to Trondhjem gradually increases in fertility and breadth of outline, till it becomes almost unrivaled in the profusion of its pastoral beauties. Nothing can surpass the gorgeous splendor of the autumnal sunsets in this part of Norway. At an earlier period of the year there is perpetual daylight for several weeks, and for three days the sun does not descend below the horizon. The light, however, is too strong during that period to produce the rich and glowing tints

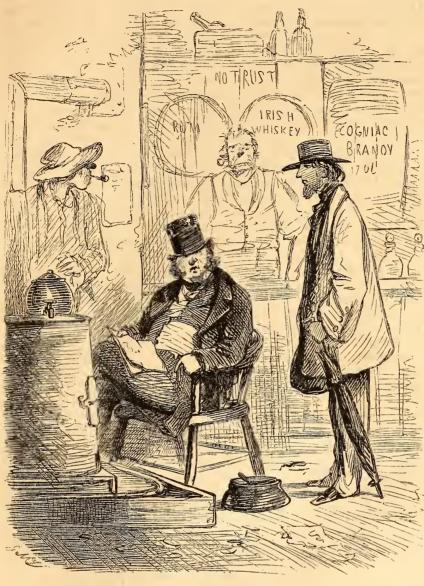
which cover the sky and mountain-tops at a later season of the year. I was fortunate in being just in time to enjoy the full measure of its beauties; and surely it is not too much to say that such an experience is of itself worth a trip to Norway. I shall not attempt a description of Norwegian skies, however, after the glowing picture of the North Cape at midnight drawn by the pen of my friend Bayard Taylor, the most faithful and enthusiastic of all the travelers who have given their experience of this interesting region.

Keeping along the banks of the Gula the road winds around the sides of the hills—sometimes crossing open valleys, and occasionally penetrating the shady recesses of the pine forests, till it diverges from the river at Meelhus. Soon after leaving this station the views from the higher points over which the road passes are of great beauty and extent — embracing a glimpse, from time to time, of the great Trondhjem Fjord.

Night overtook me at the pretty little station of Esp. Next morning I was up bright and early, and after a cup of coffee and some rolls shouldered my knapsack and pushed on to Trondhjem.

If this very crude and hasty record of my experiences in the interior shall have the good luck to be found worthy of perusal, I hope soon to follow it up by an account of my visit to the Norwegian coast.





MR. BIGGS AT HOME.

ALONG THE WHARVES.

AM the public's most obedient servant, Septimus Witherspoon, of Herkimer County, State of New York. When I am at home I am called a farmer, and though I am proud of the title, I am glad to say that I am not altogether dependent on my farm. I say all this because I know that the public like, when they're hearing from a man, to know who he is. It's a warrant of respectability, and shows that he is not ashamed of himself.

It has always been my intention to spend some little time in the city of New York, and I had read that, as a general thing, people from the country see more of New York than the citizens, and I was determined not to destroy that impression. But I also knew from my own experience that my neighbors who had seen the wonders of the great city utterly failed on their return in giving a clear impression of the sight. This, too, I determined to improve by going about with my eyes open, and not by looking with suspicion on every man I met in

the metropolis shut off my sources of information.

From the earliest period of its career I have been a reader of Harper's Monthly Magazine, and I have been especially attracted by two or three articles in which the versatile information of a Mr. Biggs is brought to bear; and I resolved to make his acquaintance, and, if possible, induce him to escort me through the city and show me the sights. By the kindness of the editor of the Magazine, to whom I introduced myself as an old subscriber, I was favored with a note to a friend of Mr. Biggs, who gave me a note to that gentleman. The editor also said, that if I would write out my observations he would be glad to see them, and if they suited him, would print them in the Magazine.

Armed with a note to Mr. Biggs, I took my way to the address given. After some search I found that renowned gentleman at a quiet retreat not very far removed from his board-

ing-house, answering to the title of the "O'Sullivan Hall," and kept by Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan.

Mr. Biggs took my letter and looked it well over before breaking the seal, and then did the same with myself. He then perused the letter slowly, seeming to spell at some of the words, while I stood waiting for him to reach the end. When this occurred, Mr. Biggs turned to me and said, rather abruptly,

and said, rather abruptly,
"Want to see New York, eh! Got any

money?"

I answered that I had, and by way of delicately letting him understand that I was willing to spend it, I said,

"What'll you drink, Mr. Biggs?"

He answered without an instant's hesitation, thereby showing how easily confidence is begotten in his mind,

"Whisky straight, Dennis. He pays;" meaning me, and designating, by his finger, the fact to a stern Milesian gentleman behind the bar.

sight. This, too, I determined to improve by going about with my eyes open, and not by looking with suspicion on every man I met in pense of four shillings and sixpence, cash in

hand, paid to Dennis O'Sullivan, after which Mr. B. did me the honor to accept my arm as far as the "Nonsuch House" and to sup with me. As it could hardly be expected that I should accompany Mr. Biggs home quite late at night, being myself a stranger to the city, I delegated that matter to a very polite colored gentleman at the "Nonsuch," who, for the sum of one dollar, promised, pledged himself to the faithful performance of the duty.

The convention between Mr. Biggs and myself was, that on the following day he was to begin showing me around, and that the shipping and commercial interests were to have our first attention.

The next morning, bright and early, quite early in fact, being only a little after six, and much before breakfast, Mr. Biggs knocked at my door. In consequence, I had the pleasure of Mr. Biggs's company at breakfast. As we traversed the city toward the wharves I wished to become acquainted, at least by name, with many fine buildings and strange things I saw by the way; but I soon found out that I had a man of system to deal with, and that this was no part of his system. We came out to see the wharves, he informed me, and we would see them and nothing else.

"System, Sir, system!" said Mr. Biggs. "We'll do the thing properly or not at all. Commence at the Battery, Sir, and go up."

In a few minutes we stood upon that famous spot, and Mr. Biggs, taking a position a little to the westward of the centre, stamped his foot and exclaimed:

"Now, Sir, I stand on the very spot where stood Fort Amsterdam, the first attempt at raising a building of any consequence on the ground that afterward became this wonderful city."

I naturally looked at the ground with veneration, though I could perceive no sign that should so induce me.

"Here, Sir, the renowned Wouter Van Twill-

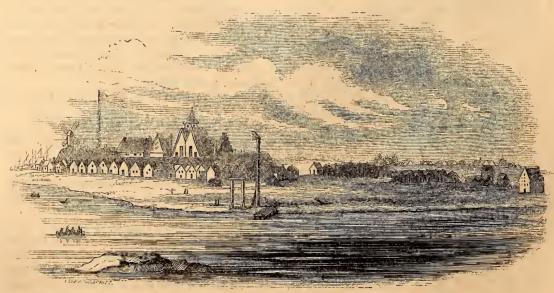
er put up his fort in 1635, and opened trade with the Indians for furs. While just over there, to the southeast of the Battery, was built the first vessel ever constructed on this island. She was called the Unrest, measured 38 feet keel, and was built in 1613 by Captain Block to supply the place of one he had brought from Holland, which was accidentally burned. At that time, Sir, this spot was merely looked on as a convenient place for the traders, who came with small notions to dicker with the Indians; they even despising the beauty of its position for the superior trading facilities of Beaver Wyth, now Albany. One voyage a year between this spot and Holland was in those days considered fast traveling and trading, Sir."

Mr. Biggs looked triumphantly around, and I could not help thinking that, with the very natural enthusiasm of a New Yorker, he took to himself a large part of the credit for the energy and perseverance that had built up so great a city from so small a beginning. Mr. Biggs went on:

"Why, Sir, in the year 1623 this place was the property of 'The United New Netherland Company,' who merely looked upon it as a trading post. Up to the year 1656 there was but one wharf, which ran out from the foot of Moore Street, only reaching to low-water-mark. Vessels at this time moored in the East River and unloaded by scows. In 1659 fifty feet was added to this wharf, and some provision was made for facing up the bank around the point, now called the Battery, by putting plank about it. At that time, Sir, the north side of Pearl Street was the water side, and in 1687 the lots facing the water were granted to different parties on condition of their keeping the facing-plank in good order. How many water lots would you take now, Sir, on the same conditions? Eh!"

I replied to Mr. Biggs by offering to blindly face up both rivers on the same terms. Mr. Biggs said he didn't doubt it.

"You see the Battery now," Mr. Biggs went



NEW YORK IN 1664.

on: "would you like to know how it looked two centuries ago? Here," and he produced from his pocket a soiled and crumpled engraving, "is a picture of New York in 1664. see the Fort, inclosing Governor Kieft's doubleroofed church, the Governor's house, the flagstaff, and wind-mill. At the river's edge, perhaps on the very spot where we now stand, are the Gallows and Whipping-post. Great institutions those. We could make good use of them now if we had them.

"What do you think now, Sir," continued Mr. Biggs, "of a great commercial city surrendering to a fleet consisting of two frigates and a fly-boat, carrying in all only 130 guns and 600 men? And yet, Sir, such is the fact. Our valiant Dutch ancestors backed down to an English force of that strength in 1664; and then in 1673, nine years after, backed down a second time to a Dutch force still smaller. It was the merchants that did it, Sir; the first time to improve trade, as they thought, and the second time to get back the old government for the same purpose. The merchant is ruler, depend upon it, Sir."

I had noticed that during the time Mr. Biggs was stamping down the earth where once stood Fort Amsterdam a youthful wielder of the blacking brush was operating on Mr. Biggs's boots, as I truly believe—being so assured by that gentleman personally-without his knowledge or consent. Unfortunately for the misspent labor, Mr. Biggs did not awake to the fact until his boots were entirely polished, when, with proper indignation, he spurned the surreptitious boot-black

away, and threatening to give him immediately into the hands of a policeman, went on with his conversation.

"Now, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, "we come to busy and classical grounds. Pier No. 1, North River. Pier No. 1, Sir, is the landing-place of the boats of the Camden and Ambov line, the first railroad stretching south from New York. It was built in 1829 from Amboy, in New Jersey, to its terminus on the Delaware River, the intermediate distances between New York and Philadelphia being traversed by steamboats. When that road was first built, Sir, it was traveled by horse-cars, and the first practical locomotive in the country went over its rails only thirty-one years ago. Now, Sir, the earnings of the road are equal to \$1,600,000 per annum.'

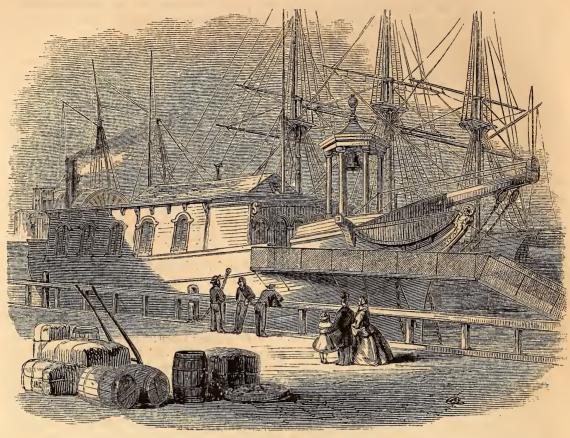
For a few minutes Mr. Biggs stood absently on the corner of Battery Place ruminating and picking up single peanuts from a stand, the legal owner of which slept sweetly beside it, and gazing far out upon the bosom of the Hudson.

"Charming river!" said Mr. Biggs at last, just as the apple and peanut lady awoke, and turning his back as he spoke to the edibles. "Charming river, Sir! navigable for 160 miles from its mouth. Splendid harbor! especially intended by nature for commercial purposes. Capable of giving shelter to the largest vessels in the world. Bar at Sandy Hook, Sir, 27 feet at high-water, Sir. After that there's no farther trouble—channel of from 35 to 50 feet all the way up to the wharves."

"Get out wid ye, spitting all over me pine-



"GET OUT WID YE!"



THE BETHEL SHIP.

apples! Do yees think I've got nothing to do but be washing me slices all day afther yees?"

I am constrained in truth to admit that the lady proprietor of the stand behind Mr. Biggs had justice on her side, as that gentleman, in the abstraction of the moment, had evidently been giving way to absent-minded expectoration.

"Pier No. 2, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, walking on hurriedly, "is one of the Boston lines. Mind you, Sir, I say one of them. The day has gone by, Sir, when the stage started daily, taking its eight passengers for a six days' journey, price \$20. Now, we used to have the splendid steamers of the Charleston and Savannah lines at Pier No. 4, and more of the same sort for the same place at Pier No. 12. There, Sir, is the Bethel ship, one of many—those sheet-anchors for the poor wanderers about the docks. We'll speak of 'em again, Sir. By-and-by-by-and-by, Sir."

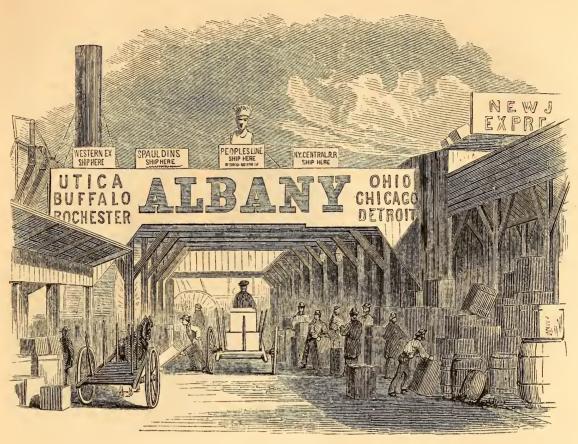
Mr. Biggs blew his nose violently, and walked on.

"It is much to be regretted, Sir," he continued, "that we New Yorkers have not seen fit to pay more attention to the wharves. There are very few of them that are structures of which we can be proud. We have not yet followed the example of England in building stone wharves and basins that will last for centuries. To be sure, Sir, the exigencies of our trade and tides have not so imperatively called for them as in London and Liverpool; but still it would be a most creditable movement to replace some of the old, decayed, dangerous, and rat-eaten docks of the lower part of the city. The day is rapid-

ly coming, Sir, when it will have to be done, and we shall see a line of stone wharves stretching from six to ten miles on either side of this right little, tight little island, Sir."

Here was a pause, in which my imagination pictured out the great city of New York when it should throw all the cities of the world into the shade; when for five miles from the Battery not a dwelling would exist, nothing but one mass of stores and warehouses, laden to repletion with the wealth of the world; and all the opposite shores would be a repetition of the vast hive. Mr. Biggs's voice brought me back to Pier No. 12.

"Another Boston line, and there used to be another Savannah line, Sir! Steamers upon steamers, from one to five thousand tons, clustering along the docks like flies clinging to a slice of bread and molasses! Pier No. 13; here were Virginia steamers, Sir, mediums of conveyance to the mother of statesmen and the land of sweet plug tobacco. No. 14, Sir, Philadelphia steamers around Cape May; sea-sickness and bilge-water, Sir, at the lowest possible charge. Pier No. 15, Sir, is the landing-place of the Albany boats—a spot full of wonders, Sir. Here, Sir, at 6 A.M. and 6 P.M. each day these magnificent boats, emblematic of our rapid progress, can be seen, like grand monsters who have kindly lent themselves to puny man, awaiting the throng of passengers rushing away from the city on business or pleasure. The months of July and August are especially notable for the life upon the river, when all the fashionable world



THE ALBANY DOCK.

is bound to Niagara, Saratoga, Canada, or such parts of the country as may please their taste. Then, Sir, there is something approaching to delirium in the departure of an Albany boat. The wild hurrying of the excited people; the shouting of the hack and cart drivers; the dodging of the baggage smashers, and the cries of the vendors of every article under the sun, mixed up with the commands of policemen and officers of the boat; while, high above all the other din, the roaring of the escaping steam, makes the nearest approach to Pandemonium that we shall ever experience in this life."

Mr. Biggs paused for breath, a fine color glowing in his face, and centring particularly bright about his nose. I may as well mention here that Mr. Biggs's description so interested me that I took the earliest opportunity to revisit the spot at the hour he had designated, and I can indorse personally all he has said.

"Here, Sir," proceeded Mr. Biggs, "we have another immense outlet from New York, the Jersey City Ferry, communicating not only with a city of fifty thousand people, but with the dépôts of the great Erie Railroad, the New Jersey Railroad, the Northern Railroad of New Jersey, and the Morris and Essex Railroad. Over this ferry, Sir, there pass daily twenty-five thousand people and two thousand vehicles. Seven boats do service, the largest of which is 800 tons. Think of that, Sir, for a mere ferry-boat. These boats, Sir, make the passage in six minutes, in all weathers, cracking through twelve-inch ice like so much paper, at three cents per head for each fortably, address him in this style:

passenger. For this privilege, Sir, the most valuable ferry of the city, the Company only pay \$5000 per annum, holding it until the year 1866. Now, Sir, imagine that up to one hundred years ago, or a little over, say 1750, there were no docks above this spot, and that the scows which then plied between New York and the opposite shore landed their passengers and freight at a stake dock built from this place—a dock which was generally carried away every winter by the ice. About this date the wharves and lining of the river bank were built as high up as Partition, now Fulton Street."

Just as Mr. Biggs said these words, stretching out his hand to point to the spot, I saw a gentleman make a sudden stoop, pick up something at the feet of Mr. Biggs, and cross quickly over to the pier, with an anxious manner, as though he would conceal whatever the article was he had stooped for. While I was intently watching this another gentleman, with a singular obliquity of vision that caused him to look perpetually sideways over a tall cigar, came up to me.

"Did you see that?" said this last gentleman.

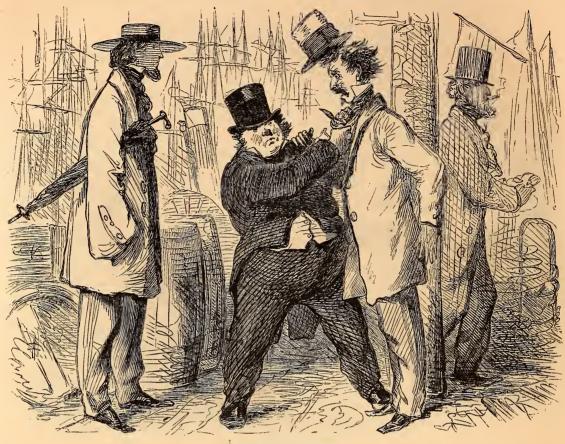
"See what?" I naturally asked.

"Why, that feller's found a pocket-book," said the gentleman.

As a matter of course I felt interested, which the gentleman perceiving, said, earnestly,

"Go over and make him go yer shares."

At this moment I was astounded to see Mr. Biggs seize the gentleman violently by the cravat, and while holding and shaking him uncom-



POCKET-BOOK DROPPERS.

"Now ain't you a pretty scamp? Now ain't ye? What d'ye take me for, you rascal? Don't you understand your business better? If you don't tell me in an instant what ye took me for I'll hand ye over to the police!" at the south end of Washington Market, "is No. 19, the freight dépôt of the Morris Canal. That pier and the next, No. 20, is the city residence of a cloud of propellers and canal-boats, the bearers of burdens of every kind to our all-

I saw that the gentleman rather shrank under this threat, and when Mr. Biggs gave him another shake, and another repetition of the same words, he burst out with,

"Oh! come, Squire, don't git mad. I d'know what's er matter with me ter day. That's er second time I've mixed up the thing this mornin', any how. Let up on a feller, say, won't yer?"

Mr. Biggs gave him one more genial shake that completely lifted him off his legs, and then dropped him so quickly that the released party went down on his knees. He was up, however, in a moment and away like a deer, while Mr. Biggs strode on the other way, leaving me for an instant in such a state of stupefaction that I could scarcely follow. When I did reach that gentleman all the explanation I could get in answer to my questions was,

"Pocket-book droppers, Sir;" and that was all the information I ever got on the subject

After this, for some little time, Mr. Biggs's equanimity was clearly disturbed, causing him to pass hurriedly over the ground, notwithstanding the refreshment of a dozen on the half shell at Washington Market, and a *primer*, as Mr. Biggs expressed it; which "primer" was simply a gill of Bourbon straight.

"Over there, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, standing

No. 19, the freight dépôt of the Morris Canal. That pier and the next, No. 20, is the city residence of a cloud of propellers and canal-boats, the bearers of burdens of every kind to our alldevouring people. At that point commences Washington Market, called in old times the Bear Market, running northerly to Pier No. 26. Here are thousands of hucksters, commission sellers of edibles of every kind. Middle-men, who deal and speculate between the producer and the consumer, until the latter has to pay at least fifty per cent. more for his food than it is really worth. Their sheds-mere shanties of plank—cover every inch of room, and there they lie in wait for the hundreds of boats of every kind that bring provisions to feed the hungry A few months ago a fire swept through these shanties, leaving the spot one mass of roasted potatoes, vegetables, beef, mutton, and poultry, and letting the public into the secret of how much and how valuable a quantity of food finds its way into this apparently unimportant spot. It is a disgrace, Sir, to the city, that these men should be allowed to create by their influence laws that prevent the countryman from coming directly into the market and selling his own produce at any time!"

The last part of Mr. Biggs's argument had been addressed to a couple of muscular gentlemen in red shirts, who were ostensibly applemerchants by wholesale, and who, in reply, only vouchsafed the single word "Gas!"

"And now, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, emerging

from the opposite end of the market and passing over a couple of blocks at a brisk trot, "we come to another great outlet for a rurally-disposed people—the first slip of the Hoboken Ferry. Though the glories of Hoboken, Sir, have much departed since the days when the Elysian Fields reached almost to the landing on the Jersey side, yet Hoboken still holds out inducements to entice thousands away from their native soil. On the Sabbath-day, Sir, especially, they flock to the three New York landings, and from morning to night, when the weather is fine, swarms-particularly of Germans-seek their Teutonic relaxation in the fields above or the cafés in Hoboken. Seven thousand people, Sir, have been known to pass over the three ferries of this company of a Sunday, though on a weekday the travel is very much smaller. Rather a good property, Sir; and yet the proprietors pay the princely sum of \$1050 per year for the whole three ferries! What d'ye think of that, Sir? Pier No. 29, Sir, is the California Steamer wharf—the spot from whence so many thousands have sailed away, with hearts elate, never to return—many of them never to be heard of again; gone, Sir, to swell the unwritten history of that Golgotha of lands. I never see one of those steamers, Sir, without thinking of some great monster waiting to swallow its prey."

Mr. Biggs suited the action to the word, drawing back his head as he made the last remark, and opening his mouth, which he shut with a

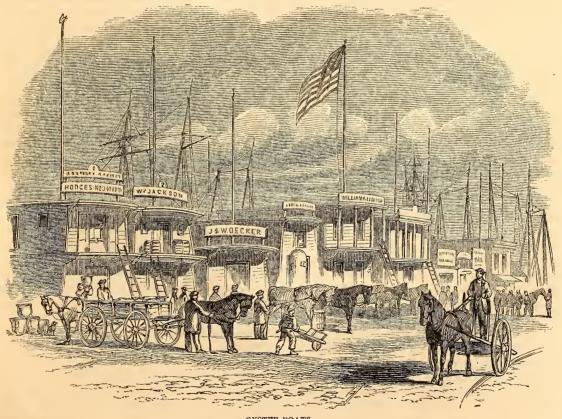
snap.
"And now, Sir," he resumed, "we come to the wharf of the Erie Railroad Company, the greatest work of private enterprise ever executed

in this country; a work which—though it has cost thirty millions of dollars, and absorbed, without any return, all the original capital—is still to be looked on as a work doing great credit to the enterprise of us New Yorkers, Sir, who not only spent all our own money in it, but all of any body else's, Sir, that we could get hold of. It hasn't paid yet; but we expect that it will soon. If you want to invest, let me advise you to buy Erie now, while the stock is low. Now is your time."

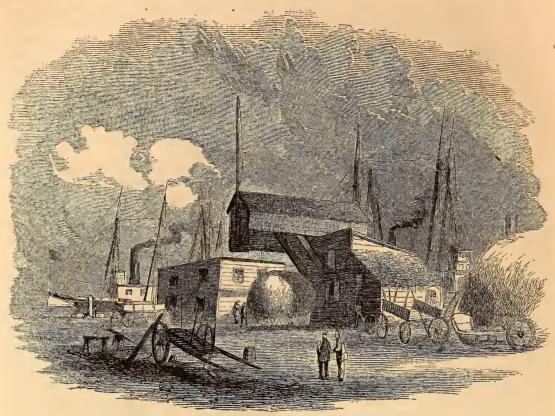
Mr. Biggs fell into a brown study for a few moments, when he brightened up. "Here again, from Pier No. 33, we have steamboats, Sir, by the score, ready to take you any where for a less sum than it will cost you to stay at home."

We picked our way in silence for a short time, when Mr. Biggs paused, waved his hand impressively, and said:

"Here, Sir, at Piers 37 and 38, we have a group of interesting items: Firstly, the Bremen and Southampton steamers; secondly, Sir, we have the way the ice comes in; thirdly, the wharf of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, who bring us every year about a couple of hundred thousand tons of coal, forty-five thousand of which are landed upon this wharf; and, fourthly, and most interesting of all, one of the wharves sacred to the Municipal Sanitary Office. At this wharf, Sir, there is dumped weekly 1200 loads of manure and garbage from the streets. In the spring this runs up to 2000; and it must be understood, Sir, that this is only one of many dumping places, several larger existing on the east side of the city, the total amount removed from the city being about an average of 17,000



OYSTER-BOATS.



HAY-SCALES.

loads weekly. In the spring this has been known to run up as high as 38,000 loads in one week."

By this time we had reached the second landing-place of the Hoboken Ferry, at the foot of Canal Street, which Mr. Biggs dismissed with a wave of his hand, and we stood before the docks once occupied by the Collins steamers; while just above, at another wharf, lay the line of screw steamers running between New York and Liv-

I stood musing over all this, when I missed Mr. Biggs. At the moment I was rather alarmed, not knowing but that gentleman had, in an unguarded way, slipped from the dock into the briny waves below, without noise or disturbance; but I was soon disabused on that point. I beheld Mr. Biggs standing with his back toward me on board a half-house half-boat arrangement, that lay moored, with many others of the same sort, at the wharf. I watched the motion of my friend's body and the bending forward of the head; and this, coupled with the fact that I could not fail to perceive the host of the boat hand him something, persuaded me that Mr. Biggs was going through a swallowing operation. In a moment he made a hurried exit from the boat and stood beside me on the dock, the host staring wildly at him as though in wonder.

"There, Sir! What d'ye think o' that?" were his first words; while, by watching the countenance of the man who stood with the oyster-knife in his hand, I became convinced that Mr. Biggs had merely been "sampling" the oysters without buying. "There's our oyster-boats. There's where a large share of the first-class bi- inal scales used by Wouter Van Twiller when he

valves are stowed. It's not an uncommon thing, Sir, for 40,000 bushels to be sold there in one week, while quite a business is done in the same goods in the Clinton Market, just opposite."

I felt uncomfortable as we walked away, being unable to disabuse my mind of the fact that the proprietor of the oyster-boat Mr. Biggs had honored with a visitation had come out on the plank to see us off, and gave Mr. B. a parting shout, as he moved away, that sounded very much to me as though he cried, "How did you like 'em, sonny?" Mr. Biggs, however, with an imperturbability to be admired, took no notice whatever of his impertinence. A few hasty steps and we stood upon the wharf at the foot of Hammond Street, where, as Mr. Biggs informed me, lay the majestic Great Eastern in all her sullen grandeur, while every spot about her teemed with suddenly-awakened life. Now ruin and desolation is upon all.

We passed between Piers 49 and 51, where the Christopher Street station of the Hoboken Ferry loomed up amidst piles of lumber towering almost to the skies. Mr. Biggs had become slightly taciturn. At Pier 53 stood a vestige of the past which I could not pass without inquiry. It bore the impress of one of the relics of history, and seemed as though it might have been a block-house erected by the early settlers for defense against the Indians. It was with this upon my mind I appealed to Mr. Biggs.

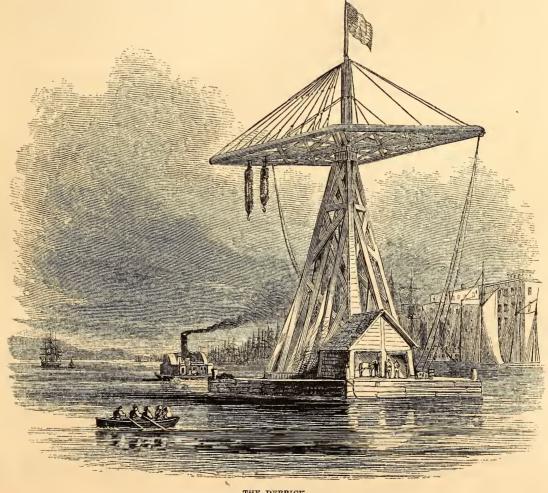
"Hay scales, Sir," was that gentleman's response; "old hay scales, long disabled, Sir; been there, Sir, ever since the memory of the oldest inhabitant; supposed to have been the orig-

used to put his foot in for a pound, in his Indian Here Mr. Biggs gave a short cough, and drawing his right hand from his pocket, waved it across the scope of several slips, and went on: "Here, Sir, is sand, the spot whereon the product of Coney Island is stored, to enable our housewives to keep their pans and kettles bright; and there, Sir, we see flags-not flags of the free and brave, with stars and stripes, but flags, Sir, to trample under foot without insult -flags to pave our streets and back-yards, Sir. And now, Sir, we come to a very important item in our domestic economy." Mr. Biggs pointed to a large building standing out toward the water's-edge, surmounted by a gigantic horse, the anatomy of which would have puzzled Agassiz or Owen in classification. "There, Sir, is one of the numerous establishments where our fire-wood is sawed and split by steam. Once upon a time, Sir, you could not walk half a mile without being turned off the sidewalks half a dozen times by their being in possession of the wood-sawyers; now, this is all done by the steam-engine, and thousands of boys are employed in performing the labor once executed by the professional and artistic sawyer. The wood is done up in those little bunches that we see in every grocery—a smart boy being enabled to tie somewhere between 600 and 800 per day, by which he can earn from \$2 to \$2 50 per week. These bundles are sold to the grocers at

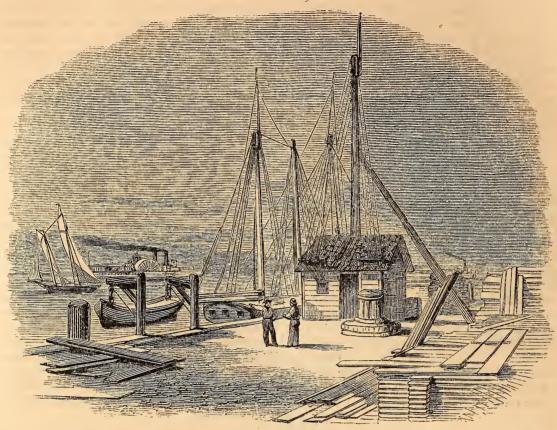
\$1 50 per 100, and by them retailed at $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents each; while the knots and ends of the wood are sold at the factory for 16 cents per box, containing a little less than a barrel. Eight hands at the sawing and splitting machine will turn out about 16 cords per day. This, Sir, is one of the small reformations of great importance daily being made among us."

As Mr. Biggs strode steadily away I could not but admire the stern pride with which he related these little facts; and the admiration was accompanied by the thought that, should the inventor of the splitting machine at that moment come in contact with Mr. Biggs, he might have some doubts as to whether himself or that gentleman was the real benefactor of mankind. A few minutes' walking and we stood at the foot of Twelfth Street, on the ground occupied by the freight dépôt of the Hudson River Railroad Company, watching the unloading of scores of cars just arrived with hundreds of cans of milk, boxes of cheese, firkins of butter, and such other edibles as the great city engulphs by thousands of tons and leaves no sign. Mr. Biggs placed himself about the centre of the ground, and, to the astonishment of a group of workmen whom he had rather crowded to attain it, commenced stamping the ground the same as he had before done on the Battery.

"Here, Sir, is more classical ground, the spot whereon, only a few years since, stood Fort



THE DERRICK.



TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Gansevoort, or, as more familiarly known, 'The White Fort.' It was erected during the war of 1812 to keep the Britishers out of the North River—should it so happen that they ever got so high as this place. There it stood, Sir, serving the very useful purpose, during many of the last years of its life, of a lodging-place for shoals of negroes and vagrants, who crawled into the portholes and kept house permanently rent free."

The workmen listened to Mr. Biggs with distended eyes, every now and then looking about at the ground whereon he had been stamping, as though they momently expected to see it open and swallow the speaker; and then, disappointed in this result, they made various disrespectful noises and motions, signifying their belief to each other that there was something wrong in the mental condition of Mr. Biggs.

At the wharf close by lay an immense square box, covering, as I thought, somewhere about an acre, and having upon its deck a small house, from the centre of which towered a mast of gigantic proportion, with cross-beam and rigging of indefinite quantity. I was naturally desirous of knowing its use.

"Bishop's derrick, Sir! the great derrick with which sunken steamboats, ships, and heavy laden vessels are brought back from the briny deep to the light of day. With only one-horse power and five men that arrangement has lifted a sunken boat laden with 300 tons of coal. This is done more by the lifting force of the boat itself than by the power on board—the boat having a square of 76 feet on deck, and 12 feet depth of hold. It is only necessary, therefore, to

make her fast to a sunken wreck at low tide, which, at high-water, will bring it six feet off bottom, after which she is swung in nearer shore and the lifting process repeated at next tide until she lies high enough to be pumped out."

By this time we had reached Fifteenth Street, the crossing of the American Telegraph Company—a fact of which Mr. Biggs informed me much in the same way that he would have spoken of some little personal property.

"The telegraph crossing, Sir," said Mr. Biggs. "If you say so we'll step over and see how it gets on."

I thought I should like to see how it got on. Accordingly we went across the wharf to where Mr. Biggs settled upon an individual in an extremely dirty shirt, smoking an impeachable clay pipe, and holding short grumbling conversations with the little waves that broke against the dock over which he was swinging his legs. This gentleman was obviously well posted, and not to be caught, as he instantly informed Mr. Biggs in answer to his question as to who had charge of the office of the telegraph crossing.

"No yer don't! I ain't no fool, I ain't," said that sagacious individual. "I warn't born yister-day, I warn't. I've seen fellers comin' round here as-sin' ker-wes-tions, I have."

I ventured to ask the gentleman what kind of folks came round there asking questions, and got my answer.

"I ain't a gwan to be ker-wes-tioned, I ain't. Do you think I doan-no? yer can't ketch me, yer can't. No, Sir, yer can't."



"BE KEERFUL OF MY VEST."

Mr. Biggs was at this moment leaning against the Telegraph office, staring at the dirty gentleman, when that individual addressed himself to Mr. B.

"Say, Mister, be keerful of my vest, will ver?"

I saw Mr. B. start, and, as he started, I saw a strangely tattered rag of a wondrous dingy hue hanging on the spot against which he had been leaning. I saw Mr. B. shake himself with a shudder and look at the garment somewhat as one would look at a venomous reptile or a mad dog, and then I saw him dash away with an expression that clearly showed that he was not able by speech to do justice to the subject. It was not until he had got several streets away that he found voice to express his indignation mingled with certain information.

"Confound the fellow!" said Mr. Biggs; "the Couldn't he have told us that there are fourteen wires crossing at this point. Eh! Sir. Couldn't he just have mentioned that the cable crossing this spot is just three times as thick as the Atlantic Telegraph cable, and that it runs from that point to Brimstone Point in the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, and from there to every where. The man ought to be hung, Sir. No, Sir, he's too dirty for that. He ought to be ducked, Sir, if it wouldn't spoil the river."

We stood by this time at the foot of Eighteenth Street, where I saw some great iron frames raising themselves to the altitude of a house, and holding in their embraces vast vessels seeming like gigantic pots just put on to boil. I had heard much of the charity of the citizens and of the soup-houses that had fed the poor through some bitter winters, and, as a natural consequence, these ran through my mind as I asked Mr. Biggs for information.

"Those, Sir, are the gasholders of the Manhattan Gas Company, a Company upon whom 30,000 customers depend for their nightly supply of light. Not 30,000 people, Sir, but 30,000 buyers, and perhaps not less than 350,000 people. They have 230 miles of cast-iron main laid through the streets, and light this great city from the north side of Grand Street to the south side of Seventy-ninth Street. In this, which is called the Eighteenth Street station, they have 1000 retorts and sixteen gasholders, while at the foot of Fourteenth Street, East River, they have another station almost as large, and at the foot of Sixty-fifth Street, North River, one much larger. In one year, Sir, this Company consumes 100,000 tons of coal, and 60,000 bushels of lime, from which they manufacture, with the aid of 1500 men, 1000 millions of cubic feet of gas.'

Mr. Biggs walked on ruminating and breaking forth into occasional ejaculations of,

"A wonderful study, Sir, is gas! The whole world, Sir, is gas! Mankind is made of gas, Sir! From gas we came, and unto gas we must return!"

We had not walked far when Mr. Biggs, with an admiring cast of countenance, stopped before a domicile erected apparently upon public ground at the very entrance of a wharf. The architecture of the "Hôtel de Flaherty"—for so an artistically-lettered board announced its name—was decidedly of the rural order, though of what material it was composed would have puzzled an analyzing chemist. There was wood undoubtedly, with here and there a stone breaking through a chaos of mud, plaster, and mortar. There were bits of tin-roofing impressed into the service, with here and there a scrap of canvas or a brick by way of ornament. The "Hôtel de Flaherty" boasted a master of the softer sex, who did her business under a projecting shed in front. Her goods consisted of wilted apples, dusty candy, and something which looked to me like smoked sausages. Mr. Biggs walked up to the stand, and, taking up one of the last-named articles, inquired,

"How much apiece?"

"Two cints," responded the proprietress. "Too much," said Mr. Biggs, sternly.

"Well, lave 'em be, thin."

"I'll give you three cents for two," said Mr. Biggs, not abashed.

"I'll see yees hanged first," said the lady, "and thin I wuddint."

Mr. Biggs silently laid down four cents, drew out his pocket-knife and cut off two of the coveted articles.



HOTEL DE FLAHERTY.

"Boloneys!" said Mr. Biggs, proffering me one, which I declined, giving as a reason that I never ate at that hour of the day. Mr. Biggs graciously accepted the refusal, and devoured the whole without winking.

During the time that Mr. Biggs was disposing of his lunch we were progressing upward past piles upon piles of lumber, stone, brick, and coal. By swill-fed cow stables; by distilleries and slaughter-houses; by sugar refineries, towering ten stories into the sky, and packing-houses capable of taking in a drove of a thousand hogs and barreling them for exportation before they have time to squeal. Past great clipper ships discharging cargo by the aid of a steam-engine, where once the heave and song of the stevedore only was heard; past crowds of tow-boats, laden with the grain of the West, the coal of Pennsylvania, and the thousand products of a thousand places; past sloops and schooners, from every spot under the sun, and bound likewise to every region, as my guide informed me, in the intervals of mastication.

For a time I had noted a peculiar perfume on the air which I thought disagreeable. Mr. Biggs strode on unheeding notwithstanding my protest against the growing unpleasantness of the atmosphere, until at last we stood at the foot

of Thirty-fourth Street, before a half-opened gate that gave admittance to a wharf from whence the sweet savor poured forth in volumes. A German watchman guarded the portal, and opposed the entrance of Mr. Biggs. That gentleman, to my astonishment, pulling a small notebook and a pencil from his pocket as he pushed by, and muttering the single word "Reporter," ushered me into view of a small sloop piled high with the savory carcasses of horses, pigs, cows, dogs, and cats, while barrels and tubs, tanks and hogsheads of blood and entrails, stood about.

"The offal boat, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, with a wave of his hand as of introduction; "the craft that waits to receive the animal dead of the city."

The watchman, backed by an assistant, stood watching Mr. Biggs with no pleased expression of countenance. With a patronizing nod Mr. Biggs turned to address him and proposed a question. He answered,

"Nein, nicht forestan."

Mr. Biggs tried the other.

"Oh, ya-as, goot. I sphakes Angerlish.
Ya-as. I knows every ting."

Mr. Biggs tried another question.

"Oh! ya-as, dat ish so. Goot, I knows all apout it."

And so between the gentleman that knew nothing, and the gentleman that knew every thing, Mr. Biggs came down to his own stock of knowledge.

"The offal boat, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, "is an important adjunct to the Bureau of Sanitary Inspection. I have a little document here, Sir, which will give you some insight into the matter;" and Mr. Biggs drew from his pocket a dingy paper rather the worse for wear, and read:

"City Inspector's Department, Bureau of Sanitary Inspection, etc., New York, September 24, 1860. For the week ending September 22, 1860. Number of dead horses removed from the city limits, 50. Ditto of cows, 9. Ditto of dogs and other small animals, 135. Number of barrels of offal removed, 3100.' That's the week's work, Sir; and then here's another string of items, in the way of choice articles of food which we're not allowed to eat. The Inspector pounces on 'em, Sir, like a chicken on a grasshopper, and to this they must come whether or no: 'Beef, number of pounds, 1236; veal, 495; fish, 2900; poultry, 350; other meats, 3580; hogs, 16.' That's a pleasant little lot, Sir," continued my guide, "for one week, which might have found its way down the throats of the citizens. Eh, isn't it?" and Mr. Biggs gave an unearthly chuckle, and scowled at the two Dutchmen as though they were the guilty par-"It all comes here, Sir, brought by the contractor at his own expense, except the blood and offal from the slaughter-houses, which the butchers are obliged to deliver. The contractor keeps ten carts constantly going on these errands, and three of these boats to carry away what they gather. Whenever an animal dies notice must

immediately be given at the nearest station-house, or at the office of the City Inspector. The carts are then sent, and the funeral proceeds with dispatch, until the carcass is deposited upon the boat. One of these boats sails every evening, and her cargo is landed at the bone-boiling establishment up the river. After sundry processes of manufacture, the defunct omnibus-horse, the swill-fed cow, and the departed canine, comes forth in the shape of leather, bone, manure, soap fat, and various other trifles too tedious to mention. In fact, Sir, quite improved, and far more useful."

Mr. Biggs paused gaspingly, gave one more sniff, with his nose rather clevated, and slightly turned away from the object of his admiration, and then, to my very decided relief, left the offal boat far in the rear.

Mr. Biggs was marching away rapidly toward the east, leaving the water behind. In answer to my question of "Why?" he answered,

"Had enough of this side, Sir; nothing more to be seen above. We'll try the East River, Sir."

I could not fail to perceive an uncertain air about Mr. Biggs; a look as though he had the intention of doing some act for which he was only awaiting opportunity. He gazed into corner establishments of a suspicious style, and made several feints at entering; but seeing that I made no motion to follow, Mr. Biggs surrendered what I supposed was his intention, and passed on with an audible ejaculation and a hastened step.

At the very moment when I was wrapped in the deepest wonder at the strangeness of his manner, Mr. Biggs seemed at once to alter his course, making directly toward an old-fashioned wooden-box hydrant, that stood upon the street corner, on which, to my utter astonishment, he seated himself with an air that plainly declared him a fixture.

"A-h!" said Mr. Biggs, drawing a long breath, "now we'll have a little quiet conversation. You seem to have a rather small idea of the commercial greatness, Sir, of this town, if I understand you right, Sir! I mean to have that out of you, Sir!"

Upon what premises Mr. Biggs based his argument was beyond my understanding; I certainly had not so expressed myself, and I am equally certain that such was not my opinion. That gentleman, however, did not give me an opportunity of saying so, but continued rapidly:

"This city, Sir, has too long labored under slander and false valuation, Sir. I mean to crush it out, Sir! Crush it out!" And Mr. Biggs, suiting the action to the word, gave the hat, which he had taken from his head to cool it, a scrunch, and then took from it a bundle of soiled papers, to which he occasionally referred, as he went on speaking:

"New York, Sir, in proportion to its size, is the greatest commercial city of the world! In the increase of her commerce, Sir, she has no parallel in history! She has it in her power,

Sir, by wealth and commercial importance, to dictate peace or war to the world. Commerce. Sir, has become the real arbiter of nations. us look, Sir, at the growth of her mercantile marine, from the period when the Dutch traders made their annual voyages for furs to Nieuw Amstel, as the south end of this island was then called. The first steps in the way of marine architecture were consummated in the shape of square-built sloops, measuring from twenty to thirty-five feet in length, and used for the commerce of the river. As the settlement advanced in importance it naturally began to look for foreign trade, even to going as far north as the vicinity of Salem and Boston, and as far south as the Virginia plantations. At last, Sir, the daring spirit that actuated our Dutch forefathers broke out in the shape of barks and brigantines; so that, within half a century of the time when the great Wouter Van Twiller hung out his country's banners upon the walls of Fort Amsterdam, the commerce of the city had grown to a most respectable size. In 1684 it numbered 2 barks, 2 brigantines, 25 sloops, and 46 open At this period, Sir, New York began to show, by the growing wealth of her merchants, that her trade was not to be sneezed at, some of them accumulating what in those days was considered princely wealth. In 1674, when an account was taken of the wealth of the principal people, the richest man was found to be Frederick Philipse, who was rated at \$150,000-a sum that then placed him in about the same position as an Astor now. In 1695, Sir, the new dock was built from Coenties Slip to Whitehall Street, and a rate of wharfage established, which was, for vessels of less than five tons, 6s.; between five and ten tons, 9s.; from ten to fifteen tons, 12s.; from fifteen to twenty-five tons, £1; from twenty-five to fifty tons, £1 10s.; over that measurement, £2 10s. In 1701, Sir, the marine of the city consisted of seventy-four vessels, of which seven were ships. Think of that, Sir!—seven ships!"

Here Mr. Biggs's voice grew husky, and I could only catch a word at intervals. Then he began to nod, and nearly fell from his seat, dropping his bundle of papers. This aroused him; he started, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, fiercely:

"Wake up, Sir! Wake up! What do you mean, Sir, by going to sleep while I am talking?"

I denied the fact most positively. I was not asleep, and so I declared to Mr. Biggs.

"You're another, Sir!" said that gentleman, with an emphasis that brought a policeman, who had been lurking around the corner, to the spot, and kept him, during the rest of Mr. Biggs's very valuable lecture, within hearing.

"Well, Sir," continued Mr. Biggs, recovering his temper, "I've been telling you all about the commerce of New York, during the Revolution, and the war of 1812, and for the next forty years, and you were asleep, Sir, and didn't hear a word of it. Now, Sir, keep awake while I read you

a paper I wrote a couple of years ago, which will give you some idea of the present commerce of New York. Now don't go to sleep again."

He seated himself firmly on the hydrant, took out from a side-pocket a bundle of soiled and creased manuscript, from which he proceeded to read:

"'We find that the entire commerce of the country for the last four years foots up to this:

•	
IMPORTS.	
1856\$314.639.942 1858	\$282,613,150
1856\$314,639,942 1858 1857\$60,890,141 1859	338,768,130
Exports.	
1856 \$310,586,330 1858	\$293,758,279
1857 338,985,065 1859	335,894,385
2001	555,001,000

"'Now let us take the last year of this and see what proportion New York does, and what proportion other leading cities do, that we may arrive at the commercial greatness of New York by comparison:

IMPORTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1859.

New York	\$218,231,093	Baltimore	\$9,713,921
Boston	41,174,670	Charleston	1,438,535
New Orleans	18,349,516	Mobile	788,164
Philadelphia	14,517,542	Savannah	624,599
San Francisco.	11,155,767		

York does two-thirds of the whole business of the United States, and fifteen times as much as Philadelphia, a city of almost equal size. Now, Sir, let us come to the exports, and we'll see a difference:

EXPORTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1859.

New Orleans	\$100,870,689	Boston	\$14,196,130
New York	97,461,576	San Francisco	12,403,782
Mobile	28,933,662	Baltimore	9,074,511
Charleston		Philadelphia	5,248,514
Savannah	15,372,696	-	

"'There's the figures for it, and New York is obliged to give it up. New Orleans sends out her cotton, which swells the grand total to almost three millions beyond New York. Now, Sir, while our hand is in, let's see the thing through.

Here we have the clearances, or vessels leaving the port of New York during the year ending June 30, 1859:

Number of vessels 4,877 Number of vessels 4,786 Number of tons 1,276,706 Number of tons 2,554,134
Number of tons 1,276,706 Number of tons 2,554,134
Number of men 59,601 Number of men 66,806
Number of boys 751 Number of boys 375

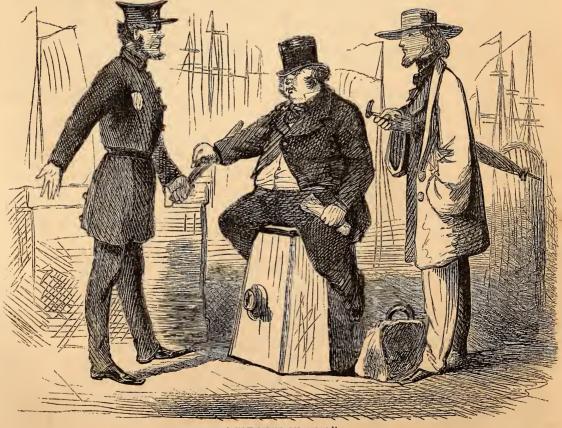
"'So you see, Sir, by this simple statement we find that the average tonnage of foreign vessels in the year 1859 was 261, while the average tonnage of American vessels was 533—another instance, Sir, of the effect of free institutions. We also see, Sir, that these foreign vessels, with their one-half tonnage, used within a fraction as many men and boys to get along with as the American—a palpable saving on the Yankee side, Sir. Then, Sir, during the same period of time there entered the port of New York:

"" By this, Sir, it will be seen at once that there were 823 more vessels entered than cleared—a fact that may be accounted for by the varying number at the wharves, by the condemnation of unseaworthy vessels, and various other causes not set down in the calendar, all of which, to a sensible man, are as apparent, Sir, as the nose on your face."

Mr. Biggs paused, and gazed absently at the nasal member, causing, for a moment, a misgiving in my mind that all was not right with that necessary facial appendage. I think it was for the purpose of doing away with this embarrassment that I asked Mr. Biggs what was the entire tonnage of the port of New York.

"1,444,360 tons, Sir," was his immediate response—"one-fifth, Sir, of the entire United States, which is 7,806,035."

A dead silence fell upon us for a few moments



"YOU MOVE ON, NOW."

after this stunning announcement of figures, only broken by Mr. Biggs, who, after fumbling in his pocket, asked,

"Have you any change about you?"

I took out a handful and extended it toward He carefully selected a bright quarter The first he put in his pockand a half-dime. et, and, with the other in his fingers, beckoned to the policeman. The M.P.-No. 4429-approached, when Mr. Biggs, deliberately laying the bit of silver in his hand, said,

"Go and get me a cigar, my good fellow:"

Astonishment for a moment caused dumbness, but in a mere trifle of time there was a recovery, and No. 4429 slowly raised his hand, and, with a quick, convulsive jerk, cast the coin upon the body of Mr. Biggs, crying as he did

"Come, now; you move on, now, I tell yer. I been er having my eye on yer. Yer better move, or I'll bet I make yer bounce, I will."

Mr. Biggs stooped, picked up the fallen silver, gave one gaze upon the offended majesty of the law, and-moved.

Mr. Biggs made no halt in his moving until we stood at the foot of Thirtieth Street, East River, looking over the beautiful sweep of blue water before us, the great masses of rock, yet unleveled, on our left, and the long line of wharves that ran down into the very heart of the city on our right.

"This, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, giving his head a wave that he might keep both hands in his pockets, "is the spot that will be remembered by New Yorkers of the past as Kipp's Bay, now a busy suburb of the busier city. Above this, Sir, at the foot of Thirty-fourth Street, is the ferry to Hunter's Point, Long Island. Sir, let's be off-Down, derry, down."

And Mr. Biggs, suiting the action to the word, started off at a brisk trot, as though under an engagement to be at the Battery in fifteen

"That, Sir, is Bellevue Hospital we are leaving behind us," said Mr. B., as we reached Twenty-fifth Street-"the hospital for the poor sick and the sick poor. Mighty clean and decent place, Sir. And now, Sir, we are coming to the old House of Refuge. Ah, Sir, how are the mighty fallen! Degraded, Sir, into a laundry, a sawing and splitting place for kindling wood, and a distillery. Here, Sir, we have the ferry to Greenpoint, foot of Twenty-third Street, and another gas company—the New York. This company, Sir, falls somewhat behind the Manhattan in point of size, their territory for supply not being of so great an area, their customers, of which there are 11,000, being entirely below Grand Street. They have 130 miles of castiron main, or pipe, laid, and employ 535 men. At these works there are 550 retorts and 6 gasholders; four more, making ten in all of the latter, are in other parts of the city. They manufacture nearly 600 million of cubic feet of gas per annum."

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out over the great open spaces, which I knew had but recently been reclaimed from the river and filled in to make wharves. Long lines of carts from the interior of the city were filing out continually, dumping dust, garbage, and ashes, to swell the mass that was to add so many feet to New York territory. Hundreds of chiffonniers were scattered over the waste, culling into their bags and baskets what had been cast out by their fellow-man, no doubt often raking from the rubbish treasure-trove that well repaid the labor. We were passing by the yards where were put together those floating palaces of which New York has so just a right to be proud. I saw the great skeletons, gaunt and vast, raised upon the stocks, and the frames knit together, smooth and shapely, only waiting to be consigned to their element, and my heart yearned to wander among them, and see the builders of the ship. I expressed this desire to Mr. Biggs, but Mr. Biggs said,

"No, Sir; not to-day—can't permit it, Sir haven't time-make a special matter of it, Sirsystem, Sir, system's the word. Come on!"

And I came on.

Down we went past the Novelty Works and the Morgan Iron Works, where the clang and the clash of the hammer is never still, and the air is dark with the dust and labor of ten thou-Down by the ferries—at Tenth sand men. Street, to Greenpoint—at Staunton Street, to Williamsburg-and at Grand Street, to the same. Down past great ships, unloading with unfragrant hides, with great tuns of whale oil, and the thousand other things that go toward making up the smell of the wharves; and still by one where they bore out a burden that had gone on board of its own volition—the lifeless body of the captain, who had died in a far-off land, or on a far-off sea. The stevedores stood uncovered, and the careless crowd paused reverently for a moment as the rough, square box was borne to the waiting hearse: the door closed, the vehicle rolled away, and all was life, noise, and bustle again.

"Pier 54, East River, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, "is where all the Italian marble is landed that is brought into this port. In the great blocks you see before you lie all the grand works that will grow into life under the American chisel. Pier No. 53 is the Walnut Street Ferry to Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn. This street was once the most frightfully depraved in New York; and though it has not improved much in physical dirt, it has in mental. Here we come, Sir, to the building for the Tobacco Inspection-a vast pile, where 20,000 hogsheads of American tobacco are taken in yearly, examined, pronounced on, classed, marked, and turned out to be puffed into ashes by the millions all over the earth. And now, Sir, we come to one of the most important adjuncts of a mercantile marine—the dry, or sectional docks—the spot where a sick ship is taken in and done for. Between these two companies—the 'Sectional Dock Company' As Mr. Biggs ran on in his recital I looked and the 'New York Balance Dock Company'-



FLOATING DOCKS.

there is accommodation for five vessels. largest of these docks is 300 feet in length, and has a lifting power of 4000 tons. It hoisted out the Great Republic and set her to rights, and proposed to do the same thing with the Great Eastern, but the British monster was coy of a Yankee embrace, and wouldn't trust herself. The power used is steam, and four men jerk these great ships out of water with ease-that is, Sir, with the aid of the engine. When once out, it is not an uncommon sight to see 200 men pegging away at once on a ship's bottom. Should a vessel present herself at these docks in a dangerous or sinking condition when they are all occupied, a certificate to that effect from either company to the Navy-yard, Brooklyn, just opposite, will gain the distressed craft admission to the United States sectional dock at that place, but not otherwise. The charge for hoisting out the sick vessel is twenty-five cents per ton for sailing vessels and fifty cents for steamers. They had the Adriatic up there once, Sir. Not a bad job, that. About \$2500 at a pull, Sir. A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together, Sir, eh?"

And Mr. Biggs jocularly carried out his words on the cheap carmine head of a youth of seven summers, given to maternity and curiosity, who had for the previous four minutes been dividing his attentions between a fat baby nearly as large as himself which he carried, and a laudable desire to overlook my sketch-book, in which I was trying, in my poor way, to delineate what I saw.

'Hydrostatic Lifting Docks,' for same purpose as those above. No. 34, Sir, Catharine Ferry, part of the machinery of the Union Ferry Company, of which more anon, Sir. Anon! Pier No. 33, Sir, sacred to oysters, another spot where the delightful bivalve comes in by the hundreds of tons. A large business done here, though not as large as on the North River side. Delightful East Rivers, Princes Bays, etc., and

I remembered the gentleman's remark at the foot of Spring Street, and felt timid as I looked upon the countenance of Mr. Biggs. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, and so I said.

"Try an oyster, Mr. Biggs?"

Mr. Biggs assented; and in less than fifteen minutes I was well aware that the words of Mr. Biggs in their praise came from his heart. His acts responded to his sentiment. Mr. Biggs issued upon the wharf smiling benignantly, and pressing his hand gently on the spot to which he had transferred two dozen. We walked on.

"Another ferry to Hunter's Point," said Mr. B., finding his voice. "Pier 32. Pier No. 29, another ferry to Williamsburg and to Bridge Street, Brooklyn. And here, Sir, we stand upon the spot where was started the first ferry to Brooklyn, in the year 1642. At that time, Sir, Cornelius Dierkson, an able Dutchman, who had tasted the dangers of the deep, even as far as Sandy Hook upon the Bay and Hellgate upon the East River, started a ferry from his own "Pier No. 40, Sir, another Bethel. No. 39, | farm, which lay along this bank from Roosevelt



ARTIST AND CRITIC.

Street to Beekman, unto the opposite shore. From that time the Brooklyn Ferry became an established fact from this street, having only been removed to Fulton Street within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The landing on the Brooklyn side was close by what is now called Fulton Street. There the ferry-house, firstly a small frame building standing elevated on the bank, secondly a stone house built close to a wharf erected for ferry purposes. In 1710 and 1720, Sir, there stood a house on the corner of what is now Broad Street and Exchange Place, which went by the name of 'The Ferry-House,' it being a place of entertainment for man and beast, and the door of the hostel surmounted by the carved figure of a boat with But, Sir, I have my doubts whether this was strictly a ferry-house, though it is so recognized by the historians. I set it down as a place where the farmers and boatmen who came with produce put up while they were selling their truck. At that time, Sir, the highest wharf up, on the East River side, was at Roosevelt Street. As you perceive, Sir, this spot-Pier No. 26—is now occupied by the Peck Slip Ferry Company to Williamsburg, lately known as the Eastern District of Brooklyn. This ferry privilege is accounted sufficiently valuable to find purchasers of the lease at \$21,000 per annuma bargain that endures until 1869, while the one from Grand Street to Williamsburg, which we passed some time since, pays \$18,000 per annum unto the same year. A great place, that Brooklyn, Sir," added Mr. Biggs, meditatively. "The

I can remember, Sir, when there were only 7000. Here's a view of it'—and here Mr. Biggs extracted a paper from a package in one of his multitudinous pockets—"as it appeared in 1810—the year I was born; I've kept it on that account. I'll make you a present of it to remember me by. And here, by-the-way, is a picture of the Ferry-House of 1791. Ah! how time does pass!"



FERRY-HOUSE, BROOKLYN, 1791.

unto the same year. A great place, that Brooklyn, Sir," added Mr. Biggs, meditatively. "The third city in the Union—275,000 inhabitants. Its control of the third city in the Union—275,000 inhabitants.



BROOKLYN IN 1810.

struction hesitated between the coal-box and the pig-sty, and had as an aperture one place only, serving both for door and window, the shutter of which, upon being let down, furnished a table or counter for the sale of such articles as its proprietor had to offer the public. These consisted of a dozen or two of clams, about the same number of oysters laid out on small plates, and various like-size crockery receptacles filled with the flesh of the succulent lobster. Inside this establishment stood a gentleman and a small eask, the gentleman bearing the impress upon his features of being upon the best of terms with at least that portion of his property. Over the door was stretched a line of letters, reading, "RESTERANT;" while below the counter a label fluttered in the breeze, bearing on it, "1000 able-bodied men wanted immediately, to drink Swingle's Lager Beer. None but those having the spondulix need apply." It was before this place that Mr. Biggs paused and turned the flesh of the succulent lobster over with his finger. The gentleman inside addressed him:

"Well now, bossy, what kin I do for you? Try er lobstaw, bossy?"

"Ain't got no money," said Mr. Biggs, still fingering the morsels.

"Oh, come now, none o' that ere lallygag," responded the gentleman. "Go in, bossy!"

Mr. Biggs raised a morsel to his lips, tasted, smacked them, and swallowed it. He gazed a moment on the dish and then turned away. I saw a gathering cloud on the face of the storekeeper. I remembered the Spring Street oysterboat, and I laid the sum of six cents as a peace- clared himself without money, I should certainly

offering on the counter. Mr. Biggs saw the act as he had receded a few steps, and once more turned and devoured the balance of the dish.

"Piers 24 and 25, Sir," continued Mr. Biggs, as he passed on, "are the wharves of the New Haven and Hartford steamboats. Fine boats, Sir, fine boats! From Pier 21 to 22 is the Fulton Ferry, the oldest of the Brooklyn ferries. This and most of the other Brooklyn ferries are held under lease by one Company, under the title of the Union Ferry Company. Over the joint ferries to Brooklyn 40,000 persons are computed to pass daily. After you pass this point, Sir, come the wharves where the most valuable products that enter into New York are landed, and where the oldest shipping houses are located. The China and Australian trade; the old lines of London, Liverpool, and Havre packets; gold, ivory, palm-oil, drugs, dye-woods, and precious stuffs; teas, wines, silks, eloths, and The waste and thieving, Sir, along these wharves is equal to half a dozen fortunes yearly, in spite of every precaution. I think it would be safe to say, Sir, that from the Fulton Ferry to Pier No. 16, which we are just coming to, and which is the foot of Wall Street, the lurking-place of the bulls and bears, and the slip of another ferry to Brooklyn is the very richest section of the city wharves. You might be satisfied, Sir, if you were in receipt of the eustoms levied on what comes in here for one quarter of a mill in one year."

Mr. Biggs here jingled something audibly in his pockets, which, if he had not already dehave recognized for the sound of that useful article. I don't think the quarter which he took

from me was quite without company.

"Here, Sir," he resumed, "is the old Fly Market, now the Franklin. It was the first market established in this city, though sadly fallen into disuse. From this point, Sir, if you will cast your eye along South, you will see an immense fleet of tow-boats and propellers of every size. Big box, little box, bandbox and bundle, Sir; one, two, three, four thousand. The first cloud of 'em, at Pier No. 8, is the family of the Erie Railroad. The great, crab-like, puffing and blowing machine, with its dirty attendant satellites, that you see off this pier, is the dredging machine, commonly called a 'mudscow,' used for deepening the water in the docks by relieving them of the great mass of mud that washes in, and the filth that comes out of the sewers and does not get off with the tides."

"Once more, Sir," said Mr. Biggs, stretching out his hand, "we stand within view of that noble spot, the Battery. Here, Sir, are the slips of the South and Hamilton ferries to Brooklyn, Pier No. 2; and just over there is the Staten Island Ferry; while this, Sir, between, is the wharf on which are located three important establishments: the barge office, the office of the Associated Press, and the boat-house of the Harbor Police. This is Pier No. 1, Sir. The barge office, Sir, is the house built on the extreme end of the wharf, with a steeple, which steeple has at its top a white revolving light. Within it the inspectors of customs wait when not on actual duty. From there they are assigned to ships as they arrive, to watch over the interests of Uncle Sam, and see that nothing comes ashore without paying duty into his coffers. Two inspectors are assigned to each steamer, and these gentlemen are expected to keep wide awake, for Uncle Sam is confiding enough not to put seals or locks on this description of craft. At this wharf, also, all cabin passengers coming by steamers that carry steerage passengers are landed, and their baggage is looked into here to prevent any little private smuggling. From this wharf, also, all the Government supplies for the use of troops, etc., at Governor's Island are shipped. office of the Associated Press is the small white building. From this they dispatch their boats to board vessels, and to this all matter, newspapers, and so forth, is brought. The Harbor Police, Sir, keep their boats in that boat-house be-They do duty upon the water the same as other police on the land, having their various sub-stations at different places along the docks of both rivers. It consists of an acting captain, four sergeants, and fifty-seven men. They have ten boats, every one of which has its especial crew. Ah! A-h-h-h! Come along, Sir. Why don't-you-come-along, Sir?"

I had noticed for some little time that Mr. Biggs had been growing curt and condensed; but when I considered that we had traveled over a distance of nine miles, with but slight refresh-

the poets happily call "the western slopes," I felt that it would be ungenerous on my part to complain. And yet I am obliged to confess that I was not prepared for so sudden a termination to his eloquent lessons, nor yet to see Mr. Biggs make so sudden a dash at an upwardbound omnibus, calling to the driver, as I paid, to set us down at the Nonsuch House.

"Do you think," said Mr. Biggs, "that we could get a little drop of good brandy at that

hotel of yours?"

I thought we could, and that evening, after dinner, Mr. Biggs thoroughly tested the matter, doing me the honor to inquire especially after my aunt Deborah Jane, whom I had casually mentioned as the owner of a fine farm, and having, moreover, sundry shares in the "New York Central;" and to drink her health, making the assertion very positively that,

"She's a fine woman, Sir! Charming woman, Sir! I shall come to Herkimer next summer, Sir. Give my respects, Sir, to your aunt."

Mr. Biggs slept at the Nonsuch House that night.

TOMMATOO.

I.—THE HOUSE BY THE STONE-YARD.

FAIRY that had lost the power of vanish-A ing, and was obliged to remain ever present, doing continual good; a cricket on the hearth, chirping through heat and cold; an animated amulet, sovereign against misfortune; a Santa Claus, without the wrinkles, but young and beautiful, choosing the darkest moments to leap right into one's heart, and drop there the prettiest moral playthings to gladden and make gay-such, in my humble opinion, was Tomma-

As yet I do not ask the reader to agree with me; for over him I have this onc great advantage—I know who Tommatoo is. When, however, he makes her acquaintance also, hears her twitter round the house, beholds the flash of her large dusky-gray eyes, is wonder-struck at the marvelous twinkling of her ever-dancing little feet, he can take his choice of all the personifications with which I began this story, and I feel convinced that he will select the most beautiful to enrobe Tommatoo.

There is (or rather was six years ago, when the incidents to be narrated took place; but I shall narrate them in the present tense) a vast flat of land stretching along the New York shore of the North River, close to where Thirty-second Street vanishes into a swamp, in which unborn avenues are supposed to be slowly maturing. Although yet in embryo, they are already christened, and city engineers have imaginative ground-plans hanging on their walls, where Twelfth and Thirteenth avenues are boldly represented with as much minuteness as Fifth or Sixth. Should, however, any sanguine person be led by those delusive maps to seek for such mythical thoroughfares, Ponce de Leon, after ment, and that the sun was going far down what his pursuit of the Fountain of Youth, would not

offer a more striking example of ill success. On reaching the spot where imagination depicted the long perspective of rails, with crowded and hurrying cars gliding smoothly to and fro, he would behold this vision of civic activity replaced by the dreary and mysterious waste I have spoken of, without even a sign-post pointing to the splendid future reserved for it by city surveyors.

This tract of land is perhaps the most melancholy and mysterious spot in the whole city. The different streets that cross the island pull up, as it were, suddenly on reaching this dreary place, seemingly afraid to trust themselves any farther. The buildings that approach nearest to its confines are long, low ranges of fetid slaughter-houses, where on Sundays bloated butcher-boys lounge against the walls; and on week-days one hears through the closed doors the muffled blow, the heavy fall of the oxen within; the groan, and the hard-drawn breath; and then a red, sluggish stream trickles out from under the door-way and flows into the gutter, where hungry dogs wait impatiently to lap it up. The murderous atmosphere, these smells of blood, seem appropriate enough as one approaches this desolate locality.

A great plain of red swampy clay is covered here and there with numberless huge, helpless beams of timber-some floating like dead rafts in the stream, and chained to the bank; others high and dry, blackening in the sun, and shadowing criminal-looking dogs that skulk in and out among them all day long. One or two immature piers jut out into the river here and there, and grimy sloops that seem to have no particular trade, unless it is to rot calmly at their moorings, lie alongside, and grate and chafe lazily against the slimy logs. A few homeless boys, with smeared faces and thin, starved arms, who seem to have dressed themselves in the rags and kite-tails that flutter on telegraph wires, lie on the sunny sides of the timber piles sleeping away hunger, or sometimes sit on the edges of the green piers languidly fishing for something which they never catch. Cinders most unaccountably prevail all over the place; they crackle under the feet, and the dogs gather round occasional piles of them, growling over a burned bone lying in the ashes: where they come from is not to be known. There are no houses, no factories, and the rotting sloops are so damp and slimy that it would be a mockery to suppose a fire had ever been lit in any one Nevertheless the cinders prevail; and at certain hours in the day two or three crouching creatures wander slowly among the heaps, picking mysterious objects with hands that seem themselves to have been burned into coke.

The place is also a species of Morgue for dead dogs. Every cur that the Hudson drowns floats inevitably to this spot and is swept up on the swampy bank, when the outlawed mongrels that skulk between the timber logs crowd around it, and perhaps identify the corpse. On Sundays you see a few low-browed, soap-locked loafers

strolling among the piles, pitching stones into the water, and, if it is summer, stripping off their tattered shirts to have a swim; but on week-days the place is entirely dead. The starved boys and the shadowy rag-pickers flitting here and there give no air of life; they seem very thin and impalpable, and haunt the place like ghosts.

Farther on this dreary swamp changes somewhat its character. The great balks of timber disappear, and a few shingle huts-so loosely built that the wind whistles through their walls with a shriek of triumph—are scattered here and there. Large masses of stone lie about, hewn into square blocks for house-fronts, and in the daytime the monotonous click of the stone-cutter's chisel shrills continually from the shingle This straggling stone-yard, for such it is, is perhaps less desolate than the swamp farther down, but at night—when the moon streams on the huge white blocks that lie there so cold and dead, and the huts are deserted by the workmen, and nothing moves but a shadowy dog that flits by, seen for an instant against the pallid stones—the place is inexpressibly weird and lonely.

Just on the confines of this stone-yard, in a rutty, half-made road that is bounded on both sides by burned-looking building lots, where nothing hides the scalded earth but some unhealthylooking boulders, and occasional remnants of old shoes that are black and pulpy with decay, stands a small house built of unpainted shingles. It is two-storied, with a basement, and a somewhat imposing flight of steps up to the door; yet it wears a reckless and despairing aspect. I have no doubt when this house was first built it had many youthful hopes of establishing a neighborhood and becoming a dwelling of respectability. It promised itself, perhaps, a coat or two of paint, and had visions of being the ancestor of a street. But year after year wore away, and it found itself still naked as when it was born. No companion dwelling lifted its head to cheer the solitude. On all sides the bleak river-winds tousled and smote its bare walls until its windows chattered with the cold. It grew weary of waiting for the neighborhood that never was to come, and seemed to care no longer what became of it. It let beardy mosses grow all over its haggard face. Its edges were chipped and ragged; its chimneys, no longer spruce and tapering, bulged and tottered to one side like the crushed hat of a confirmed drunkard. It buttoned itself up no more about the chest with its snug, comfortable doors, but let them hang loose on one hinge, and flap about in the wind. It was evident to any one who saw it that the house near the stoneyard had gone to the bad.

Forlorn and seedy as it looked, this house was inhabited. The shivering, shrunken windows gleamed with lights by night, yet not cheerfully, but with a wild glare, like that which streams from the eyes of those about to die. If the skulking men that prowled in summer evenings among the sheds of the stone-yard, whis-

tling mysteriously to each other, had any taste for music, the house would have been to them a source of great wonder. Sometimes for hours together a wild and mellow music would stream upon the air, soaring over the dreary yard, wailing sadly along the waste river-grounds and by the rotting sloops until it reached the water, when it would float triumphally along, as if it knew that it was leaving the desolate place behind it, and bury itself deep in the sleeping groves that nodded on the distant Weehawken The character of these melodious heights. sounds was entirely mystical and strange. They were not born of violin or bugle, and yet seemed to have the souls of both instruments intermingling with another distinctly their own. Another soul, not merely instrumental, but human, passionate, luxuriant, as if all the utterances of a great Italian love-desire, entreaty, and triumph—were translated into aerial harmonies.

To you and I, reader, there need be no mystery in either house or music. That despairing looking chateau was inhabited but by three people—an old man, a young girl, and a youth of about twenty-one. As age is entitled to its traditional homage of precedence, I will first introduce you to the elder of the trio. I beg to present to your notice the maestro, Baioccho.

You could not possibly conceive a man made up with less waste of material than Signor Bai-Nature, when she formed him, must have been terribly short of stuff. There was too little of every thing in his physical composition. He was abbreviated in every limb and feature. This, nevertheless, was fortunate, for had he been on a large scale he would have been insupportably ugly; he was too small, however, to be repulsive, and so was only queer. But how queer he was, with his withered, pinched up face, his sparse, stiff beard, which looked like a thin growth of thorns, and his quaint, convulsed figure, that gave one the idea that all inside of him was catgut and wheels, and that something was continually breaking in his machinery! Yet, with all this likeness to a comic toy, how inexpressibly mournful was the countenance of Signor Baioccho! what terrible sorrow was hopelessly shut up in that wretched little frame!

Baioccho had been a musician, and was now Years ago, when Opera was young in New York, Baioccho came here from Italy with a company, set up an opera-house, was instantly successful, and made a fortune. Music was his religion, the lyric stage his temple, the conductor's desk his altar, the overture his mass. But he became a fanatic in his faith. He enlarged his house; he spent thousands of dollars on the production of new operas, and, as a matter of course, he became bankrupt. For the Opera is like a Parisian mistress, the most charming, fascinating, bewildering of all creations, and invariably leaves you without a shilling in the end. For many years poor Baioccho struggled to keep his feet. He led orchestras at second-rate theatres; he gave lessons on the piano and violin, always hoping, always dream-

ing of some one day grasping again the magical baton, the sceptre of his world. It was a vain struggle, however; other maestri came over from Italy with still more wondrous and expensive singers than those Baioccho brought, and they built opera-houses, and bought newspaper critics, and covered the dead walls with huge announcements of colossal successes; and the world rushing on the heels of novelty, swept over the ancestor of American Opera, and poor Baioccho found himself trampled on, bruised, and left to die.

It were too sad a task to enumerate the various steps which led Baioccho from Parnassus to the kitchen. An accomplishment, of which in his palmy days he had been not a little proud, was now brought into requisition to save him from starvation; the hand that was too weak to hold the baton found itself still able to brandish the ladle. Those gay Italian tenors, those majestic bassos, little thought when, round his elegant supper-table long ago, they used to applaud his amateur cookery, delicious mayonnaises, harmonious salads, that the day would arrive when the poor conductor would don the white apron and cotton cap very seriously, and sweat all day in a restaurant kitchen through an eternal round of soups and roasts and entrées ever the same. But so it was. Those who frequented Calcar's Restaurant would now and then behold a wizened little man stealing quietly from some mysterious passage leading to the kitchen, and sneaking up to the bar, where he would hastily swallow a potent draught of raw brandy, and shuffle back guiltily to the place from whence he came. And they would see one or two old New Yorkers looking pitifully after him, and saying to each other that they remembered poor Baioccho when he drove his carriage. He trudged now though home every night on foot; and it was sad to see the old fellow, unsteady with drink, staggering down the rutty road to the house near the stoneyard, where the faithful Tommatoo kept watch until she heard his stumbling footstep, when, tripping to the door, she tenderly helped him up to bed.

So! we have come at last to Tommatoo. I have been longing to get to her for some time past, but it would have been unkind to have deserted poor old Baioccho now that he is so poor. Salutation to his misfortunes!

Tommatoo was Baioccho's only child. In some quaint old Italian chapel, it may be by the shores of Sorrento, a smiling babe was one sunny day christened by the stout old Padre, and the name bestowed was Tomasina. Melodious as was this pretty name, the little girl that bore it, as soon as she reached lisping age, obstinately refused to be known by any cognomen but that of Tommatoo. This sounded awfully heathenish to old Baioccho, but she was apparently determined, and in time her imperious infant will had its effect on the family. She became Tommatoo to all intents and purposes, as far as household experience went, and even when she grew up to the age of reason did not seem anxious to reclaim her original appellation.

Tommatoo was one of those lovely fair-haired Italians that one sees so seldom, but which once seen are never forgotten. At some antique period, when Alaric was king, some of the blood of his blonde race must have mingled with the olive-skinned Roman Baiocchi, and after centuries of rest suddenly bloomed in Tommatoo. Her eyes were a dark liquid gray like a twilight lake. Her face was pale, yet not cold, for a southern fire seemed to smoulder beneath the skin, with a beautiful, subdued glow. mouth, small and moist and rosy, pouted over pearly teeth, half seen, and the curves of her smooth cheeks swept into a wickedly dimpled chin, that aided and abetted with all its might the criminal beauty of her bewildering lips. This sweet virginal face was set in a golden frame of luxuriant hair that one of Raphael's saints might have envied.

Yet why speak of Tommatoo's beauty so rapturously? I shall have no enthusiasm left for that bright and joyous nature that burst from her as the sun from out of a little golden cloud, shedding its own lustre on every thing, and infusing into all a portion of its own innate warmth. Every one has felt at times, when wandering through the fields, the intense joy he experienced from the twittering of the birds amidst the branches and the glancing of their tiny forms through the leaves. Some such pure and healthy influence did Tommatoo exercise over the little household. She twittered and sung, and, as it were, fluttered lightly through the rooms until one could swear that the sun shone wherever All day, while old Baioccho was off attending to his culinary duties, compounding wondrous soups, and moving amidst the thick steams of the kitchen like an elf in some incantation scene, Tominatoo was putting the old house in order; sweeping up the little sitting-room, displaying its scanty furniture to the best advantage, and occasionally darting in like a swallow into Mr. Gustave Beaumont's sanctum sanctorum.

It must be confessed that this was one of the household occupations that Tommatoo performed with the greatest willingness; for Mr. Gustave Beaumont was young, handsome, and played the most delightful melodies on his great instrument, invented by himself, entitled the Pancorno. The Pancorno was a singular piece of mechanism; hideously suggestive in appearance of some nameless instrument of torture from the dungeons of the Inquisition, yet in reality capable of soothing the most agonizing pains by the sweetness of its notes. By aid of some interior arrangement of tubes, the vibrations of the horn portion acted in turn upon what must have been a series of wires also concealed, and which seemed to give the effect of a trio between flute, violin, and French-horn. It was from the Pancorno that the seraphic strains heard at nights across the stone-yard floated so harmoniously, giving to the old house an air of being one of those enchanted abodes frequent in fairy tales, in which dwelt some spell-bound Prince, who thus sum-

moned in music his faithful knights to his rescue.

Gustave was a clever young Frenchman, with an extraordinary passion for music, whom old Baioccho had known ever since he was a child. He was the son of the bassoon in one of the orchestras which the maestro had conducted in his palmy days; but one night the bassoon died in the middle of a rapid passage, and the little Gustave was left without a father, and but one friend, Baioccho. The old Italian took the bassoon's son home, brought him up as his own child along with Tommatoo; and when his fall came Gustave still shared his scanty means. To do the young fellow justice, he wanted to work, but the old man would not have it. "You are a genius, Gustave," he would say, "and, please the Virgin, you shall do something great." So Gustave did nothing great or small save the invention of the Pancorno, out of which he expected to reap a fortune, and he continued to live at the house by the stone-yard, having first scrupulously bargained with his entertainer to pay three dollars a week, which, as he did nothing but play on the Pancorno and make love to Tommatoo, it is needless to say he never It quieted his conearned and never paid. science, however, and he used to say to himself that when he sold his invention for one hundred thousand dollars, that being the lowest he would take for it, old Baioccho should live like a prince.

And this is the last of the inmates of the house by the stone-yard.

II.—A FAMILY GROUP.

"Is that you, father?"

"Ah, the little Tommatoo! So you maintain the watch for the poor old father? Bless you, little angel!"
"Take care of the step, father. Take care."

"Take care of the step, father. Take care."
"Put yourself easy, my child. I will be remindful of the step. I am very steadfast on my feet this evening."

And as if to falsify his testimony, poor old Baioccho staggered up the steps leading to the hall-door, and would have fallen if Tommatoo had not caught one of his thin arms and held him up.

"It is nothing; it is nothing!" he exclaimed, as he tottered through the hall into the little parlor. "I can walk myself well enough. But it is the kitchen—that dam kitchen! It has got into my head, my child. Where is the cognac?"

"Do you think it would do you any good, father?" asked Tommatoo, sorrowfully; "won't

it make your head bad?"

"Ah, little dove! It does not comprehend. My child, the cognac is the life to me. When I stew and form dishes and mingle soups all day long in that dam kitchen it get into my head; and sometimes, mon Dieu! when I stand over the ragout, and try to forget the place where I have found myself for a moment, the old times return upon me, and I become very sad and sorrowful, so that I have to walk myself out to the

bar and drink the cognac; and then, per baccho! I remember myself not, and I go back to my kitchen quite raised. Give me one little glass of cognac, my child!—one glass for the poor old father!"

Tommatoo fluttered over to a little cupboard that stood on one side of the room, and brought out a little bottle and a wine-glass, and pouring out some brandy handed it to the old man. He raised it tremulously to his lips and quaffed it off at a single draught; then, smacking his lips, he muttered, "Ah! the cognac is the soul to the old men like me!"

There was nothing disgusting in Baioccho's intoxication. If one saw one of those toy-men tipsy, it would not have been less revolting than the inebriety of the old musician. His little eyes only twinkled the brighter, and his nose seemed longer and sharper and thinner, and his lips moved more rapidly; but that was all. His speech was not thick, nor were his ideas clouded. It was drunkenness idealized.

"What has my child to tell me of the day?" asked the old man, invigorated as it were by the petit verre de cognac.

Tommatoo drooped her eyelids, colored a little, and did not reply for a moment.

"Some one has been here," she said, at last.

"Which was it, little one?"

"It was—it was—" And the little one faltered.

"Diable!" cried the old man, leaping like an enraged cat from his chair, as if an idea had flashed upon him suddenly. "Ten millions of devils! was it not that brute Giuseppe?"

"It was, father," answered Tommatoo, soothingly. "Pray, don't fly into a rage. I could

not help it."

"The wretch! the abandoned-by-God miserable fellow!" shouted old Baioccho, growing more and more excited each moment. "So he must place himself near my child, my angel, to steal her away from me! But we will see! What did he say to you?" he added, turning almost fiercely to Tommatoo.

"Oh, nothing more than what he has said to you. He said he loved me very much, and if I would marry him that he would take us all back to Italy, and that you should end your days in

comfort."

"Oh, the serpent! His mother and his grandfather were snakes! You know not that man, Tommatoo! He is capable of roasting his

father on a spit!"

"But, dear father, you know I hate him. I will never marry any one but Gustave, and not that until you wish it. I laughed at Giuseppe, and told him to go away." And Tommatoo made an ineffectual attempt to give some idea of her stern manner to Giuseppe; but if the reality was at all like the representation, I don't think that the descendant of snakes was very much crushed.

"Ah! child, you are as innocent as the flower that grows under our feet!" and Baioccho looked down, but finding no flowers, con-

tinued: "He will perform some mischief to us. I feel it in—in the air!" and the sharp eyes seemed to pierce into the depths of the gloomy room, and fasten on some spectral misfortune. "Now Gustave is a good boy. He will be a great man. His Pancorno shall be played in many universal cities, and the good fortune shall come to him. Thou shalt be the wife of Gustave, my small pet child!"

"But," said Tommatoo, with a half smile.
"I think he loves his Pancorno better than he

does me."

"It is the love of the artist, mignonne. He loves it with his soul, but his heart—ah, that is thine!"

"Hark! there he is!" cried Tommatoo, hushing her father into silence as the liquid, delicious notes of the Pancorno stole through the house.

"Yes, let us listen. Oh, Heaven, how beautiful!" exclaimed the old musician, rapturously; then in a half whisper added, "one little

glass more of the cognac, ma biche."

And there they sat in the dusk of the room, the old man warming his veins with the cognac, the young girl dreaming of her lover, and both listening to the music that bore them far away, out of the old house by the stone-yard, into a delicious land, where the sea lay like a mistress on the broad breast of the beaches, and the breath of the orange groves wandered like unheard mu-

sic through the slopes and valleys.

"I think so of my home," murmured the old maestro, and I know that a tear fell through the twilight as he spoke—"of my dear, dear home when I hear the music. Ah! why does not my brother—the brother of my youth—replace me in my dear Italy? He is more rich than a great many of Jews, and yet he will not spare his poor brother one scudo, Tommatoo. Oh! if I were the rich Pietro, and he the poor cook Giulio Baioccho, I would not count my zechins until he had what he wanted. If he would only promise to leave my little Tommatoo something when he died I would not care for myself. Ah, the bad brother! Mignonne, one other little verre de cognac for the poor old cook."

"Shall I go and tell Gustave that you have come home?" asked Tommatoo. "We must

have supper soon, you know, father."

"Do, my beloved. Sweet as are the notes of the Pancorno, thy voice is sweeter still. Go and gladden the good Gustave with its music."

Tommatoo tripped to the door, perched for a moment on the threshold like a little bird hovering on the edge of its cage, then, after looking back into the dusky room with a radiant smile that seemed to illuminate the twilight, she vanished, and in a few moments the notes of the Pancorno ceased, and there were light, pattering footsteps heard in its stead.

The old musician, when she was gone, buried his head in his hands, and seemed lost in meditation. So lost that he neither heard nor saw any thing around him. Neither the footsteps that came softly toward him through the gloom, nor the tall cloaked form that stood beside him,

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until a hand laid on his shoulder startled him from his reverie, and he looked up.

"Who is that?" he asked, with a sort of astonished abruptness, as he in vain tried to distinguish the new-comer's features through the darkness.

"It is 'I-Giuseppe," answered the figure in

a very calm voice, and in Italian.

"What dost thou here again, outcast?" cried the old maestro, starting from his seat hurriedly and in great agitation. "I tell thee that thou shalt never wed my daughter. I know thee well. I know of thy prison life. I know of that bloody affair in Venice, when even the sacred stole of the priest could not shield his heart from thy accursed hand. Begone! or I will call for help, and have thee lodged in the jail."

"Come, come, Baioccho, no need of all this bad language. You wrong me, I swear you wrong me. I am not the man you take me for, nor do I wish to press my suit with Tommatoo. I come for other ends. I bear great tidings to

thee. I bring thee great riches."

"Ah, boaster, you will not cajole me with your fine words!" cried the old cook, mockingly.

"If I do may I forget my mother's grave!" exclaimed Giuseppe, earnestly. "Walk with me for ten minutes along the road, and if I prove not my words thou shalt never see my face again."

In spite of his detestation of his fellow-countryman Baioccho could not prevent his heart from leaping to his mouth at the mention of wealth. In a moment he saw himself emancipated from the accursed kitchen, his Tommatoo clad as became her beauty, Gustave's Pancorno brought before the public, and all three living happily in the dear Italy, making a music out of life itself.

"Well," said he, "I will go and walk with ou. But why not tell it here?"

"Because houses are less safe to speak in than the universe," said Giuseppe. "You forget that I was once a conspirator, and am cautious."

"I remember it well enough," muttered Baioccho, as both left the house, "and the police of Venice remember it better."

They walked slowly toward the stone-yard. Neither spoke. Baioccho disdaining to show any impatience; Giuseppe remaining silent for some motive of his own. So on through the stone-yard. Amidst the white blocks that loomed like dim ghosts through the darkness. By the shingle huts that, with their jagged corners and irregular roofs, seemed in the darkness to crouch like strange animals, squatting upon the dreary earth. Over rough masses of unhewn stone, through deep ruts left by cart-wheels in the soft clay, until they reached the river.

"Well," said Baioccho, at last, "how long am I to wait for this wondrous intelligence?"

"Your brother is dead," answered Giuseppe.
"What!" almost shrieked the old cook, "and—and—he left—"

"You every thing."

"Holy Virgin be praised!" ejaculated the poor old fellow, clasping his hands and kneeling in the damp, oozy earth. "My dear Tommatoo will be rich."

"I have just arrived from Italy," continued Giuseppe. "I saw your brother. I found him dying. I spoke to him about you, and induced him to will to you the fortune which he was going to leave to the Church. Do you not think I deserve some reward for all this?"

"You shall have it. I swear it!" cried the old musician, fervently. "You shall name your own reward."

"Good. I want your daughter."

"Ah, traitor! that is what you demand!" cried the excitable old man in his shrill voice. "Never! never! never! No; you shall have money, but no Tommatoo—no Tommatoo."

"Tommatoo is your heir-at-law when you

die," remarked Giuseppe.

"Certainly. I know why you want to wed with her, you fellow!"

"She will inherit very soon."

"Eh!" The old man did not exactly seem to comprehend, but peered up into Giuseppe's face.

"She will come into possession in ten minutes," added Giuseppe, and rapidly as lightning he passed a sort of handkerchief across Baioccho's mouth, stifling all utterance. The old man, though thin, possessed a great tenacity of muscle, and he struggled long and vigorously against He twined about his legs, he his assailant. crawled up his huge chest, he dug his bony fingers into his throat, all the while uttering through the gag upon his mouth terrible muffled cries of agony that were more dreadful from their being so suppressed. The youth and strength of Giuseppe told at last. The old man grew faint and almost ceased to struggle. In an instant Giuseppe seized him by the waist, lifted him clear off the ground, and swung him into the river. He watched him sink. "I think that Tommatoo is mine now," he muttered, as he turned and fled rapidly back through the stone-yard.

Baioccho sank but speedily came to the surface. Instinctively he stretched out his hands, and suddenly one of them came in contact with some floating substance. He grasped it, and found it a drifting beam of timber that had become loosed from its moorings to the bank and was traveling with the stream. With some difficulty he got astride of it and removed his gag. His first impulse was to shout for help, for he could not swim, and he was already some distance from the bank, and he put all his strength into a furious cry. The sound of his own voice echoing over that desolate shore seemed to tell him how little chance he had of obtaining assistance in that way, and after shouting until his lungs were sore, he gave it up, and clung to the hope of being picked up by some boat.

The tide was running out rapidly, and a wind was blowing down stream, so that Baioccho could tell from the rippling of the waves around the beam that he was floating fast with the current. It was very dark. On either side of the bank

he could see the faint lights in the houses, and now and then the black spectral hull of some sloop or schooner would suddenly appear to him as he floated past and then vanish. All on the river seemed dead. There was not a sound of life. There did not seem a hope for the old musician.

Still he floated fast. Past the dreary black wharves, round which vessels made palisades of masts seen dimly against the dull sky. Past the shadowy groves of the Elysian Fields, that now, alas! scemed like the banks of Acheron. Past the cheerful Atlantic Gardens, where even still lights gleamed on the water, and people were making merry, while the poor old musician was floating to his death. Past the great hive of the city, that in the gloom seemed to lie upon the water exhausted with its day's labor. And so on out into the broad bays. Then for the first time Baioccho felt that he would be swept out to He had not recoiled from his fate up to this time, for he was brave, and, after all, drowning was only death. But starvation-ah! that thought was too horrible, and for the first time a groan escaped from the poor musician. He then thought of Tommatoo, of Gustave, of their agony at his never returning. Their vague sorrow for his fate, which would never be known. he prayed to God that the murderer, Giuseppe, would be baffled in his designs on his dear child -and then-

A dull roaring sound along the water. hissing of the air and of the sea. A red glare from what seemed like a fierce angry eye moving over the waves: A sparkle of foam, seen white through the gloom, and Baioccho saw the ferryboat bearing right down on him. He shouted; he tried to stand upright on the timber log, but it slipped and turned; he took off his coat and flung it high in the air—all to attract attention. But in vain. Closer, closer came the fiery eye. With what seemed to the old musician ever-increasing speed the sharp prow cut through the The funnel gave out short puffs of triumph, the wheels beat their paddles madly on the water, as if they knew what work they had to do, then a sudden, awful shriek from Baioc-The projecting ledge of the boat shot over He touched it for an instant with his hand, and then went under.

III.—THE GRANDSON OF SNAKES.

"Father, Gustave will be down in a few minutes, and we will have supper!" cried Tommatoo, fluttering into the dark room like some pretty little nocturnal bird. "Father! why don't you answer? Why, where can he be? Ah, that cognac! He has perhaps taken too much while I was away, poor father!" and Tommatoo hastily lit, with a lucifer match, a poor little fluid lamp, and held it high above her head while her eyes every where sought the expected recumbent form of the old musician.

"Why, he is not here!" she cried, in a tone half of astonishment half of alarm. "Oh! where has he gone? Not out into this dark, dark night.

God forbid! I will call Gustave;" and she ran toward the door of the apartment. But ere she quite reached it she stopped and drew back, for a tall, dark figure filled the little door-way, and a pair of bright sinister eyes reflected back the lamplight.

"Ah! pretty one! you did not expect to see me again to-day, did you?" said the new-comer, in a half mocking tone, and in Italian; "but you see how it is: I am fascinated, and haunt the

spot where I will find you."

"Signor Giuseppe, my father does not wish you to come here; you know what I think, and yet you come. That I think is wrong;" and Tommatoo looked like a moralist of the Middle Ages, if one could imagine such a personage with beautiful blonde hair, large dark-gray eyes, and the neatest little waist in the world.

"Ah! none of you appreciate me," answered Giuseppe, advancing into the chamber. "Your father is a good man, but full of prejudices. I am progressive, and he does not understand progress—that is all. But I am a good fellow, Signorina—a capital fellow for all that."

He looked at this moment, standing close to the door and unclasping his heavy cloak, with his pale, unhealthy skin shining in the lamplight and his eyes glistening with a furtive meaning, so truly the reverse of a good fellow that I am not surprised at the faint frown that perched for a moment on Tommatoo's forehead, and then suddenly slid off of her smooth temples and was lost.

"I am going, Signor Giuseppe," she said, making a movement toward the door, between which and her the Italian was standing. "I wish you a good-evening."

"Stay a moment!" he cried, interposing.

"Where is the worthy Baioccho?"

"He is not here. I do not know where he is. Let me pass, Signor. I am going to scarch for him."

"Perhaps he has taken too much of the delightful cognac of which he is so fond," said Giuseppe, sneeringly.

"My father is a good man, Signor!" cried Tommatoo, indignantly, "and his weaknesses should be respected. Let me pass, Sir!"

"Not just yet, little one. I have something to say to you. You know that I love you. I told you so three months ago before I went to Italy. I tell you so now that I have returned."

"I do not want to hear your confession, Sig-

nor. I wish to go and seek my father."

"Listen to me, Tommatoo"—and he stretched his long arm across her till it fell like a great bar between her and the door. "Listen. If you become my wife, this is what I will do for you. I will take you to Italy, and you shall have a villa that the Prince Borghese might envy. We will have much money—I shall be very rich indeed—and all Italy shall not contain finer horses, carriages, servants than ours. I will be magnificent, Tommatoo, gorgeous, princely. Perhaps, too, I will purchase a patent of nobility—it is to be done; there's the banker

Torlonia—and how would my Tommatoo like to sit in state and be called Principezza? Ah! it

would be glorious, would it not?"

So excited was he with the visions he had himself conjured up that Giuseppe stretched forth his arms, and, inclosing Tommatoo between them, drew her toward him, while a devilish glitter shone in his dark eyes.

"We are alone, sweet dove," he said, in a soft voice; "none in this silent house to watch us. Will you not vow to be my bride—the bride of Giuseppe that loves you so, and who will make you a little Countess? Ah! the little one

is not so cruel after all."

But he mistook Tommatoo's terrified immobility for a timid though undemonstrative assent. To his utter astonishment, after a moment's silence, that young lady opened her mouth and shrieked "Gustave! Hasten! Gustave, I am in danger!" with all the power of an excellent set of lungs.

"Whew! who the devil is Gustave?" muttered Giuseppe, astounded. "I thought that none lived in the house but those two. Who the devil is this Gustave?" and as he spoke, he thrust his hand inside his coat as if feeling for

some weapon.

There was an immediate response to Tommatoo's call in the shape of the descent of a pair of boots four stairs at a time. In a few seconds the boots had reached the door, and Gustave Beaumont, who stood in them, suddenly appeared on the scene of action.

"Diavolo!" ground Giuseppe between his teeth as he beheld this new apparition. Then taking a stride backward he seemed like some

wild animal preparing for a spring.

"Qu'est ce que c'est? Qu'est ce qui ce Monsieur la?" rapidly demanded Monsieur Gustave, looking rather ominously at Giuseppe, who, not understanding a word of French, preserved a grim silence.

"Oh! Gustave, this man persecutes me. Protect me from him!" cried Tommatoo, bounding toward the young Frenchman, and taking shel-

ter as it were under his wing.

"Soyez tranquille, enfant!" said Gustave, fondly enfolding her petite form with his arm. "What the devil you do here, Sare?" he continued, in English, seeing that Giuseppe had not replied to his previous interrogatories in French. "For why do you bring the fright to this young girl, Sare? who you are, Sare? I demand to know. Moi! Gustave Beaumont!"

"I reply myself not, Sir, to your interrogations, when they put themselves to me in a manner so insolent," answered Giuseppe, haughtily, his eyes flashing through the gloom of the halflit chamber.

"Ask him about our dear father, Gustave," cried Tommatoo, earnestly, nestling up to the young musician's side. "I left him here a few moments since, and he has disappeared. I feel sure that this bad man knows something of him. Ask him, dear Gustave."

"One can not know about all the world," an-

swered Giuseppe, before Gustave had time to interrogate him. "My business is not with the old man. Look in the cellar where the strong waters are kept. He will be there."

With a mocking laugh the Italian folded his cloak around him and strode toward the door. Gustave removed his arm from Tommatoo's waist, round which it had stolen, and placed himself resolutely between Giuseppe and the door and barred his passage.

"You shall not depart from here until we know about Signor Baioccho. You are suspect-

ed a great deal."

"Let me pass away from here," cried Giuseppe, advancing savagely, "or by the head of the Virgin you will meet with misfortune!"

And placing his hand in his breast he half

drew a small poniard.

Gustave saw the motion, and quick as thought sprang on the Italian, weaving his young sinewy arms around his waist, and pressing his chin against his antagonist's breast until he fairly howled with pain. Tommatoo, with one faint moan, sank on her knees on the ground, and one might see, by the clasped hands and the murmuring lips, dimly shown in the imperfect lamplight, that the little one was offering up her prayers to Heaven.

The pair now struggling were evenly matched as far as youth and size. But in point of endurance the Italian had decidedly the advantage. The sedentary life which the young Frenchman led had relaxed his naturally powerful muscular system; and consequently, although capable of a vast momentary effort, he was entirely unable to sustain a prolonged contest. For the space of two minutes nothing was heard in the room but the hard breathing of the struggling men; the slipping of the feet on the uncarpeted floor; the sudden stamp, as one sought an advantage which the other as quickly frustrated. Gustave's main object seemed to be to keep the Italian from using his poniard, and this he sought to effect by pressing him so closely in his arms as to render it an impossibility to use his hands. For some time he was successful in this; but presently his want of tenacity of muscle showed itself in the relaxation of his gripe and the quick recurrence of his breaths, almost amounting to panting. Inch by inch Giuseppe loosened his arm from the Frenchman's grasp, and inch by inch his hand moved toward his breast, where the poniard lay, his eyes all the while flashing with a light that seemed to announce his approaching vengeance. In vain did Gustave strain every nerve to hold his own. The large drops of sweat gathered on his forehead; the blood flowed from between his lips, bitten in the agony of exertion; and his knees fairly shook with the power of a will that far exceeded the strength of the frame on which it was exercised. He could not last much longer. Giuseppe, in proportion as he beheld his adversary sinking, seemed to gain additional force. He at length extricated his arm. At length he grasped the poniard, and plucked it from its

Held aloft an instant over Gustave's head, it quivered in its descent; when, with a dull, heavy thud some enormous weight fell on the back part of the Italian's head, the dagger was dashed from his hand, and he fell stunned and senseless on the floor.

"Sweet child, my life owes itself to you!" said Gustave, as he stood over the prostrate form of his antagonist, while he gazed with intense astonishment on Tommatoo, who, revealed to him by the Italian's fall, exhibited herself as the agent of that lucky event, assisted by an enormous bludgeon which she held in her hand.

"It was an inspiration of Heaven, I think," said she, simply. "I was praying to the Virgin, when I recollected that papa's big stick was in the corner; so I stole toward it, lifted it up, and struck that bad fellow with it-only I did not think I could strike him so hard. I hope he is not very much hurt;" and she looked pityingly down on the villain that a moment before she would have gladly seen perish.

"'Cré nom de Dieu! He moves himself!" cried Gustave, beholding a slight indication of returning animation in the body of the Italian. "Quick! Tommatoo; ropes to bind him up! Bring me great strong twines, for he is very dangerous, this fellow! Ha! rascal, you are there! You lie very low now, brigand! We will trouble ourselves with your carc, Sir! Yes, we will have the honor to conduct you to the bureau of the Chief of the Police, and there we will demand of you that you shall let us know all your villainies. Quick, child—the twines! The fellow will get himself up very presently!"

And so chattering a sort of mingled monologue of reproach, triumph, and sarcasm, Gustave passed the rope which Tommatoo brought him around Giuseppe's body in so scientific and elaborate a manner that the wretched man was as incapable of motion as an Indian pappoose strapped to its board, and lay on the floor with nothing but the winking of his large, dark, villainous eyes to tell of his being animate.

Now came the great question, Who was to go for the police? If Gustave went, Tommatoo would be left alone in that terrible house with that terrible man, who might unloose that wonderful net-work of bonds in which Gustave had enlaced him. If Tommatoo went, she would have to thread her way alone through that dreary, dangerous locality; and she confessed she had not the courage to make the attempt. If they both went, who was to take care of the captive? So they, perforce, came to the conclusion that they must wait until morning; and accordingly Gustave, determined not to lose sight of his prize, lifted him on his shoulder as one would a bale of goods, and carrying him up to his own room-the room in which the Pancorno resided -threw him into a corner. Then he and Tommatoo sat down gloomily to speculate and wonder over Baioccho's disappearance. It was in vain that they interrogated Giuscppe. That individual glared at them from his corner like a coil of ropes with a pair of large eyes hidden something illegal. A pleasant-looking chain of

somewhere in it, but would condescend to no reply; and so the hours passed gloomily watching for the day.

Weary with speculation, and heart-sore enough with pondering over the fate of old Baioccho, Gustave, as the small hours wore on, could no longer resist his inclination to invoke the Genius of the Pancorno to disperse the sad thoughts that hung like black clouds around him and Tommatoo; so he sat down to that mysteriously-constructed instrument, and poured forth those wild improvisations that seemed to interpret some love-passage in the history of young Æolus. And when the sun broke faintly over the dreary stone-yard, and its first rays fell on the livid face of the Italian lying bound in the corner, it seemed to float upward through the sky, buoyed upon those harmonies that seemed to seek their native heaven.

IV .- THE PÆAN OF THE PANCORNO.

The ——th Ward Station House. It was the early hour of the morning before the overnight prisoners had departed to be judged by the immaculate justices presiding in the neighboring district police court, and the poor sleepless-looking, blear-eyed people were emerging from the "lock-up" in the basement, still heavy with the poison of bad liquor, and buttoned all over the face with the bites of mosquitoes that abound in all police stations. Along the walls of the general room hung rows of glazed fire-caps and locust-wood batons, while stretched in rank and file on the floor beneath one saw a quantity of India rubber overshoes, splashed with the mud gathered in the weary night-tramp on the heels of crime. What stories of city vice spoke in those dirty, flexible shoes! One saw the burglar at work with file and centre-bit, and accomplice keeping watch with pricked up ears. The file grates, and the centre-bit cuts, and the confederate strains his hearing as the grasshopper leaps from the wall; but none see the dark shadows creeping round the corner, and the pavement yields no echo to the muffled feet: and the silent overshoes steal on, until with one quick leap, and one heavy blow with the baton, the burglar and confederate lie powerless on the ground.

-th Ward Station House was a dreary-Thelooking establishment. The police captain in plain clothes, with a presentation watch in his pocket, attached to a presentation chain, and a presentation diamond ring on his finger, and a presentation pin in his shirt front, which having buttons did not seem to require it, sat on a high chair behind a high counter on which he measured out justice by the yard. Two or three slylooking men in plain clothes also, with a furtive glance in the eyes, and an air of always seeming to be looking round a corner that bespoke the detective, or "shadow," lounging on the stout chairs, picking their teeth and watching every body, even the police captain, as if they were ready at any moment to detect any body in handcuffs hung on the wall, some ten or twelve pair linked together—cold, brutal-looking loops of iron that seemed to regret it was wrists and not necks that it was their duty to clasp. Sitting on the sill of the deep window, which opened into the street, were two little children crying lustily. They had been lost or ran away, and in the face of the boy, a large-eyed, French lad of some six years old, one could see the determination working that made him preserve, when questioned, a sullen silence as to his name and home. The other, a little girl—thanks to the philoprogenitive organ of one of the police!—was munching a jam tart amidst all her grief, and slobbering the unwholesome pastry with her tears.

But chief of all the figures in that melancholy room were three persons who had, in the charge of a policeman, arrived at early dawn. Deep in one corner, the farthest from the door, sat Giuseppe, now carefully uncorded but still scowling out of his cloak, as if he might dart poisoned poniards out of his eyes; while before the high counter on which the prize police captain measured out his two-penny worth of justice, stood Gustave and Tommatoo, who was weeping bitterly.

"You say that you left your father for but a few moments, and on your return he had disappeared?" inquired the prize captain, solemnly.

"Yes, Sir!" sobbed Tommatoo. "My dear, dear father! What has become of him? Oh, that bad man!"—a wicked glance at Giuseppe in the corner.

"And when you returned you found the prisoner in the room where you had left your father?"

"Yes, Sir; and I know that he knows where my father is—I see it in his eyes. Oh, Sir, make him tell—make him tell. Pinch him until he tells—beat him until he tells!"

The prize captain smiled, condescendingly.

"Lieutenant!" he said, "telegraph a description of this Baioccho to the chief's office, with inquiries."

Immediately a thin policeman commenced working the telegraph that lay in one corner of the room, but the monotonous click of the instrument was but little consolation to the aching bosom of Tommatoo.

A half hour passed—an hour—during which Tommatoo related over and over again the details of her little story to the prize captain. The subordinates of the office began to take an interest in her, and gathered round her as she sat nestling close to Gustave, who was completely amazed by the novelty of his situation, and each had a kind word for the little maiden.

An hour passed. Ah, how dreary! dreary to Giuseppe scowling in his cloak, carefully watched by two stalwart policemen; dreary to Gustave, who wondered how policemen could live without music; dreary to little Tommatoo, who, with swollen eyes and heavy, sad heart, sorrowed for the old musician.

Presently there was a bustle. A carriage

drove up to the door with policemen on the box, and Tommatoo's heart fluttered. The door of the vchicle opened, and out tottered Baioccho, feebly singing, crowing, dancing, with his old eyes twinkling with cognac, and a suit of gigantic clothes on, out of which he seemed to be endeavoring to scramble. In another instant Tommatoo was in his arms.

"Ah, mon enfant, ma fille bien aimé! the old father has brought himself back. Per baccho! brought himself back with the joy in his heart. The assassin failed in his work. Ha!"

This last exclamation was caused by a sudden rush for the door which Giuseppe had made the moment the old musician appeared. His attempt at escape was vain, however, for before he had made two steps he was collared, and a pair of handcuffs magically slipped over his wrists. He sat down again sullenly, but with a face white with terror.

"Ha! serpent that thou art!" cried Baioccho, placing himself before Giuseppe and shaking his withered old fist at him. "Thy time has arrived. Thou wilt hang for this. So you thought to drown the poor old maestro who never harmed you? But no! the God above is good, and when waves lifted themselves up to engulf me, and the boat of the passage—what you call ferry-boat—came to knock me on the head, a heaven-descended rope put itself into my hand, and a blessed sailor pulled me up to the deck. Oh no; I am not dead yet, and the sweet dove that you covet will find some other nest than thine!"

Then turning to the prize captain, the old man, still with one arm round his daughter, poured forth his voluble talc: how Giuseppe had flung him into the river; how he was floating out to sea when the ferry-boat had come down on him; and how, just in the nick of time, some one on board had discerned him in the water and flung him a rope. All this mixed up in his extraordinary English, and so interlarded with French and Italian imprecations on the head of Giuseppe, that the prize captain was so entirely bewildered that all he could do was to order the assassin into the lock-up, and bind over the old maestro to appear in evidence. This done, he and Gustave and Tommatoo, now chirping like a bird, went home together.

I would not like to count all the petits verres de cognac that the old musician took that night; but I know that Baioccho, on that occasion, danced the most singular dances, and sang the most eccentric songs, and told Tommatoo and Gustave at least fifty times the wondrous story of his adventures, and how his brother was, he believed, dead, and had left him all his wealth; and so the night closed on jubilation in the old house by the stone-yard.

Strange to say, Baioccho's brother was dead and had left him his heir. This, it was supposed, Giuseppe had learned in Italy, and had hastened home with the intention of profiting by an information of which he was the earliest recipient. Chance, however, frustrated his plans, and after a trial, in which Baioccho's eccentric

evidence was a feature, the gates of the State Prison closed over the assassin forever.

In time Baioccho realized his inheritance and bade farewell to the kitchen. The Pancorno was brought before the public, and every one remembers the sensation it created that winter at the Antique Concerts given at Niblo's. Women, while listening to its wonderful strains, could not help noticing how handsome was the young Frenchman who played on it; yet none saw the lovely face that every night gazed from the front row on the performer; but I know that Gustave Beaumont played all the better because he knew that Tommatoo, otherwise Madame Beaumont, was looking at him. Madame Beaumont! Tommatoo as a Madame! Can you realize it? I can't.

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

THE position occupied by Kennedy as a writer is a prominent and highly respectable one. He is best known to the public as the author of "Swallow Barn" and "Horseshoe Robinson," two very popular and well written novels, whose scenes are laid in the Southern States, and whose incidents turn upon the peculiarities of Southern life as it presented itself nearly a century ago. The first of these appeared in 1830, and the second in 1832, since which time the press has teemed with works of fiction, the most of which have had a short-lived existence, and given place to a successor possessing perhaps but little merit beyond the one which it supplanted in popular favor. A few, however, retain a permanent place in American literature, among which are those of Irving, Cooper, and Kennedy; for it is fair to associate the author of "Horseshoe Robinson" with the authors of "Knickerbocker's History of New York" and "The Spy."

Kennedy is now verging upon seventy years, but his appearance indicates a person some twenty years the junior of this patriarchal age. The truth is, that from youth up he has had the good fortune to possess an ample competence, and a temperament that enabled him to take the world as he found it, without permitting himself to be annoyed by its trifles or its carcs. He is, moreover, prudent in his style of living; and while not averse to a reasonable enjoyment of the gifts of Providence, is rigidly exact in his habits. This may account for the manner in which years have almost insensibly stolen upon him without leaving those tell-tale evidences that usually accompany their progress.

But while thus placid in his domestic life, he has been an ardent politician, and in this capacity has filled several important positions, the last of which was Secretary of the Navy during the administration of Mr. Fillmore. Literature has been with him rather a pastime than a pursuit, and was never looked upon as a source of emolument.

So careless, indeed, has he been in this particular, that when the first edition of "Swallow difficult to trace a family likeness. Be this as

Barn," which was from the beginning very popular, was exhausted, he gave no heed to its republication; and but for the circumstance of Putnam's proposal to republish it in connection with the works of Cooper and Irving some ten years after its first appearance, it might probably have remained without a new edition to this day. And yet it is not only a work of great merit and promise in itself, but one which from its subject was calculated to excite a marked interest. Its object was to give a description of the manners and customs prevalent in the "Old Dominion," as Virginia is not unfrequently denominated, during the last century. For this purpose he selected an aristocratical old edifice on the bank of the James River, occupying a kind of shady nook formed by a sweep of the stream, on a gentle acclivity dotted over with oaks. It was a time-honored mansion, the main structure of which was upward of a century old at the date of his narrative, and which had been added to from time to time as the increasing wants or opulence of its proprietors had demanded. The proprietor of this edifice, with its ample domain and servants, was a gentleman of about forty-five years, upon whom a pleasant temper and good cheer had produced their effects in a comfortable and full figure, and easy, contemplative habits that inclined him to indolence and philosophical trains of thought. He was, in short, possessed of that substantial planter look that belongs to a gentleman who lives on his estate, and is not much vexed with the crosses of life.

In the selection of his subject, and in the delineation of his characters, which are of that pleasant and generous kind that warmly attach the reader to them, Kennedy may have created purely imaginary personages; but it has always appeared to me, and this gives an additional interest to the volume, that he was only transferring to paper the impressions he had received while residing among his own maternal relatives, a number of whom might well sit for such portraits as he has introduced in his exquisite delineation of Virginian society.

Kennedy's mother, whose maiden name was Pendleton, was a member of one of the most respectable and wealthy families in Virginia, which even at the present day numbers among its descendants many of the most substantial landholders in the Old Dominion, as well as many of the most influential statesmen whose voices have been heard in our national councils. this latter class are Mr. Pendleton of the House of Representatives, Mr. Faulkner, late Minister to France, and Judge Pendleton, of Berkeley County, the uncle of Kennedy, and one of the few survivors of that coterie in which Washington was accustomed to mingle on familiar terms. Many of these gentlemen possess princely estates, which have been retained for more than a century within the family, and if Frank Meriwether, the genial host of "Swallow Barn," is not in reality a veritable member of this family, there is more than one in whom it would not be

it may, it is very certain that Kennedy derived his knowledge of the manners and customs prevalent in a household of the old Virginia aristocracy by his long-continued residence among his relatives in that State; and it is equally certain that he has given the most faithful portraiture of such an establishment ever presented to the pub-It is not too much to say that a more accurate idea of Virginia life in its best coloring is to be obtained by the perusal of "Swallow Barn" than from the writings of any other author who has attempted a similar delineation.

There is a genuine good-humor that pervades the fictitious writings of Kennedy, which, like those of Irving, give more than a passing insight into the character of the author. It was my good fortune to know them both, and I had frequent occasion to notice this similarity in their character, however widely they may have differed in other respects, which doubtless went far toward cementing the warm friendship that always subsisted between them. No one was ever more warmly welcomed by its genial host to Sunnyside than Kennedy, and no one, when he could be induced to leave his pleasant cottage on the banks of the Hudson to ramble through the South, was more cordially received by Kennedy than Irving. A winter's ramble together through the South, several years before Irving's decease, not only served to restore Irving to his wonted health and spirits, but enabled each to store up a thousand pleasant recollections of the other, which scrved as an additional link to cement the warm friendship that had heretofore subsisted between them.

I saw most of Kennedy while his fellow-townsman in Baltimore, at a literary club, of which we were both members, composed of four doctors of law, four doctors of divinity, four doctors of medicine, and four gentlemen distinguished for literary attainments. This club, styled "The Monday Club," met alternately at the houses of the various members each Monday in the winter season, and during its existence was the most agrecable réunion in Baltimore, and was almost certain to command the presence of any distinguished stranger who chanced to be in town. Kennedy was among the most punctual in attendance, and, with the exception of Dr. Morris, a Lutheran divine, was perhaps the best talker.

He was always full of the subject that most occupied his attention, and without engrossing the conversation would be pretty certain to allude to it during the evening. At that time he had for the most part retired from active political life, but took a deep interest in the political discussions of the day, which he aided in elucidating by occasional contributions to the National Intelligencer, in which many of his best political essays appeared. This was about the time when the sectional discussions in Congress began to assume the angry character they afterward took.

On one occasion Kennedy appeared at the club gloomy and desponding, and soon turned his thoughts. He had just returned from Washington, where he had conversed freely with the more prominent Southern members, most of whom had been his colleagues in the previous sessions of Congress.

"I have great apprehensions," said he, "for the perpetuity of the Union, and I know not how soon this beautiful fabric of government, the best that the world has ever seen, may be rent into pieces."

I remember that I expressed doubts as to the grounds of his fears, and urged that the present exacerbation of feeling would give place to one in which both sections would be perfectly willing to do justice to each other.

"So I thought," replied he, "before I went to Washington; but when I heard—as I have within a few days-grave and cautious Southern statesmen, in whose opinions I have been accustomed to repose great confidence, deliberately calculating the advantages that would accrue to their section by a separation from the North, I must confess that my confidence has vanished. and given place to the most gloomy forebodings for the future."

The opinion of the gentlemen present without exception was that Kennedy's fears were groundless; but he continued to argue his point with much ability, giving a number of facts bearing upon the question which, in a few days after, appeared in the columns of the National Intelligencer in an essay from a "valued contributor," in which the evils of dissolution were most vividly portrayed. In the course of his remarks, turning directly to me, he said, with great emphasis, "I consider the danger imminent; and I believe it to be the duty of every one who can write to exercise his influence in attempting to save our now happy country from impending ruin."

In a visit which I made to Prescott, two or three years afterward, I narrated this conversation of Kennedy's. Prescott thought that he had little real ground for apprehension. sequel has shown that Kennedy's insight into the future was far clearer than that of his opponents. After the extreme Southern States had declared themselves as no longer a part of the Union, and Tennessee had followed their example, true to his original sentiments, he issued an appeal to the citizens of Maryland, showing how little it had to gain by uniting its destinies with the South, and how much by remaining steadfast to the Union.

About the time of the appearance of this appeal I returned to Washington from the South, whither I had gone on an errand of peace, and had made an appointment to meet the President before breakfast on the following morning to confer with him on the subject of my mission. I passed the evening prior to this interview at the Prussian Minister's. Before leaving, Baron Gerolt placed in my hand Kennedy's appeal, which I had not yet scen, with the request that I would read it before seeing the President on the conversation to the theme that most occupied the following morning, remarking that it was

one of the most statesmanlike and patriotic expositions of the subject he had seen.

Among Kennedy's earliest literary ventures was the "Baltimore Red Book"-a sort of annual, somewhat after the style of Paulding and Irving's "Salmagundi," which appeared about twelve years prior to the publication of "Swallow Barn." Kennedy was associated in this work with Peter Hoffman Cruse, a gentleman of rare attainments and a thousand noble quali-Cruse, Kennedy, and Josiah Pennington had been students of law together, and were inseparable friends. Poor Cruse was one of the first victims of cholera in Baltimore, in 1832, and died in a few hours of his attack; Josiah Pennington is still a resident of Baltimore, respected for his sterling integrity, and admired for his admirable fund of wit and humor. intimacy between Kennedy and himself still continues as fresh and green as when they first formed their mutual attachment for each other in early manhood. Mr. Pennington was likewise a member of the "Monday Club," and the best narrator of anecdote and delineator of character among his associates. His perception of the ludicrous is greater than that of any one I ever met except Hackett, who, by-the-way, is a good friend of Kennedy's, and soldom passes through Baltimore without paying him a visit. Mr. Pennington has a considerable practice as a lawyer and a handsome private estate. He has, as a consequence, many trust funds; one of which is so peculiar that it is best narrated in his own

"On making a deposit in bank many years ago," said he, "the teller threw out a three-dollar note as unbankable. I went to a broker's to get it exchanged, but he pronounced it to be nearly valueless. I will, however, said he, give you a lottery ticket for it—for he dealt in lottery tickets. Having no confidence in lotteries, I refused to take one; but as I was leaving the door with the worthless bill his entreaties prevailed, and I took the ticket in exchange, and thought no more of the transaction for several days, when, passing one day, he called me in to inform me that my ticket had drawn a prize of several hundred dollars. This fund I deposited in bank and invested by itself. It has now grown to be a considerable sum, but remains entirely untouched by me except for charitable purposes. I look upon it as the devil's money, and fancy that some day he will call for it; and I have taken very good care to keep it by itself, so that it shall not taint the remainder of my possessions."

Kennedy at this time occupied as his town-house the former residence of William Wirt, on Calvert Street, a spacious and venerable old mansion, which in Wirt's time was doubtless one of the most aristocratic in the city, and which even then was a very excellent establishment. I remarked to Kennedy on one occasion that it was a singular coincidence that the biographer should occupy the residence of the one whose biography he had written (his Life of Wirt had not long

before been published). He stated that it was purely accidental, as he dwclt there chiefly to oblige his father-in-law, then an aged man, but since deceased, who had an attachment for the place. "This," he continued, "is the room occupied by Wirt as his library, and it was here that the greater part of those legal papers were prepared which obtained for him so great a celebrity."

The apartment alluded to was a spacious room whose sides were well covered with the books which Kennedy had collected, and which probably equaled in number those of the eloquent advocate who had preceded him in possession. As to the value of the collection I have no information, but from the varied subjects that from time to time have occupied his attention, I should infer that it contained many excellent books, especially in its political and historical depart-He understood very well the use of exments. tensive libraries, and made free use of them when engaged in writing. I remember that I once remarked to him that to the imaginative writer the country was full of suggestions, and I did not wonder that authors of this class especially gladly retreated from town to hold companionship with Nature in her rural abodes.

"The country is all very well," replied he, "but commend me to the town for the stimulus of literary pursuits. In the midst of the excitement of a populous city, with its incentives to labor and its aids to composition, the author generally produces his best works, and I apprehend if you were to know the secret history of this kind of writing, you would find that the greater part of the most touching incidents of rural life, with their accompaniments of wood, and hill, and dell, so vividly portrayed that the reader almost imagines himself in their midst, were penned in the midst of all the bustle and confusion of a populous city."

And he was, without doubt, correct in this judgment. The author, in his rapid progress through the country, takes in at a glance its immense ideal treasures, which imprint themselves upon the memory, to be used in the laborious work of composition in the study. reader with the least conception of the bcautiful attempt to analyze his own sensations, and he will find that the impressions of a few moments cover a field which it would require whole pages to describe. The great art of the imaginative writer is to reproduce these impressions in a shape so vivid and tangible as immediately to be realized by others. The reader need scarcely be told that the exquisite pictures of Virginia plantation life as portrayed in "Swallow Barn," or the incidents of the primitive military camp, as told in "Horseshoe Robinson," were penned in a lawyer's office in the city of Baltimore.

The house, the library, all the associations of the place necessarily led the conversation to the able lawyer, the masterly orator, and the polished biographer who had formerly occupied them. Wirt had really been the maker of his own fortune, and he had labored most industri-

ously in elevating himself to the position he finally occupied. In youth he was surrounded by none of those aids by which men are often elevated in spite of themselves. The library that formed the basis of the one which finally occupied those shelves, and with which he commenced the practice of law, consisted of a copy of "Blackstone," two volumes of "Don Quixote," and a volume of "Tristram Shandy." His whole life, said Kennedy, was that of a student. "His youthful days were passed in the preparation for his profession. His manhood was engrossed by forensic labors. Old age found him crowned with the honors of a faithfully earned judicial

Kennedy's description of the personal appearance of Wirt is not only a true likeness but an admirably drawn sketch. "Those who remember William Wirt," he says, "need not be reminded how distinctively his face and figure suggested his connection with the German race. The massive, bald outline of his countenance, the clear blue eye, the light hair falling in crisp and numerous curls upon a broad forehead, the high arching eyebrow, the large nose, the ample chin, might recall a resemblance to the portrait of Goethe. The ever-changing expression of his eye and lip—at one moment sobered in deep thought, and in the next radiant with a lurking, quiet good-humor, that might be seen coming up from the depths of his heart, and provoking a laugh before a word was said-were traits which enlivened whatever might be supposed saturnine in the merely national cast of his features." He had indeed not only a keen sense of the ludicrous, but one of the most imaginative of temperaments. It was this latter faculty that enabled him to depict with such admirable skill the masterly forensic displays of Patrick Henry, and which made him so irresistible in his own great appeals to the court and jury. An incident in his early life shows somewhat of this feeling. A school companion had been detained at school longer than the rest, and on his way home was obliged to pass a lonely field after daylight was gone. On the following day he narrated to a group of eager listeners how, in passing this spot the previous evening, a bird perched upon the grave-stone of an old negro cried out, "Whip him well! whip him well!" and a froggy voice deep from below seemed to answer, "Oh, pray!" "It was," said Wirt, "the first time that a superstitious emotion entered my mind; and I now recall how dreadfully sublime it was. My heart quaked—and yet there was a sort of terrible pleasure in it which I can not define; I do not yet hear a whip-poor-will without some of these misgivings of my childhood."

Wirt had several daughters, all of whom were elegant and accomplished women. With much of the talent of their father, they were indebted to him for unusual care in their education. To his daughter Sara, who afterward married Judge Randall, and died in Florida, he thus wrote while yet a little girl: "Suppose there was a nest full of beautiful young birds—so young that In 1859 Willis paid a visit to Sunnyside, in

they could not fly and help themselves-and they were opening their little mouths and crying for something to eat, and their parents would not bring them any, would you not think them wicked? Now your mind is this nest, full of beautiful singing birds, and there sits reason and fancy and memory and judgment. not love your father and mother for trying to feed them with books and learning?" Under such culture it is not singular that they should have all come to occupy prominent positions in social life, admired for their many accomplishments, and respected for their numerous virtues.

In 1833 a literary paper in Baltimore, called The Visitor, offered a prize for the best poem. Among the competitors was the erratic but gifted Edgar A. Poe, to whom the prize was awarded for his "MSS. found in a Bottle." Kennedy was one of the umpires to whom these contributions were referred, and he thus formed Poe's acquaintance, who, he remarked, was in part indebted for his success to his extremely neat handwriting; a fact which I can readily imagine, for Poe wrote in a small, but perfectly legible character, which could be as easily read as a printed page. His numerous letters which I have seen written to his cousin, Nelson Poe, a lawyer in Baltimore, sparkling with vivacity and overflowing with wit, are in their chirography the very quintessence of neatness. Poe, at the time he made Kennedy's acquaintance—as, indeed, at all others-was sadly in want of pecuniary resources. Kennedy not only introduced him to Mr. White, then editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, but urged his employment in such terms as to induce Mr. White to accept his literary aid in the conduct of that magazine. This engagement, however, which promised at least a means of maintenance, was, like several others of the same character formed by Poe at different periods, destined to be of short contin-

Kennedy's relations with literary men were always of the most agreeable character, and in no manner intermixed with the envy that too frequently mars the pleasant relations that should subsist between those engaged in kindred pursuits. I remember that the first favorable impression I had of Willis's poems was obtained from Kennedy. In a conversation relating to Willis I remarked that I had really never read his poems attentively, because of a prejudice I had, I scarcely knew why, against the author.

"Then," said Kennedy, "you should read them before forming an opinion. I consider Willis as a poet of great excellence, and some of his poems, particularly those in blank verse, as 'Jephtha's Daughter,' as of a very high order of merit."

The hint thus gently given was taken, and a perusal of his writings showed me how much I had mistaken the character of the author. Between Kennedy and Willis a friendship has existed for a long time, with the kindest appreciation of each other's character on either side.

company with Mr. Wise, an account of which he has published in the Home Journal. Kennedy was at the time the guest of Irving, and left for New York at the same time that Willis and his friend returned to Idlewild. In this description Willis says that an amusing interchange of sorrows took place between Irving and Kennedy as to the persecution of autograph hunters, in which Kennedy bore off the palm. He said that while Secretary of Navy he was written to by a person entirely unknown to him, but who claimed to be his constituent, who requested to be furnished with the autographs of all the Presidents, together with those of the present Cabinet, including his own, as well as those of any other distinguished persons with whom he chanced to be in correspondence.

Among Kennedy's literary productions intended to delineate the domestic history of the South, is an address delivered before the Maryland Institute in 1851, upon the early settlement of Baltimore, in which some incidents are noticed which, however familiar to the older inhabitants of that city, are not generally known. An Act of Assembly "for erecting a town on the north side of Patapsco in Baltimore County" was passed in 1729, and under this ordinance Baltimore was built. "You have heard," says Kennedy, "the traditional story of Mr. John Moale's alarm when this project of a town was first talked of. The projectors had an eye to a tract of land of his-Moale's Point-which looks in upon Spring Gardens. That worthy gentleman had some iron ore on his farm, and was seized with such terror at the idea of having a town built over it, that he repaired, it is said, in extraordinary haste to the Legislature, of which he was a member, to defeat the bill, then actually under consideration, to place the town on his land. A very notable parliamentary effort, as it turned out, for Baltimore was in consequence saved from an inconvenient location on Moale's Point, and established where it is."

The preference given to Moale's Point by those most interested in the establishment of Baltimore, doubtless arose from its level and somewhat low surface, which seemed to offer facilities for laying out streets and erecting buildings at small cost. By the timely influence exerted by Mr. Moale to prevent his land from being occupied for this purpose, the town was necessarily compelled to extend itself over the undulating and beautifully diversified surface it now occupies. The substratum, instead of the rich alluvium of the plain, is composed of gravel and sand, eminently favorable to health; and the surface, gently and picturesquely undulating, crowned with monuments and domes, presents one of the most magnificent city views to be found on the continent. "Every one," remarks Kennedy, "speculates at the present day upon the absolute certainty of a prosperous town springing up on some locality he could There is no point, however, on designate. which anticipation is so often disappointed as this. The chances are all against the precon-

ceived opinion. Looking to ordinary considerations which we might conjecture to be most potential in influencing the growth of a trading city, one would say a priori that the mouth of the Susquehanna River would have been selected in the last century as the site of a town inevitably destined to grow to importance. Another such site would have been pointed out at Norfolk, where the Chesapeake Bay meets the ocean. Annapolis and Alexandria and Georgetown were in those days full of hope. They were growing, and for some years continued to grow in advance of Baltimore-Alexandria especially; but Baltimore gave no augury for a favorable prediction. What have we here to invite settlement? what convenience of inland trade? what seaward? To this day we may consider the sudden start and swift pre-eminence which Baltimore made and won as an unsolved problem in the philosophy of cities."

There is one important physical fact to which Baltimore, in common with the rest of the seaboard cities, is more indebted than might at first view be supposed. The whole Atlantic coast stretching from New York southward is composed of a slope where the continent originally terminated, clearly identified by its hard, granite rocks, and the plain subsequently made by the deposits from the ocean. At this line of demarkation the streams that flow into the sea break over their hard granite beds in waterfalls or rapids, which intercept the progress of navigation. Now it is precisely at this point that New York, Trenton, Philadelphia, Baltimorc, Georgetown, Richmond, and Raleigh, have sprung up, and grown into an importance that their projectors could hardly have predicted. This fact demonstrates how vast an influence the geological formation exercises over the character of a country and the movements of its population.

But although Kennedy has achieved an honorable distinction in literature, and is best known through his writings, yet he has never at any one period of his life been a bookmaker by profession. These literary labors have rather constituted the incidents in a life actively employed in other pursuits than its chief occupation. As a member of the bar and as a politician he was both active and prominent. In the latter capacity he was for many years a Delegate in the Legislature of Maryland, and an ardent supporter of that system of works of internal improvement upon which Maryland boldly ventured far in advance of the larger and wealthier States, and by means of which she has contributed to her prosperity as a State, and at the same time involved her finances with a debt which it will require long years of prosperity to liquidate. The pressure of this debt rendered those who were instrumental in creating it unpopular, and Kennedy, with his legislative colleagues, was forced into a retirement from which he emerged some years after as a Representative in Congress, and subsequently as Secretary of the Navy.

During his political career the country was

pretty equally divided into the two political parties-Whig and Democratic-which in Maryland so closely divided the State that before each important election it was doubtful which would be in the ascendant. Kennedy was a member of the Whig Party, and may now be ranked among what are denominated the "Silver Grays." His political course was characterized by great liberality of sentiment and freedom from party trammels. In the establishment of the system of electro-magnetic telegraphing Morse always found in him a steadfast advocate. He not only readily comprehended its operation when exhibited in the committee room, but was warm in its favor on the floor of the House. It was on his motion that the bill for the appropriation of the fund to try the experiment between Washington and Baltimore was brought before the House, and through his influence many of his own party, who were either careless or doubtful concerning it, were induced to record their votes in its favor.

His political predilections are admirably delineated in "Quodlibet," a political satire, which, although not a novel, yet has sufficient of the rude outlines of a plot to be included in this category of writing. It is a hit at the political parties preceding the presidential election which took place just before it was written, and contains some humorous and admirable caricatures of the prominent personages engaged. It appeared anonymously, but the public were not long in tracing its authorship to its true source.

Although Kennedy has rendered good service to his country as a politician, yet, after all, it is to be regretted that he did not devote himself more exclusively to literature, for which he has "His talent certainly exhibited rare ability. in this respect," said Alexander Everett, upon the appearance of "Swallow Barn," "is probably not inferior to that of Irving. Some of his smaller compositions, in which our author depends merely on his own resources, exhibit a point and vigor of thought, and a felicity and freshness of style that place them on a level with the best passages of the 'Sketch-Book.'" If he who can succeed in creating and describing an imaginary character that ever after remains in the memories of men, ranked among the real existences of the past, both illustrates his own merit and secures his fame, then he well deserves Mr. Everett's acknowledgment of his talent; for side by side with Scott's Meg Merrilies, of Cooper's Leather Stocking, of Dickens's Sam Weller, and of Irving's Rip Van Winkle, Horseshoe Robinson must be recognized as a real and veritable creation, which occupies a permanent place in the minds of those who are familiar with the

The greater part of his time is now spent at his residence on the banks of the Patapsco, a few miles from Baltimore, and in the immediate vicinity of a large number of cotton manufactories, in one of which he is largely interested. The situation is of the wildest and most picturesque character. The Patapsco, a turbulent and son."

restless stream, flows rapidly down over a series of rapids and natural cascades (which have been largely turned to advantage by the erection of a number of mills upon its borders), in the bottom of a deep ravine which it has made for itself amidst the undulating country through which it pursues its course. The sides of the valley thus made, as well as the lofty hill-tops which overhang it, are alternately composed of bald and abrupt rocky prominences, presenting their bare and jagged front to the stream, and gentler undulations whose sides are clothed with a variegated foliage that contrasts pleasantly with the rocky buttresses that jut out from their midst.

Kennedy's residence occupies a position directly on the bank of the stream, which is here spanned by a light trellis work foot-bridge. From the portico is seen the bald outlines of the adjoining heights and the craggy sides that intervene between them and the bed of the stream, while perched high up on the opposite bank, as if suspended in the air, the Baltimore and Ohio Railway winds its tortuous course along the side of this intricate and highly romantic valley. He is much attached to "home," and with the exception of an annual pilgrimage to the North, when the gay world is to be found at its watering-places, or a summer jaunt among the mountain resorts of Virginia,* seldom wanders much beyond the immediate confines of his own neighborhood, which indeed possesses a circle of elegant and refined people, among whom are the Ridgeleys of Hampton, and the Carrols of the Manor, such as few districts can boast.

Twice within the last few years he has been tempted to visit Europe, where his political position and literary reputation secured him a flattering reception, but on each occasion he has returned with but little reason to regret that he was a citizen of the United States. engages in public matters, but is occasionally moved by a sense of duty to exert what influence he possesses when he deems that the country stands in need of his services, as on the occasion of his late appeal to the people of Maryland to remain steadfast to the Union. To the Maryland Historical Society he has always been a steadfast friend, and attends its meetings whenever it is possible for him to do so. He is also a trustee of the "Peabody Institute," recently founded in Baltimore by Mr. Peabody of London, whose early mercantile life was passed there, and is quite active in the development of this noble foundation.

Possessed of gentle manners and much kindness of disposition, a large fund of acquired information, and mingling much in society, there are few persons whose companionship is more agreeable or instructive than that of the genial author of "Swallow Barn."

^{*} The "X. M. C." (i. e. Ex-Member of Congress) who appears in some of "Porte Crayon's" admirable sketches, originally published in *Harper's Magazine*, and subsequently collected in the book "Virginia Illustrated," is the author of "Swallow Barn," and "Horseshoe Robinson."

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE STATE OF PUBLIC OPINION.

THE day of the trial was now quickly com-I ing on, and the London world, especially the world of lawyers, was beginning to talk much on the subject. Men about the Inns of Court speculated as to the verdict, offering to each other very confident opinions as to the result, and offering, on some occasions, bets as well as The younger world of barristers was opinions. clearly of opinion that Lady Mason was innocent; but a portion, an unhappy portion, was inclined to fear, that, in spite of her innocence, she would be found guilty. The elder world of barristers was not, perhaps, so demonstrative, but in that world the belief in her innocence was not so strong, and the fear of her condemnation much stronger. The attorneys, as a rule, regarded her as guilty. To the policeman's mind every man not a policeman is a guilty being, and the attorneys perhaps share something of this feeling. But the attorneys to a man expected to see her acquitted. Great was their faith in Mr. Furnival; great their faith in Solomon Aram; but greater than in all was their faith in Mr. Chaffanbrass. If Mr. Chaffanbrass could not pull her through, with a prescription of twenty years on her side, things must be very much altered indeed in our English criminal To the outer world, that portion of the world which had nothing to do with the administration of the law, the idea of Lady Mason having been guilty seemed preposterous. Of course she was innocent, and of course she would be And of course, also, found to be innocent. that Joseph Mason, of Groby Park, was, and would be found to be, the meanest, the lowest, the most rapacious of mankind.

And then the story of Sir Peregrine's attachment and proposed marriage, joined as it was to various hints of the manner in which that marriage had been broken off, lent a romance to the whole affair, and added much to Lady Mason's popularity. Every body had now heard of it, and every body was also aware, that though the idea of a marriage had been abandoned, there had been no quarrel. The friendship between the families was as close as ever, and Sir Peregrine—so it was understood—had pledged himself to an acquittal. It was felt to be a public annoyance that an affair of so exciting a nature should be allowed to come off in the little town of Alston. The court-house, too, was very defective in its arrangements, and ill qualified to give accommodation to the great body of wouldbe attendants at the trial. One leading newspaper went so far as to suggest, that in such a case as this, the antediluvian prejudices of the British grandmother—meaning the Constitution -should be set aside, and the trial should take It seemed to be understood that he would be

place in London. But I am not aware that any step was taken toward the carrying out of so desirable a project.

Down at Hamworth the feeling in favor of Lady Mason was not perhaps so strong as it was elsewhere. Dockwrath was a man not much respected, but nevertheless many believed in him; and down there, in the streets of Hamworth, he was not slack in propagating his view of the question. He had no doubt, he said, how the case would go. He had no doubt, although he was well aware that Mr. Mason's own lawyers would do all they could to throw over their own client. But he was too strong, he The facts as he would said, even for that. bring them forward would confound Round and Crook, and compel any jury to find a verdict of guilty. I do not say that all Hamworth believed in Dockwrath, but his energy and confidence did have its effect, and Lady Mason's case was not upheld so strongly in her own neighborhood as elsewhere.

The witnesses in these days were of course very important persons, and could not but feel the weight of that attention which the world would certainly pay to them. There would be four chief witnesses for the prosecution; Dockwrath himself, who would be prepared to speak as to the papers left behind him by old Usbech; the man in whose possession now remained that deed respecting the partnership which was in truth executed by old Sir Joseph on that fourteenth of July; Bridget Bolster; and John Of the manner in which Mr. Dock-Kenneby. wrath used his position we already know enough. The man who held the deed, one Torrington, was a relative of Martock, Sir Joseph's partner, and had been one of his executors. It was not much indeed that he had to say, but that little sent him up high in the social scale during those He lived at Kennington, and he was asked out to dinner in that neighborhood every day for a week running, on the score of his connection with the great Orley Farm case. Bridget Bolster was still down at the hotel in the West of England, and being of a solid, sensible, and somewhat unimaginative turn of mind, probably went through her duties to the last without much change of manner. But the effect of the coming scenes upon poor John Kenneby was terri-It was to him as though for the time they had made of him an Atlas, and compelled him to bear on his weak shoulders the weight of the whole world. Men did talk much about Lady Mason and the coming trial; but to him it seemed as though men talked of nothing else. At Hubbles and Grease's it was found useless to put figures into his hands till all this should be over. Indeed it was doubted by many whether he would ever recover his ordinary tone of mind.

cross-examined by Chaffanbrass, and there were those who thought that John Kenneby would never again be equal to a day's work after that which he would then be made to endure. That he would have been greatly relieved could the whole thing have been wiped away from him there can be no manner of doubt; but I fancy that he would also have been disappointed. It is much to be great for a day, even though that day's greatness should cause the shipwreck of a whole life.

"I shall endeavor to speak the truth," said John Kenneby, solemnly.

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," said Moulder.

"Yes, Moulder, that will be my endeavor; and then I may lay my hand upon my bosom and think that I have done my duty by my country." And as Kenneby spoke he suited the action to the word.

"Quite right, John," said Mrs. Smiley. "Them's the sentiments of a man, and I, as a woman having a right to speak where you are

concerned, quite approve of them."

"They'll get nothing but the truth out of John," said Mrs. Moulder; "not if he knows it." These last words she added, actuated by admiration of what she had heard of Mr. Chaffanbrass, and perhaps with some little doubt as to her brother's firmness.

"That's where it is," said Moulder. "Lord bless you, John, they'll turn you round their finger like a bit of red tape. Truth! Gammon! What do they care for truth?"

"But I care, Moulder," said Kenneby. "I don't suppose they can make me tell falsehoods if I don't wish it."

"Not if you're the man I take you to be," said Mrs. Smiley.

"Gammon!" said Moulder.

"Mr. Moulder, that's an objectionable word," said Mrs. Smiley. "If John Kenneby is the man I take him to be—and who's a right to speak if I haven't, seeing that I am going to commit myself for this world into his hands?"—and Mrs. Smiley, as she spoke, simpered, and looked down with averted head on the fullness of her Irish tabinet—"if he's the man that I take him to be, he won't say on this thrilling occasion no more than the truth, nor yet no less. Now that isn't gammon—if I know what gammon is."

It will have been already seen that the party in question were assembled at Mr. Moulder's room in Great St. Helen's. There had been a little supper party there to commemorate the final arrangements as to the coming marriage, and the four were now sitting round the fire with their glasses of hot toddy at their elbows. Moulder was armed with his pipe, and was enjoying himself in that manner which most delighted him. When last we saw him he had somewhat exceeded discretion in his cups, and was not comfortable. But at the present nothing ailed him. The supper had been good, the tobacco was good, and the toddy was good. Therefore when

the lovely Thais sitting beside him—Thais, however, on this occasion having been provided not for himself but for his brother-in-law—when Thais objected to the use of his favorite word he merely chuckled down in the bottom of his fat throat, and allowed her to finish her sentence.

Poor John Kenneby had more, much more on his hands than this dreadful trial. Since he had declared that the Adriatic was free to wed another, he had found himself devoted and given up to Mrs. Smiley. For some days after that auspicious evening there had been considerable wrangling between Mrs. Moulder and Mrs. Smiley as to the proceeds of the brick-field; and on this question Moulder himself had taken a part. The Moulder interest had of course desired that all right of management in the brickfield should be vested in the husband, seeing that, according to the usages of this country, brick-fields and their belongings appertain rather to men than to women; but Mrs. Smiley had soon made it evident that she by no means intended to be merely a sleeping partner in the At one time Kenneby had entertained a hope of escape; for neither would the Moulder interest give way, nor would the Smiley. But two hundred a year was a great stake, and at last the thing was arranged, very much in accordance with the original Smiley view. And now at this most trying period of his life, poor Kenneby had upon his mind all the cares of a lover as well as the cares of a witness.

"I shall do my best," said John. "I shall do my best, and then throw myself upon Providence."

"And take a little drop of something comfortable in your pocket," said his sister, "so as to sperrit you up a little when your name's called."

"Sperrit him up!" said Moulder; "why I suppose he'll be standing in that box the best part of a day. I knowed a man was a witness; it was a case of horse-stealing; and the man who was the witness was the man who'd took the horse."

"And he was witness against hisself!" said Mrs. Smiley.

"No; he'd paid for it. That is to say, either he had or he hadn't. That was what they wanted to get out of him, and I'm blessed if he didn't take 'em till the judge wouldn't set there any longer. And then they hadn't got it out of him."

"But John Kenneby ain't one of that sort," said Mrs. Smiley.

"I suppose that man did not want to unbosom himself," said Kenneby.

"Well; no. The likes of him seldom do like to unbosom themselves," said Moulder.

"But that will be my desire. If they will only allow me to speak freely whatever I know about this matter, I will give them no trouble."

"You mean to act honest, John," said his

"I always did, Mary Anne."

"Well now, I'll tell you what it is," said

say any thing more about gammon-not just at

present, that is."

"I've no objection to gammon, Mr. Moulder, when properly used," said Mrs. Smiley, "but I look on it as disrespectful; and seeing the position which I hold as regards John Kenneby, any thing disrespectful to him is hurtful to my feelings."

"All right," said Moulder. "And now, John, I'll just tell you what it is. You've no more chance of being allowed to speak freely there than-than-than-no more than if you was in ehurch. What are them fellows paid for if you're to say whatever you pleases out in your own way?"

"He only wants to say the truth, M.," said Mrs. Moulder, who probably knew less than her husband of the general usages of eourts of law.

"Truth be —," said Moulder.
"Mr. Moulder!" said Mrs. Smiley. "There's

ladies by, if you'll please to remember."

"To hear such nonsense sets one past one's self," continued he; "as if all those lawyers were brought together there—the cleverest and sharpest fellows in the kingdom, mind you-to listen to a man like John here telling his own story in his own way. You'll have to tell your story in their way; that is, in two different ways. There'll be one fellow 'll make you tell it his way first, and another fellow 'll make you tell it again his way afterward; and it's odds but what the first 'll be at you again after that, till you won't know whether you stand on your heels or your head."

"That can't be right," said Mrs. Moulder.

"And why can't it be right?" said Moulder. "They're paid for it; it's their duties; just as it's my duty to sell Hubbles and Grease's sugar. It's not for me to say the sugar's bad, or the samples not equal to the last. My duty is to sell, and I sell; and it's their duty to get a verdict."

"But the truth, Moulder-!" said Kenneby.

"Gammon!" said Moulder. "Begging your pardon, Mrs. Smiley, for making use of the expression. Look you here, John; if you're paid to bring a man off not guilty, won't you bring him off if you can? I've been at trials times upon times, and listened till I've wished from the bottom of my heart that I'd been brought up a barrister. Not that I think much of myself, and I mean of course with education and all that accordingly. It's beautiful to hear them. You'll see a little fellow in a wig, and he'll get up; and there'll be a man in the box before him-some swell dressed up to his eyes, who thinks no end of strong beer of himself; and in about ten minutes he'll be as flabby as wet paper, and he'll say-on his oath, mind you-just any thing that that little fellow wants him to say. That's power, mind you, and I call it beautiful."

"But it ain't justice," said Mrs. Smiley.

"Why not? I say it is justice. You ean have it if you ehoose to pay for it, and so can I. If I buy a great-coat against the winter, and

Moulder. "As Mrs. Smiley don't like it I won't | you go out at night without having one, is it injustice because you're perished by the cold while I'm as warm as a toast? I say it's a grand thing to live in a country where one can buy a great-eoat."

> The argument had got so far, Mr. Moulder eertainly having the best of it, when a ring at

the outer door was heard.

"Now who on earth is that?" said Moulder. "Snengkeld, I shouldn't wonder," said his

"I hope it ain't no stranger," said Mrs. Smiley. "Situated as John and I are now, strangers is so disagreeable." And then the door was opened by the maid-servant, and Mr. Kantwise was shown into the room.

"Halloo, Kantwise!" said Mr. Moulder, not rising from his chair, or giving any very decided tokens of welcome. "I thought you were down somewhere among the iron foundries?"

"So I was, Mr. Moulder, but I came up yesterday. Mrs. Moulder, allow me to have the honor. I hope I see you quite well; but looking at you I need not ask. Mr. Kenneby, Sir, your very humble servant. The day's coming on fast; isn't it, Mr. Kenneby? Ma'am, your very obedient. I believe I haven't the pleasure of being aequainted."

"Mrs. Smiley, Mr. Kantwise. Mr. Kantwise, Mrs. Smiley," said the lady of the house, introducing her visitors to each other in the ap-

propriate way.

"Quite delighted, I'm sure," said Kantwise.

"Smiley as is, and Kenneby as will be this day three weeks," said Moulder; and then they all enjoyed that little joke, Mrs. Smiley by no means appearing bashful in the matter although Mr. Kantwise was a stranger.

"I thought I should find Mr. Kenneby here," said Kantwise, when the subject of the coming nuptials had been sufficiently discussed, "and therefore I just stepped in. No intrusion, I hope, Mr. Moulder.'

"All right," said Moulder; "make yourself There's the stuff on the table. at home.

know what the tap is."

"I've just parted from Mr. Dockwrath," said Kantwise, speaking in a tone of voice which implied the great importance of the communication, and looking round the table to see the effect of it upon the circle.

"Then you've parted from a very low-lived party, let me tell you that," said Moulder. He had not forgotten Dockwrath's conduct in the commercial room at Leeds, and was fully re-

solved that he never would forgive it.

"That's as may be," said Kantwise. "I sav nothing on that subject at the present moment, either one way or the other. But I think you'll all agree as to this: that at the present moment Mr. Dockwrath fills a eonspicuous place in the public eye."

"By no means so conspicuous as John Kenneby," said Mrs. Smiley, "if I may be allowed

in my position to hold an opinion."

"That's as may be, ma'am. I say nothing

about that. What I hold by is, that Mr. Dockwrath does hold a conspicuous place in the public eye. I've just parted with him in Gray's Inn Lane, and he says that it's all up now with

Lady Mason."

"Gammon!" said Moulder. And on this occasion Mrs. Smiley did not rebuke him. "What does he know about it more than any one else? Will he bet two to one? Because, if so, I'll take it; only I must see the money down."

"I don't know what he'll bet, Mr. Moulder;

only he says it's all up with her.'

"Will he back his side, even-handed?"

"I ain't a betting man, Mr. Moulder. I don't think it's right. And on such a matter as this, touching the liberty and almost life of a lady whom I've had the honor of seeing, and acquainted as I am with the lady of the other party, Mrs. Mason that is of Groby Park, I should rather, if it's no offense to you, decline the subject of—betting."

"Bother!"

"Now M., in your own house, you know!" said his wife.

"So it is bother. But never mind that. Go on, Kantwise. What is this you were saying about Dockwrath?"

"Oh, that's about all. I thought you would like to know what they were doing, particularly Mr. Kenneby. I do hear that they mean to be uncommonly hard upon him."

The unfortunate witness shifted uneasily in his seat, but at the moment said nothing him-

self.

"Well, now, I can't understand it," said Mrs. Smiley, sitting upright in her chair, and tackling herself to the discussion as though she meant to express her opinion, let who might think differently. "How is any one to put words into my mouth if I don't choose to speak them? There's John's waistcoat is silk." Upon which they all looked at Kenneby's waistcoat, and, with the exception of Kantwise, acknowledged the truth of the assertion.

"That's as may be," said he, looking round

at it from the corner of his eyes.

"And do you mean to say that all the barristers in London will make me say that it's made of cloth? It's ridic'lous—nothing short of ridic'lous."

"You've never tried, my dear," said Moulder.
"I don't know about being your dear, Mr.

Moulder—"

"Nor yet don't I neither, Mrs. Smiley," said the wife.

"Mr. Kenneby's my dear, and I ain't ashamed to own him, before men and women. But if he allows hisself to be hocussed in that way, I don't know but what I shall be ashamed. I call it hocussing—just hocussing."

"So it is, ma'am," said Kantwise, "only this, you know, if I hocus you, why you hocus me in return; so it isn't so very unfair, you know."

"Unfair!" said Moulder. "It's the fairest thing that is. It's the bulwark of the British Constitution."

"What! being badgered and brow-beat?" asked Kenneby, who was thinking within himself that if this were so he did not care if he lived somewhere beyond the protection of that blessed Ægis.

"Trial by jury is," said Moulder. "And how can you have trial by jury if the witnesses

are not to be cross-questioned?"

To this position no one was at the moment ready to give an answer, and Mr. Moulder enjoyed a triumph over his audience. That he lived in a happy and blessed country Moulder was well aware, and with those blessings he did not wish any one to tamper. "Mother," said a fastidious child to his parent, "the bread is gritty and the butter tastes of turnips." "Turnips indeed, and gritty!" said the mother. "Is it not a great thing to have bread-and-butter at all?" I own that my sympathies are with the child. Bread-and-butter is a great thing; but I would have it of the best if that be possible.

After that Mr. Kantwise was allowed to dilate upon the subject which had brought him there. Mr. Dockwrath had been summoned to Bedford Row, and there had held a council of war together with Mr. Joseph Mason and Mr. Matthew Round. According to his own story Mr. Matthew had quite come round and been forced to acknowledge all that Dockwrath had done for the cause. In Bedford Row there was no doubt whatever as to the verdict. "That woman Bolster is quite clear that she only signed one deed," said Kantwise.

"I shall say nothing—nothing here," said Kenneby.

"Quite right, John," said Mrs. Smiley. "Your feelings on the occasion become you."

"I'll lay an even bet she's acquitted," said Moulder. "And I'll do it in a ten-p'und note."

CHAPTER LXII.

WHAT THE FOUR LAWYERS THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

I have spoken of the state of public opinion as to Lady Mason's coming trial, and have explained that for the most part men's thoughts and sympathies took part with her. But I can not say that such was the case with the thoughts of those who were most closely concerned with her in the matter, whatever may have been their sympathies. Of the state of Mr. Furnival's mind on the matter enough has been said. But if he had still entertained any shadow of doubt as to his client's guilt or innocence, none whatever was entertained either by Mr. Aram or by Mr. Chaffanbrass. From the day on which they had first gone into the real circumstances of the case, looking into the evidence which could be adduced against their client, and looking also to their means of rebutting that evidence, they had never felt a shadow of doubt upon the subject. But yet neither of them had ever said that she was guilty. Aram, in discussing with his clerks the work which it was necessary that they should do in the matter, had never expressed such an opinion; nor had Chaffaubrass done so in the consultations which he had held with Aram. to the verdict they had very often expressed an opinion-differing considerably. Mr. Aram was strongly of opinion that Lady Mason would be acquitted, resting that opinion mainly on his great confidence in the powers of Mr. Chaffan-But Mr. Chaffanbrass would shake his head, and sometimes say that things were not now as they used to be.

"That may be so in the City," said Mr. "But you won't find a City jury down at Alston."

"It's not the juries, Aram. It's the judges. It usedn't to be so, but it is now. When a man has the last word, and will take the trouble to use it, that's every thing. If I were asked what point I'd best like to have in my favor, I'd say a deaf judge. Or if not that, one regularly tired out. I've sometimes thought I'd like to be a judge myself, merely to have the last word."

"That wouldn't suit you at all, Mr. Chaffanbrass, for you'd be sick of it in a week."

"At any rate I'm not fit for it," said the great man, meekly. "I'll tell you what, Aram, I can look back on life and think that I've done a deal of good in my way. I've prevented unnecessary bloodshed. I've saved the country thousands of pounds in the maintenance of men who've shown themselves well able to maintain themselves. And I've made the Crown lawyers very careful as to what sort of evidence they would send up to the Old Bailey. But my chances of life have been such that they haven't made me fit to be a judge. I know that."

"I wish I might see you on the bench tomorrow-only that we shouldn't know what to do without you," said the civil attorney. It was no more than the fair everyday flattery of the world, for the practice of Mr. Solomon Aram in his profession was quite as surely attained as was that of Mr. Chaffanbrass. And it could hardly be called flattery, for Mr. Solomon Aram much valued the services of Mr. Chaffanbrass, and greatly appreciated the peculiar turn of that gentleman's mind.

The above conversation took place in Mr. Solomon Aram's private room in Bucklersbury. In that much-noted city thoroughfare Mr. Aram rented the first floor of a house over an eating establishment. He had no great paraphernalia of books and boxes and clerks' desks, as are apparently necessary to attorneys in general. Three clerks he did employ, who sat in one room, and he himself sat in that behind it. So at least they sat when they were to be found at the parent establishment; but as regarded the attorney himself and his senior assistant, the work of their lives was carried on chiefly in the courts of law. The room in which Mr. Aram was now sitting was furnished with much more attention to comfort than is usual in lawyers' chambers. Mr. Chaffanbrass was at present lying, with his feet up, on a sofa against the wall, in a position of comfort never attained by you say—that they're both ready to swear in

him elsewhere till the after-dinner hours had come to him, and Mr. Aram himself filled an easy lounging-chair. Some few law papers there were scattered on the library table, but none of those piles of dusty documents which give to a stranger on entering an ordinary attorney's room so terrible an idea of the difficulty and dreariness of the profession. There were no tin boxes with old names labeled on them; there were no piles of letters, and no pigeonholes loaded with old memoranda. On the whole, Mr. Aram's private room was smart and attractive; though, like himself, it had an air rather of pretense than of steady and assured well-being.

It is not quite the thing for a barrister to wait upon an attorney, and therefore it must not be supposed that Mr. Chaffanbrass had come to Mr. Aram with any view to immediate business; but nevertheless, as the two men understood each other, they could say what they had to say as to this case of Lady Mason's, although their present positions were somewhat irregular. They were both to meet Mr. Furnival and Felix Graham on that afternoon in Mr. Furnival's chambers with reference to the division of those labors which were to be commenced at Alston on the day but one following, and they both thought that it might be as well that they should say a word to each other on the subject before they went there.

"I suppose you know nothing about the panel down there, eh?" said Chaffanbrass.

"Well, I have made some inquiries; but I don't think there's any thing especial to know-nothing that matters. If I were you, Mr. Chaffanbrass, I wouldn't have any Hamworth people on the jury, for they say that a prophet is never a prophet in his own country."

"But do you know the Hamworth people?"

"Oh yes; I can tell you as much as that. But I don't think it will matter much who is or is not on the jury."

"And why not?"

"If those two witnesses break down-that is, Kenneby and Bolster-no jury can convict her. And if they don't-"

"Then no jury can acquit her. But let me tell you, Aram, that it's not every man put into a jury-box who can tell whether a witness has broken down or not."

"But from what I hear, Mr. Chaffanbrass, I don't think either of these can stand a chance -that is, if they both come into your hands."

"But they won't both come into my hands," said the anxious hero of the Old Bailey.

"Ah! that's where it is. That's where we shall fail. Mr. Furnival is a great man, no doubt."

"A very great man—in his way," said Mr. Chaffanbrass.

"But if he lets one of those two slip through his fingers the thing's over.'

"You know my opinion," said Chaffanbrass. "I think it is all over. If you're right in what

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their direct evidence that they only signed one | what Mr. Chaffanbrass, if the matter was altodeed on that day, no vacillation afterward would gether in your hands I should have no fear-lithave any effect on the judge. It's just possible, you know, that their memory might deceive them."

erally no fear."

"Ah, you're partial, Aram."

em."

"It couldn't be so managed, could it, Mr.

"Possible! I should think so. I'll tell you Chaffanbrass? It would be a great thing—a

very great thing." But Mr. Chaffanbrass said that he thought it could not be managed. success or safety of a client is a very great thing-in a professional point of view a very great thing indeed. But there is a matter which in legal eyes is greater even than that. Professional etiquette required that the cross-examination of these two most important witnesses should not be left in the hands of the same bar-

And then the special attributes of Kenneby and Bridget Bolster were discussed between them, and it was manifest that Aram knew with great accuracy the characters of the persons with whom he had to deal. That Kenneby might be made to say almost any thing was taken for granted. With him there would be very great scope for that peculiar skill with which Mr. Chaffanbrass was so wonderfully gifted. In the hands of Mr. Chaffanbrass it was not improbable that Kenneby might be made to swear that he had signed two, three, four-any number of documents on that fourteenth of July, although he had before sworn that he had only signed one. Mr. Chaffanbrass indeed might probably make him say any thing that he pleased. Had Kenneby been unsupported the case would have been made safe -so said Mr. Solomon Aram-by leaving Kenneby in the hands of Mr. Chaffanbrass. But then Bridget Bolster was supposed to be a witness of altogether a different class of character. To induce her to say exactly the reverse of that which she intended to say might, no doubt, be within the power of man. Mr. Aram thought that it would be within the power of Mr. Chaffanbrass, He thought, however, that it would as certainly be beyond the power of Mr. Furnival; and when the great man lying on the sofa mentioned the name of Mr. Felix Graham Mr. Aram merely smiled. The question with him was this: Which would be the safest course? -to make quite sure of Kenneby by leaving him with Chaffanbrass; or to go for the double stake by handing Kenneby over to Mr. Furnival, and leaving the task of difficulty to the great master?

"When so much depends upon it I do detest all this etiquette and precedence," said Aram, with enthusiasm. "In such a case Mr. Furnival ought not to think of himself."

"My dear Aram," said Mr. Chaffanbrass, "men always think of themselves first. And if we were to go out of the usual course, do you conceive that the gentlemen on the other side would fail to notice it?"

"Which shall it be, then?"

"I'm quite indifferent. If the memory of either of these two persons is doubtful-and after twenty years it may be so-Mr. Furnival will discover it."

"Then on the whole I'm disposed to think that I'd let him take the man."

"Just as you please, Aram. That is, if he's satisfied also."

"I'm not going to have my client overthrown, you know," said Aram. "And then you'll take Dockwrath also, of course. I don't know

that it will have much effect upon the case, but I shall like to see Dockwrath in your hands; I shall indeed."

"I doubt he'll be too many for me."
"Ha, ha, ha!" Aram might well laugh, for when had any one shown himself able to withstand the powers of Mr. Chaffanbrass?

"They say he is a sharp fellow," said Mr. Chaffanbrass. "Well, we must be off. When those gentlemen at the West End get into Parliament it does not do to keep them waiting. Let one of your fellows get a cab." And then the barrister and the attorney started from Bucklersbury for the general meeting of their forces to be held in the Old Square, Lincoln's Inn.

We have heard how it came to pass that Felix Graham had been induced to become one of that legal phalanx which was employed on behalf of Lady Mason. It was now some days since he had left Noningsby, and those days with him had been very busy. He had never yet undertaken the defense of a person in a criminal court, and had much to learn-or perhaps he rather fancied that he had. And then that affair of Mary Snow's new lover was not found to arrange itself altogether easily. When he came to the details of his dealings with the different parties, every one wanted from him twice as much money as he had expected. The chemist was very willing to have a partner, but then a partnership in his business was, according to his view of the matter, a peculiarly expensive luxury. Snow père, moreover, came forward with claims which he rested on such various arguments that Graham found it almost impossible to resist them. At first—that is immediately subsequent to the interview between him and his patron described in a preceding chapter-Graham had been visited by a very repulsive attorney, who had talked loudly about the cruel wrongs of his ill-used client. This phasis of the affair would have been by far the preferable one; but the attorney and his client probably disagreed. Snow wanted immediate money, and as no immediate money was forthcoming through the attorney, he threw himself repentant at Graham's feet, and took himself off with twenty shillings. But his penitence, and his wants, and his tears, and the thwarted ambition of his parental mind were endless; and poor Felix hardly knew where to turn himself without seeing him. It seemed probable that every denizen of the courts of law in London would be told before long the sad tale of Mary Snow's injuries. And then Mrs. Thomas wanted money—more money than she had a right to want in accordance with the terms of their mutual agreement. "She had been very much put about," she said-"dreadfully put about. She had had to change her servant three times. There was no knowing the trouble Mary Snow had given her. She had, in a great measure, been forced to sacrifice her school." Poor woman! she thought she was telling the truth while making these false plaints. She did not mean to be dishonest, but it is so easy to be dishonest without meaning it when one is very

poor! Mary Snow herself made no claim on her lost lover—no claim for money or for aught besides. When he parted from her on that day without kissing her, Mary Snow knew that all that was over. But not the less did Graham recognize her claim. The very bonnet which she must wear when she stood before the altar with Fitzallen must be paid for out of Graham's pocket. That hobby of moulding a young lady is perhaps of all hobbies the most expensive to which a young gentleman can apply himself.

And in these days he heard no word from Noningsby. Augustus Staveley was up in town, and once or twice they saw each other. as may easily be imagined, nothing was said between them about Madeline. As Augustus had once declared, a man does not talk to his friend about his own sister. And then hearing nothing—as, indeed, how could he have heard any thing?—Graham endeavored to assure himself that that was all over. His hopes had ran high at that moment when his last interview with the judge had taken place; but, after all, to what did that amount? He had never even asked Madeline to love him. He had been such a fool that he had made no use of those opportunities which chance had thrown in his way. He had been told that he might fairly aspire to the hand of any lady. And yet when he had really loved, and the girl whom he had loved had been close to him, he had not dared to speak to her! How could he now expect that she, in his absence, should care for him?

With all these little troubles around him he went to work on Lady Mason's case, and at first felt thoroughly well inclined to give her all the aid in his power. He saw Mr. Furnival on different occasions, and did much to charm that gentleman by his enthusiasm in this matter. Mr. Furnival himself could no longer be as enthusiastic as he had been. The skill of a lawyer he would still give if necessary, but the ardor of the loving friend was waxing colder from day to Would it not be better, if such might be possible, that the whole affair should be given up to the hands of Chaffanbrass who could be energetic without belief, and of Graham who was energetic because he believed? would say to himself frequently. But then he would think again of her pale face and acknowledge that this was impossible. He must go on till the end. But, nevertheless, if this young man could believe, would it not be well that he should bear the brunt of the battle? That fighting of a battle without belief is, I think, the sorriest task which ever falls to the lot of any

But, as the day drew nigh, a shadow of unbelief, a dim passing shade—a shade which would pass, and then return, and then pass again—flitted also across the mind of Felix Graham. His theory had been, and still was, that those two witnesses, Kenneby and Bolster, were suborned by Dockwrath to swear falsely. He had commenced by looking at the matter with a full confidence in his client's innocence—a confidence

which had come from the outer world, from his social convictions, and the knowledge which he had of the confidence of others. Then it had been necessary for him to reconcile the stories which Kenneby and Bolster were prepared to tell with this strong confidence, and he could only do so by believing that they were both false and had been thus suborned. But what if they were not false? What if he were judging them wrongfully? I do not say that he had ceased to believe in Lady Mason; but a shadow of doubt would occasionally cross his mind, and give to the whole affair an aspect which to him was very tragical.

He had reached Mr. Furnival's chambers on this day some few minutes before his new allies, and as he was seated there discussing the matter which was now so interesting to them all, he blurted out a question which nearly confounded the elder barrister.

"I suppose there can really be no doubt as to her innocence?"

What was Mr. Furnival to say? Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Aram had asked no such question. Mr. Round had asked no such question when he had discussed the whole matter confidentially with him. It was a sort of question never put to professional men, and one which Felix Graham should not have asked. Nevertheless it must be answered.

"Eh?" he said.

"I suppose we may take it for granted that Lady Mason is really innocent—that is, free from all falsehood or fraud in this matter?"

"Really innocent! Oh yes; I presume we take that for granted, as a matter of course."

"But you yourself, Mr. Furnival, you have no doubt about it? You have been concerned in this matter from the beginning, and therefore I have no hesitation in asking you."

But that was exactly the reason why he should have hesitated! At least so Mr. Furnival thought. "Who; I? No; I have no doubt; none in the least," said he. And thus the lie which he had been trying to avoid was at last told.

The assurance thus given was very complete as far as the words were concerned; but there was something in the tone of Mr. Furnival's voice which did not quite satisfy Felix Graham. It was not that he thought that Mr. Furnival had spoken falsely, but the answer had not been made in a manner to set his own mind at rest. Why had not Mr. Furnival answered him with enthusiasm? Why had he not, on behalf of his old friend, shown something like indignation that any such doubt should have been expressed? His words had been words of assurance; but, considering the subject, his tone had contained no assurance. And thus the shadow of doubt flitted backward and forward before Graham's mind.

Then the general meeting of the four lawyers was held, and the various arrangements necessary for the coming contest were settled. No such impertinent questions were asked then,

nor were there any communications between them of a confidential nature. Mr. Chaffanbrass and Solomon Aram might whisper together, as might also Mr. Furnival and Felix Graham; but there could be no whispering when all the four were assembled. The programme of their battle was settled, and then they parted with the understanding that they were to meet again in the court-house at Alston.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE EVENING BEFORE THE TRIAL.

THE eve of the trial had now come, and still there had been no confidence between the mother and the son. No words of kindness had been spoken with reference to that terrible event which was so near at hand. Lucius had in his manner been courteous to his mother, but he had at the same time been very stern. He had seemed to make no allowance for her sorrows, never saying to her one of those soft words which we all love to hear from those around us when we are suffering. Why should she suffer thus? Had she chosen to lean upon him, he would have borne on her behalf all this trouble and vexation. As to her being guilty—as to her being found guilty by any twelve jurymen in England-no such idea ever entered his head. I have said that many people had begun to suspect; but no such 'suspicions had reached his What man, unless it should be some Dockwrath, would whisper to the son the possibility of his mother's guilt? Dockwrath had done more than whisper it; but the words of such a man could have no avail with him against his mother's character.

On that day Mrs. Orme had been with Lady Mason for some hours, and had used all her eloquence to induce the mother even then to divulge her secret to her son. Mrs. Orme had suggested that Sir Peregrine should tell him; she had offered to tell him herself; she had proposed that Lady Mason should write to Lucius. But all had been of no avail. Lady Mason had argued, and had argued with some truth, that it was too late to tell him now, with the view of obtaining from him support during the trial. If he were now told, he would not recover from the first shock of the blow in time to appear in court without showing on his brow the perturbation of his spirit. His terrible grief would reveal the secret to every one. "When it is over," she had whispered at last, as Mrs. Orme continued to press upon her the absolute necessity that Lucius should give up the property-" when it is over, you shall do it."

With this Mrs. Orme was obliged to rest contented. She had not the heart to remind Lady Mason how probable it was that the truth might be told out to all the world during the next two or three days; that a verdict of Guilty might make any further telling unnecessary. And indeed it was not needed that she should do so.

In this respect Lady Mason was fully aware of the nature of the ground on which she stood.

Mrs. Orme had sat with her the whole afternoon, only leaving herself time to be ready for Sir Peregrine's dinner; and as she left her she promised to be with her early on the following morning to go with her down to the court. Mr. Aram was also to come to the Farm for her, and a closed carriage had been ordered from the inn for the occasion.

"You won't let him prevent you?" were the last words she spoke, as Mrs. Orme then left her.

"He will not wish to do so," said Mrs. Orme.
"He has already given me his permission. He never goes back from his word, you know."

This had been said in allusion to Sir Peregrine. When Mrs. Orme had first proposed to accompany Lady Mason to the court and to sit by her side during the whole trial, he had been much startled. He had been startled, and for a time had been very unwilling to accede to such a step. The place which she now proposed to fill was one which he had intended to fill himself; but he had intended to stand by an innocent, injured lady, not a perpetrator of midnight forgery. He had intended to support a spotless being, who would then be his wife, not a woman who for years had lived on the proceeds of fraud and felony, committed by herself!

"Edith," he said, "you know that I am unwilling to oppose you; but I think that in this your feelings are carrying you too far."

"No, father," she answered, not giving way at all, or showing herself minded to be turned from her purpose by any thing he might say. "Do not think so; think of her misery. How could she endure it by herself?"

"Think of her guilt, Edith!"

"I will leave others to think of that. But, father, her guilt will not stain me. Are we not bound to remember what injury she might have done to us, and how we might still have been ignorant of all this, had not she herself confessed it—for our sakes—for our sakes, father?"

And then Sir Peregrine gave way. When this argument was used to him, he was forced to yield. It was true that, had not that woman been as generous as she was guilty, he would now have been bound to share her shame. whole of this affair, taken together, had nearly laid him prostrate; but that which had gone the farthest toward effecting this ruin, was the feeling that he owed so much to Lady Mason. As regarded the outer world, the injury to him would have been much more terrible had he married her; men would then have declared that all was over with him; but as regards the inner man, I doubt whether he would not have borne that better. It was easier for him to sustain an injury than a favor, than a favor from one whom his judgment compelled him to disown as a friend.

or three days; that a verdict of Guilty might make any further telling unnecessary. And indeed it was not needed that she should do so. But he had given way, and it was understood at The Cleeve that Mrs. Orme was to remain by Lady Mason's side during the trial. To the

general household there was nothing in this that | in company, than he is for wearing a dressing-They knew only of the old was wonderful. friendship. To them the question of her guilt was still an open question. As others had begun to doubt, so had they; but no one then presumed that Sir Peregrine or Mrs. Orme had any That they were assured of her innocence was the conviction of all Hamworth and its neighborhood.

"He never goes back from his word, you know," Mrs. Orme had said; and then she kissed Lady Mason, and went her way. She had never left her without a kiss, had never greeted her without a warm pressure of the hand, since that day on which the secret had been told in Sir Peregrine's library. It would be impossible to describe how great had been the worth of this affection to Lady Mason; but it may almost be said that it had kept her alive. She herself had said but little about it, uttering but few thanks; but not the less had she recognized the value of what had been done for her. She had even become more free herself in her intercourse with Mrs. Orme, more open in her mode of speech, had put herself more on an equality with her friend, since there had ceased to be any thing hidden between them. Previously Lady Mason had felt, and had occasionally expressed the feeling, that she was hardly fit to associate on

equal terms with Mrs. Orme; but now there was

none of this; now, as they sat together for hours

and hours, they spoke, and argued, and lived to-

gether as though they were equal. But nevertheless, could she have shown her love by any

great deed, there was nothing which Lady Ma-

son would not have done for Mrs. Orme.

She was now left alone, and according to her daily custom would remain there till the servant told her that Mr. Lucius was waiting for her in the dining-room. In an early part of this story I have endeavored to describe how this woman sat alone, with deep sorrow in her heart and deep thought on her mind, when she first learned what terrible things were coming on her. idea, however, which the reader will have conceived of her as she sat there will have come to him from the skill of the artist, and not from the words of the writer. If that drawing is now near him, let him go back to it. Lady Mason was again sitting in the same room—that pleasant room, looking out through the veranda on to the sloping lawn, and in the same chair; one hand again rested open on the arm of the chair, while the other supported her face as she leaned upon her elbow; and the sorrow was still in her heart, and the deep thought in her mind. But the lines of her face were altered, and the spirit expressed by it was changed. There was less of beauty, less of charm, less of softness; but in spite of all that she had gone through there was more of strength, more of the power to resist all that this world could do to her.

It would be wrong to say that she was in any degree a hypocrite. A man is no more a hypocrite because his manner and gait when he is

gown in the morning, whereas he puts on a black coat in the evening. Lady Mason, in the present crisis of her life, endeavored to be true in all her dealings with Mrs. Orme; but nevertheless Mrs. Orme had not yet read her character. As she now sat thinking of what the morrow would bring upon her-thinking of all that the malice of that man Dockwrath had brought upon hershe resolved that she would still struggle on with a bold front. It had been brought home to her that he, her son, the being for whom her soul had been imperiled and all her hopes for this world destroyed—that he must be told of his mother's guilt and shame. Let him be told, and then let him leave her while his anguish and the feeling of his shame were hot upon him. Should she be still a free woman when this trial was over she would move herself away at once, and then let him be told. But still it would be well—well for his sake, that his mother should not be found guilty by the law. It was still worth her while to struggle. The world was very hard to her, bruising her to the very soul at every turn, allowing her no hope, offering to her no drop of cool water in her thirst. But still for him there was some future career; and that career perhaps need not be blotted by the public notice of his mother's guilt. She would still fight against her foes-still show to that court, and to the world that would then gaze at her, a front on which guilt should not seem to have laid its hideous, defacing hand.

There was much that was wonderful about this woman. While she was with those who regarded her with kindness she could be so soft and womanly; and then, when alone, she could be so stern and hard! And it may be said that she felt but little pity for herself. Though she recognized the extent of her misery, she did not complain of it. Even in her inmost thoughts her plaint was this-that he, her son, should be doomed to suffer so deeply for her sin! Sometimes she would utter to that other mother a word of wailing, in that he would not be soft to her; but even in that she did not mean to complain of him. She knew in her heart of hearts that she had no right to expect such softness. She knew that it was better that it should be as it now was. Had he staid with her from morn till evening, speaking kind words to her, how could she have failed to tell him? In sickness it may irk us because we are not allowed to take the cool drink that would be grateful; but what man in his senses would willingly swallow that by which his very life would be endangered? It was thus she thought of her son, and what his love might have been to her.

Yes; she would still bear up, as she had borne up at that other trial. She would dress herself with care, and go down into the court with a smooth brow. Men, as they looked at her, should not at once say, "Behold the face of a guilty woman!" There was still a chance in the battle, though the odds were so tremendously alone are different from those which he assumes against her. It might be that there was but

little to which she could look forward, even though the verdict of the jury should be in her favor; but all that she regarded as removed from her by a great interval. She had promised that Lucius should know all after the trial—that he should know all, so that the property might be restored to its rightful owner; and she was fully resolved that this promise should be kept. But If she nevertheless there was a long interval. could battle through this first danger-if by the skill of her lawyers she could avert the public declaration of her guilt, might not the chances of war still take some further turn in her favor? And thus, though her face was pale with suffering and thin with care, though she had realized the fact that nothing short of a miracle could save her—still she would hope for that miracle.

But the absolute bodily labor which she was forced to endure was so hard upon her! would dress herself, and smooth her brow for the trial; but that dressing herself, and that maintenance of a smooth brow would impose upon her an amount of toil which would almost overtask her physical strength. Oh reader, have you ever known what it is to rouse yourself and go out to the world on your daily business, when all the inner man has revolted against work, when a day of rest has seemed to you to be worth a year of life? If she could have rested now it would have been worth many years of life, worth all her life. She longed for rest-to be able to lay aside the terrible fatigue of being ever on the watch. From the burden of that necessity she had never been free since her crime had been first committed. She had never known She had not once trusted herself to sleep without the feeling that her first waking thought would be one of horror, as the remembrance of her position came upon her. In every word she spoke, in every trifling action of her life, it was necessary that she should ask herself how that word and action might tell upon her chances of escape. She had striven to be true and honest—true and honest with the exception of that one deed. But that one deed had communicated its poison to her whole life. and honesty-fair, unblemished truth and openhanded, fearless honesty-had been impossible Before she could be true and honest it would be necessary that she should go back and cleanse herself from the poison of that deed. Such cleansing is to be done. Men have sinned deep as she had sinned, and, lepers though they have been, they have afterward been clean. But that task of cleansing one's self is not an easy one; the waters of that Jordan in which it is The cool needful to wash are scalding hot. neighboring streams of life's pleasant valleys will by no means suffice.

Since she had been home at Orley Farm she had been very scrupulous as to going down into the parlor both at breakfast and at dinner, so that she might take her meals with her son. She had not as yet omitted this on one occasion, although sometimes the task of sitting through the dinner was very severe upon her. On the

present occasion, the last day that remained to her before the trial—perhaps the last evening on which she would ever watch the sun set from those windows, she thought that she would spare herself. "Tell Mr. Lucius," she said to the servant who came to summon her, "that I would be obliged to him if he would sit down without me. Tell him that I am not ill, but that I would rather not go down to dinner!" But before the girl was on the stairs she had changed her mind. Why should she now ask for this mercy? What did it matter? So she gathered herself up from the chair, and going forth from the room, stopped the message before it was delivered. She would bear on to the end.

She sat through the dinner, and answered the ordinary questions which Lucius put to her with her ordinary voice, and then, as was her custom, she kissed his brow as she left the room. It must be remembered that they were still mother and son, and that there had been no quarrel be-And now, as she went up stairs, tween them. he followed her into the drawing-room. His custom had been to remain below, and though he had usually seen her again during the evening, there had seldom or never been any social intercourse between them. On the present occasion, however, he followed her, and closing the door for her as he entered the room, he sat himself down on the sofa close to her chair.

"Mother," he said, putting out his hand and touching her arm, "things between us are not as they should be."

She shuddered, not at the touch, but at the words. Things were not as they should be between them. "No," she said. "But I am sure of this, Lucius, that you never had an unkind thought in your heart toward me."

"Never, mother. How could I—to my own mother, who has ever been so good to me? But for the last three months we have been to each other nearly as though we were strangers."

"But we have loved each other all the same," said she.

"But love should beget close social intimacy, and above all close confidence in times of sorrow. There has been none such between us."

What could she say to him? It was on her lips to promise him that such love should again prevail between them as soon as this trial should be over; but the words stuck in her throat. She did not dare to give him so false an assurance. "Dear Lucius," she said, "if it has been my fault I have suffered for it."

"I do not say that it is your fault—nor will I say that it has been my own. If I have seemed harsh to you, I beg your pardon."

"No, Lucius, no; you have not been harsh. I have understood you through it all."

"I have been grieved because you did not seem to trust me—but let that pass now. Mother, I wish that there may be no unpleasant feeling between us when you enter on this ordeal to-morrow."

"There is none—there shall be none."

"No one can feel more keenly-no one can

feel so keenly as I do, the cruelty with which you are treated. The sight of your sorrow has made me wretched."

"Oh, Lucius!"

"I know how pure and innocent you are-"

"No, Lucius, no."

"But I say yes; and knowing that, it has cut me to the quick to see them going about a defense of your innocence by quips and quibbles, as though they were struggling for the escape of a criminal."

"Lucius!" And she put her hands up, praying for mercy, though she could not explain to him how terribly severe were his words.

"Wait a moment, mother. To me such men as Mr. Chaffanbrass and his comrades are odious. I will not, and do not believe that their services are necessary to you—"

"But, Lucius, Mr. Furnival-"

"Yes; Mr. Furnival! It is he that has done it all. In my heart I wish that you had never known Mr. Furnival—never known him as a lawyer that is," he added, thinking of his own strong love for the lawyer's daughter.

"Do not upbraid me now, Lucius. Wait till

it is all over."

"Upbraid you! No. I have come to you now that we may be friends. As things have gone so far, this plan of defense must of course be carried on. I will say no more about that. But, mother, I will go into the court with you to-morrow. That support I can at any rate give you, and they shall see that there is no quarrel between us."

But Lady Mason did not desire this. She would have wished that he might have been miles away from the court had that been possible. "Mrs. Orme is to be with me," she said.

Then again there came a black frown upon his brow—a frown such as there had often been there of late. "And will Mrs. Orme's presence make the attendance of your own son improper?"

"Oh no; of course not. I did not mean

that, Lucius."

"Do you not like to have me near you?" he asked; and as he spoke he rose up, and took her hand as he stood before her.

She gazed for a moment into his face while the tears streamed down from her eyes, and then rising from her chair, she threw herself on to his bosom and clasped him in her arms. "My boy! my boy!" she said. "Oh, if you could be near me, and away from this—away from this!"

She had not intended thus to give way, but the temptation had been too strong for her. When she had seen Mrs. Orme and Peregrine together—when she had heard Peregrine's mother, with words expressed in a joyful tone, affect to complain of the inroads which her son made upon her, she had envied her that joy. "Oh, if it could be so with me also!" she always thought; and the words too had more than once been spoken. Now at last, in this last moment, as it might be, of her life at home, he

had come to her with kindly voice, and she could not repress her yearning.

"Lucius," she said; "dearest Lucius! my own boy!" And then the tears from her eyes streamed hot on to his bosom.

"Mother," he said, "it shall be so. I will be with you."

But she was now thinking of more than this of much more. Was it possible for her to tell him now? As she held him in her arms, hiding her face upon his breast, she struggled hard to speak the word. Then in the midst of that struggle, while there was still something like a hope within her that it might be done, she raised her head and looked up into his face. It was not a face pleasant to look at, as was that of Peregrine Orme. It was hard in its outlines, and perhaps too manly for his age. But she was his mother, and she loved it well. She looked up at it, and raising her hands she stroked his cheeks. She then kissed him again and again, with warm, clinging kisses. She clung to him, holding him close to her, while the sobs which she had so long repressed came forth from her with a violence that terrified him. Then again she looked up into his face with one long wishful gaze; and after that she sank upon the sofa and hid her face within her hands. She had made the struggle, but it had been of no avail. She could not tell him that tale with her own voice.

"Mother," he said, "what does this mean? I can not understand such grief as this." But for a while she was quite unable to answer. The flood-gates were at length opened, and she could not restrain the torrent of her sobbings.

"You do not understand how weak a woman can be," she said at last.

But in truth he understood nothing of a woman's strength. He sat down by her, now and then taking her by the hand when she would leave it to him, and in his way endeavored to comfort her. All comfort, we may say, was out of the question; but by degrees she again became tranquil. "It shall be to-morrow as you will have it. You will not object to her being with me also?"

He did object, but he could not say so. He would have much preferred to be the only friend near to her, but he felt that he could not deny her the solace of a woman's aid and a woman's countenance. "Oh no," he said, "if you wish it." He would have found it impossible to define even to himself the reason for his dislike to any assistance coming from the family of the Ormes; but the feeling was there, strong within his bosom.

"And when this is over, mother, we will go away," he said. "If you would wish to live elsewhere, I will sell the property. It will be better perhaps after all that has passed. We will go abroad for a while."

"Oh, if it could be so with me also!" she always thought; and the words too had more than once been spoken. Now at last, in this last moment, as it might be, of her life at home, he

now have been! Sell the property! Ah, me! Were they not words of fearful sound in her ears—words of terrible import?

"Yes, it shall be so," she said, putting aside that last proposition of his. "We will go together to-morrow. Mr. Aram said that he would sit at my side, but he can not object to your being there between us." Mr. Aram's name was odious to Lucius Mason. His close presence would be odious to him. But he felt that he could urge nothing against an arrangement that had now become necessary. Mr. Aram, with all his quibbles, had been engaged, and the trial must now be carried through with all the Aram tactics.

After that Lucius left his mother, and took himself out into the dark night, walking up and down on the road between his house and the outer gate, endeavoring to understand why his mother should be so despondent. That she must fear the result of the trial, he thought, was certain, but he could not bring himself to have any such fear. As to any suspicion of her guilt, no such idea had even for one moment cast a shadow upon his peace of mind.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE FIRST JOURNEY TO ALSTON.

AT that time Sir Richard Leatherham was the Solicitor-General, and he had been retained as leading counsel for the prosecution. It was quite understood by all men who did understand what was going on in the world, that this trial had been in truth instituted by Mr. Mason, of Groby, with the hope of recovering the property which had been left away from him by his father's will. The whole matter had now been so much discussed that the true bearings of it were publicly known. If on the former trial Lady Mason had sworn falsely, then there could be no doubt that that will, or the codicil to the will, was an untrue document, and the property would in that case revert to Mr. Mason, after such further legal exercitations on the subject as the lawyers might find necessary and profitable. As far as the public were concerned, and as far as the Masons were concerned, it was known and acknowledged that this was another struggle on the part of the Groby Park family to regain the Orley Farm estate. But then the question had become much more interesting than it had been in the days of the old trial, through the allegation which was now made of Lady Mason's guilt. Had the matter gone against her in the former trial, her child would have lost the property, and that would have been all. But the present issue would be very different. It would be much more tragical, and therefore of much deeper interest.

As Alston was so near to London, Sir Richard, Mr. Furnival, Mr. Chaffanbrass, and others, were able to go up and down by train—which

heart-sore to the hotel-keepers and owners of lodging-houses in Alston. But on this occasion the town was quite full in spite of this facility. The attorneys did not feel it safe to run up and down in that way, nor did the witnesses. Mr. Aram remained, as did also Mr. Mat Round. Special accommodation had been provided for John Kenneby and Bridget Bolster, and Mr. Mason, of Groby, had lodgings of his own.

Mr. Mason, of Groby, had suggested to the

attorneys in Bedford Row that his services as a witness would probably be required, but they had seemed to think otherwise. "We shall not call you," Mr. Round had said, "and I do not suppose that the other side will do so. They can't if they do not first serve you." But in spite of this Mr. Mason had determined to be at Alston. If it were true that this woman had robbed him; if it could be proved that she had really forged a will, and then by crime of the deepest dye taken from him for years that which was his own, should he not be there to see? Should he not be a witness to her disgrace? Should he not be the first to know and feel his own tardy triumph? Pity! Pity for her! When such a word was named to him, it seemed to him as though the speaker were becoming to a certain extent a partner in her guilt. Pity! Yes; such pity as an Englishman who had caught the Nena Sahib might have felt for his victim. He had complained twenty times since this matter had been mooted of the folly of those who had altered the old laws. That folly had probably robbed him of his property for twenty years, and would now rob him of half his revenge. Not that he ever spoke even to himself "Vengeance is mine, saith the of revenge. Lord." He would have been as able as any man to quote the words, and as willing. Justice, outraged justice, was his theme. Whom had he ever robbed? To whom had he not paid all that was owing? "All that have I done from my youth upward." Such were his thoughts of himself; and with such thoughts was it possible that he should willingly be absent from Alston during such a trial?

"I really would stay away if I were you," Mat Round had said to him.

"I will not stay away," he had replied, with a look black as a thunder-cloud. Could there really be any thing in those suspicions of Dockwrath, that his own lawyer had willfully thrown him over once, and was now anxious to throw him over again? "I will not stay away," he said; and Dockwrath secured his lodgings for About this time he was a good deal with Mr. Dockwrath, and almost regretted that he had not followed that gentleman's advice at the commencement of the trial, and placed the management of the whole concern in his hands.

Thus Alston was quite alive on the morning of the trial, and the doors of the court-house were thronged long before they were opened. They who were personally concerned in the matter, whose presence during the ceremony would arrangement was at ordinary assizes a great be necessary, or who had legal connection with

the matter in hand, were of course not driven to this tedious manner of obtaining places. Mr. Dockwrath, for instance, did not stand waiting at the door, nor did his friend Mr. Mason. Mr. Dockwrath was a great man as far as this day was concerned, and could command admittance from the door-keepers and others about the court. But for the outer world, for men and women who were not lucky enough to be lawyers, witnesses, jurymen, or high sheriff, there was no means of hearing and seeing the events of this stirring day except what might be obtained by exercise of an almost unlimited patience.

There had been much doubt as to what arrangement for her attendance at the court it might be best for Lady Mason to make, and some difficulty too as to who should decide as to these arrangements. Mr. Aram had been down more than once, and had given a hint that it would be well that something should be settled. It had ended in his settling it himself—he, with the assistance of Mrs. Orme. What would Sir Peregrine have said had he known that on any subject these two had been leagued in council together?

"She can go from hence in a carriage—a carriage from the inn," Mrs. Orme had said.

"Certainly, certainly; a carriage from the inn; yes. But in the evening, ma'am?"

"When the trial is over?" said Mrs. Orme,

inquiring from him his meaning.

"We can hardly expect that it shall be over in one day, ma'am. She will continue to be on bail, and can return home. I will see that she is not annoyed as she leaves the town.'

"Annoyed?" said Mrs. Orme.

"By the people, I mean."

"Will there be any thing of that, Sir?" she asked, turning pale at the idea. "I shall be with her, you know."
"Through the whole affair, ma'am?"

"Yes, through the whole affair."

- "They'll want to have a look at her, of course; but, Mrs. Orme, we'll see that you are not annoyed. Yes; she had better come back home the first day. The expense won't be much, will it?"
- "Oh no," said Mrs. Orme. "I must return home, you know. How many days will it be, Sir?"
- "Well, perhaps two-perhaps three. It may run on all the week. Of course you know, Mrs. Orme—"

"Know what?" she asked.

"When the trial is over, if-if it should go against us—then you must return alone."

And so the matter had been settled, and Mr. Aram himself had ordered the carriage from the inn. Sir Peregrine's carriage would have been at their disposal-or rather Mrs. Orme's own carriage; but she had felt that The Cleeve arms on The Cleeve panels would be out of place in the streets of Hamworth on such an occasion. It would of course be impossible that she should not be recognized in the court, but she would do as little as possible to proclaim her own presence.

When the morning came, the very morning of the terrible day, Mrs. Orme came down early from her room, as it was necessary that she should breakfast two hours before the usual She had said nothing of this to Sir Peregrine, hoping that she might have been able to escape in the morning without seeing him. She had told her son to be there; but when she made her appearance in the breakfast-parlor she found that his grandfather was already with him. She sat down and took her cup of tea almost in silence, for they all felt that on such a morning much speech was impossible for them.

"Edith, my dear," said the baronet, "you had better eat something. Think of the day that

is before you."

"Yes, father, I have," said she, and she lifted a morsel of bread to her mouth.

"You must take something with you," said he, "or you will be faint in the court. Have you thought how many hours you will be there?"

"I will see to that," said Peregrine, speaking with a stern decision in his voice that was

by no means natural to him.

"Will you be there, Perry?" said his mother. "Of course I shall. I will see that you have what you want. You will find that I will be near you."

"But how will you get in, my boy?" asked

his grandfather.

"Let me alone for that. I have spoken to the sheriff already. There is no knowing what may turn up; so if any thing does turn up you may be sure that I am near you."

Then another slight attempt at eating was made, the cup of tea was emptied, and the breakfast was finished. "Is the carriage there, Per-

ry?" asked Mrs. Orme.

"Yes; it is at the door."

"Good-by, father; I am so sorry to have disturbed you.

"Good-by, Edith; God bless you, and give you strength to bear it. And Edith-"

"Sir?"—and she held his hand as he whispered to her.

"Say to her a word of kindness from me-a word of kindness. Tell her that I have forgiven her; but tell her also that man's forgiveness will avail her nothing."

"Yes, father, I will."

"Teach her where to look for pardon. But tell her all the same that I have forgiven her."

And then he handed her into the carriage. Peregrine, as he stood aside, had watched them as they whispered, and to his mind also as he followed them to the carriage a suspicion of what the truth might be now made its way. Surely there would be no need of all this solemn mourning if she were innocent. Had she been esteemed as innocent, Sir Peregrine was not the man to believe that any jury of his countrymen could find her guilty. Had this been the reason for that sudden change—for that breaking off of the intended marriage? Even Peregrine, as he went down the steps after his mother, had begun to suspect the truth; and we may say that he was the last within all that household who did so. During the last week every servant at The Cleeve had whispered to her fellow-servant that

Lady Mason had forged the will.

"I shall be near you, mother," said Peregrine as he put his hand into the carriage; "remember that. The judge and the other fellows will go out in the middle of the day to get a glass of wine: I'll have something for both of you near the court."

Poor Mrs. Orme as she pressed her son's hand felt much relieved by the assurance. It was not that she feared any thing, but she was going to a place that was absolutely new to her-to a place in which the eyes of many would be fixed on her—to a place in which the eyes of all would be fixed on the companion with whom she would be joined. Her heart almost sank within her as the carriage drove away. She would be alone till she reached Orley Farm, and there she would take up not only Lady Mason but Mr. Aram also. How would it be with them in that small carriage while Mr. Aram was sitting opposite to them? Mrs. Orme by no means regretted this act of kindness which she was doing, but she began to feel that the task was not a light one. As to Mr. Aram's presence in the carriage, she need have been under no uneasiness. He understood very well when his presence was desirable, and also when it was not desirable.

When she arrived at the door of Orley Farm house she found Mr. Aram waiting there to receive her. "I am sorry to say," said he, raising his hat, "that Lady Mason's son is to accompany us."

"She did not tell me," said Mrs. Orme, not understanding why this should make him sorry.

"It was arranged between them last night, and it is very unfortunate. I can not explain this to her; but perhaps-"

"Why is it unfortunate, Sir?"

"Things will be said which—which—which would drive me mad if they were said about my mother." And immediately there was a touch of sympathy between the high-bred lady and the Old Bailey Jew lawyer.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Orme. dreadful." "It will be

"And then if they find her guilty? It may be so, you know. And how is he to sit there and hear the judge's charge, and then the verdict, and the sentence? If he is there he can not escape. I'll tell you what, Mrs. Orme, he should not be there at all."

But what could she do? Had it been possible that she should be an hour alone with Lady Mason, she would have explained all this to her -or if not all, would have explained much of it. But now, with no minutes to spare, how could she make this understood? "But all that will not come to-day, will it, Sir?"

"Not all-not the charge or the verdict. But he should not be there even to-day. He should have gone away, or if he remained at home, he should not have shown himself out of the house."

But this was too late now, for as they were still speaking Lady Mason appeared at the door, leaning on her son's arm. She was dressed from head to foot in black, and over her face there was a thick black veil. Mr. Aram spoke no word further as she stepped up the steps from the hall door to the carriage, but stood back, holding the carriage-door open in his hand. Lucius merely bowed to Mrs. Orme as he assisted his mother to take her place; and then following her, he sat himself down in silence opposite to them. Mr. Aram, who had carefully arranged his own programme, shut the door, and mounted on to the box beside the driver.

Mrs. Orme had held out her own hand, and Lady Mason having taken it still held it after she was seated. Then they started, and for the first mile no word was spoken between them. Mrs. Orme was most anxious to speak, if it might only be for the sake of breaking the horrid stillness of their greeting; but she could think of no word which it would be proper on such an occasion to say, either to Lucius or even before him. Had she been alone with Lady Mason there would have been enough of words that she could have spoken. Sir Peregrine's message was as a burden upon her tongue till she could deliver it; but she could not deliver it while Lucius Mason was sitting by her.

Lady Mason herself was the first to speak. "I did not know yesterday that Lucius would come," she said, "or I should have told you."

"I hope it does not inconvenience you," he said.

"Oh no; by no means."

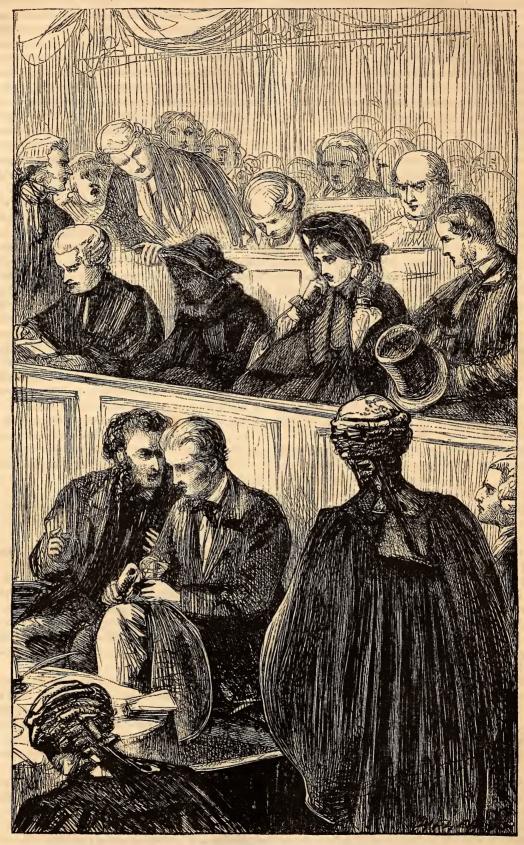
"I could not let my mother go out without me on such an occasion as this. But I am grateful to you, Mrs. Orme, for coming also."

"I thought it would be better for her to have

some lady with her," said Mrs. Orme.
"Oh yes, it is better—much better." then no further word was spoken by any of them till the carriage drove up to the court-house door. It may be hoped that the journey was less painful to Mr. Aram than to the others, seeing that he solaced himself on the coach-box with a cigar.

There was still a great crowd round the front of the court-house when they reached it, although the doors were open, and the court was already sitting. It had been arranged that this case—the great case of the assize—should come on first on this day, most of the criminal business having been completed on that preceding; and Mr. Aram had promised that his charge should be forthcoming exactly at ten o'clock. Exactly at ten the carriage was driven up to the door, and Mr. Aram, jumping from his seat, directed certain policemen and sheriff's servants to make a way for the ladies up to the door, and through the hall of the court-house. Had he lived in Alston all his life, and spent his days in the purlieus of that court, he could not have been more at home or have been more promptly obeyed.

"And now I think we may go in," he said,



LADY MASON IN COURT.

opening the door and letting down the steps | minute," he said; and in half a dozen half-

with his own hands.

At first he took them into a small room within the building, and then bustled away himself into the court. "I shall be back in half a of that sort—they will be quite safe here: Mrs

Hitcham will look after them." And then an old woman, who had followed Mr. Aram into the room on the last occasion, courtesied to them. But they had nothing to leave, and their little procession was soon made.

Lucius at first offered his arm to his mother, and she had taken it till she had gone through the door into the hall. Mr. Aram also had, with some hesitation, offered his arm to Mrs. Orme; but she, in spite of that touch of sympathy, had managed, without speaking, to decline it. In the hall, however, when all the crowd of gazers had turned their eyes upon them, and was only kept off from pressing on them by the policemen and sheriff's officers, Lady Mason remembered herself, and suddenly dropping her son's arm, she put out her hand for Mrs. Orme. Mr. Aram was now in front of them, and thus they two followed him into the body of the court. The veils of both of them were down; but Mrs. Orme's veil was not more than ordinarily thick, and she could see every thing that was around her. So they walked up through the crowded way, and Lucius followed them by himself.

They were very soon in their seats, the crowd offering them no impediment. The judge was already on the bench—not our old acquaintance Justice Staveley, but his friend and colleague Baron Maltby. Judge Staveley was sitting in the other court. Mrs. Orme and Lady Mason soon found themselves seated on a bench, with a slight standing desk before them, much as though they were seated in a narrow pew. Up above them, on the same seat, were the three barristers employed on Lady Mason's behalf; nearest to the judge was Mr. Furnival; then came Felix Graham, and below him sat Mr. Chaffanbrass, somewhat out of the line of precedence, in order that he might more easily avail himself of the services of Mr. Aram. Lucius found himself placed next to Mr. Chaffanbrass, and his mother sat between him and Mrs. Orme. On the bench below them, immediately facing a large table which was placed in the centre of the court, sat Mr. Aram and his clerk.

Mrs. Orme, as she took her seat, was so confused that she could hardly look around her; and it may be imagined that Lady Mason must have suffered at any rate as much in the same But they who were looking at her—and it may be said that every one in the court was looking at her-were surprised to see that she raised her veil as soon as she was seated. She raised her veil, and never lowered it again till she left the court, and repassed out into the She had thought much of this day—even of the little incidents which would occur-and she was aware that her identification would be Nobody should tell her to unveil necessary. herself, nor would she let it be thought that she was afraid to face her enemies. So there she sat during the whole day, bearing the gaze of

She had dressed herself with great care. It words which the philosophy of the eighteenth may be said of most women who could be found century has made fraudulent. The word, as it

in such a situation, that they would either give no special heed to their dress on such a morning, or that they would appear in garments of sorrow studiously unbecoming and lachrymose, or that they would attempt to outface the world, and have appeared there in bright trappings, fit for happier days. But Lady Mason had dressed herself after none of these fashions. Never had her clothes been better made, or worn with a better grace; but they were all black, from her bonnet-ribbon down to her boot, and were put on without any attempt at finery or smartness. As regards dress, she had never looked better than she did now; and Mr. Furnival, when his eye caught her as she turned her head round toward the judge, was startled by the grace of her appearance. Her face was very pale, and somewhat hard; but no one on looking at it could say that it was the countenance of a woman overcome either by sorrow or by crime. She was perfect mistress of herself, and as she looked round the court, not with defiant gaze, but with eyes half raised, and a look of modest but yet conscious intelligence, those around her hardly dared to think that she could be guilty.

As she thus looked her gaze fell on one face that she had not seen for years, and their eyes met. It was the face of Joseph Mason, of Groby, who sat opposite to her, and as she looked at him her own countenance did not quail for a moment. Her own countenance did not quail; but his eyes fell gradually down, and when he raised them again she had averted her face.

MARGINALIA, BY JOHN ADAMS.

THE following Marginalia are copied from books in the library of John Adams, second President of the United States; and were all found in his own handwriting, some of them being written after he had arrived at a great age.

I.—Notes written in Condorcet on the Mind.

"God has established no equality among men in practice or theory, but a moral equality. The giant has a natural right to his stature of eight feet, and his strength equal to 500 lbs.; and the dwarf to his three feet, and his strength equal to 50 lbs."

"Aug. 14, 1811. This book is more learned and entertaining than the Sophiometer of John Stewart, the pedestrian traveler, which I received from him in England, three days ago, but not much more solid."

"The Logos of Plato, the Ratio of Manlius, and the Mind of Condorcet, all plausible and specious as they are, will be, three thousand year longer, more delusive than useful. Not one of them takes human nature as it is for his foundation. Equality is one of those equivocal words which the philosophy of the eighteenth century has made fraudulent. The word, as it

is used, is a swindler. In the last twenty-five years it has cheated millions out of their lives, and tens of millions out of their property."

"The public mind was improving in knowledge, and the public heart in humanity, equity, and benevolence. The fragments of Feudality, the Inquisition, the Rack, the Cruelty of Punishments, Negro Slavery, were giving way. But the Philosophers must arrive at perfection per saltum. Ten times more furious than Jack in the Tale of a Tub, they rent and tore the whole government to pieces, and left not one thread in it. They have been compelled to resort to Napoleon, and Gibbon himself became an advocate of the Inquisition. What an amiable and glorious Equality, Fraternity, and Liberty they have established in Europe!"

II.—Notes written in "The Social Compact" of Rousseau.

[On the fly-leaf.] "Jean Jac! Thou art eloquent, brilliant, profound; but wild, whimsical, chimerical—in one word, injudicious—more wit than sense—more fancy than judgment—more eloquence than reason—more elegance and harmony than solidity. Thou hast many good ideas borrowed from English writers, especially Sidney and Locke; but this work is not well digested."

A whole people never can be corrupted, but they may be often mistaken, and it is in such a case only that they appear to seek their own disadvantage.—Rousseau.

"May not a majority be corrupt?"

There is often a considerable difference between the will of all the members and the general will of the whole body; and the latter regards only the common interest, the other respects the private interests of individuals, and is the aggregated sum of their particular wills; but if we take from this sum those contradictory wills that mutually destroy each other, the sum of the remaining differences is the general will.—Rousseau.

"This is too witty or too mathematical to be clear."

It is requisite, therefore, in order that each resolution may be dictated by the general will, that no such partial societies shall be formed in a State, and that each citizen should think for himself.—Rousseau.

"Not very accurate, nor quite intelligible."

In the most flourishing age of Rome that city suffered under flagitious acts of tyranny, and beheld itself on the brink of ruin for having intrusted the sovereign power and the legislative authority to the same hands.—Rousseau.

"Inaccurate."

I can not but surmise that the little island of Corsica will, one day or other, be the astonishment of Europe.—
Rousseau.

"It has been, and it is!"

No one citizen should be rich enough to buy another; and none should be so poor as to be obliged to sell himself. This supposes a moderation of possessions and credit on the side of the great, and the moderation of desires and covetousness on the part of the little.—Rousseau.

"But when or where did such moderation ever exist? Absolutely never, where riches existed."

Would you give a State consistency and strength, prevent the two extremes as much as possible; let there be no rich men nor beggars.—Rousseau.

"What becomes of the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal?' Must you steal from the rich men their property and give it to the beggars? Property! property!—that is the difficulty. Without property there would be no rich men to be sure—but there would not be fewer beggars for that."

Remain barbarous and illiterate; you will live the more at ease, and be, perhaps, more virtuous, assuredly more happy.—Rousseau.

"The ease is doubted; and the virtue and happiness denied."

A nation is in any case at liberty to change even the best law when it pleases; for if the people have a mind even to do themselves an injury, who hath a right to prevent them?—Rousseau.

"These cases may be pushed too far. A great way. Who has a right to prevent a madman from hurting himself?"

Every citizen should live in a state of perfect independence on all the rest, and in a state of the greatest dependence on the city.—Rousseau.

"An admirable maxim of government and liberty."

It is the power of the State only that constitutes the liberty of its members.—Rousseau.

"A principle of liberty not so well relished as his doctrine of equality by the populace."

III.—MEMORANDUM IN GIBBON.

If the French nation had been contented with a liberal translation of our system, if they had respected the prerogatives of the crown, and the privileges of the nobles, they might have raised a solid fabric on the only true foundation, the natural aristocracy.—Gibbon to Lord Sheffield.

"These sentiments are so exactly mine that I know this was derived from my book."

IV .-- Notes in Bryant's Mythology.

[These are very numerous, and only a selection is given.]

The later Greek antiquaries and historians condescended to quote innumerable authors, and some of great antiquity; to whom the pride of Greece never would have appealed.—Dissert. on the Hellad. Writers.

"Can accident alone account for the perdition of all these writers?"

The most dry and artless historians are in general the most authentic.—Same.

"Is not Rapin more authentic than Hume?"

Diodorus, Josephus, Cedrenus, Syncellus, Zonaras, and numberless more, are crowded with extracts from the most curious and most ancient histories.—*Diss. on Hellad*.

"Have all these authors been destroyed by

accident or design. Superstition, priestcraft, and despotism have been burning fiery furnaces for offensive books in all ages down to the missionary who boasted that he burned manuscripts in India. Man! how long will you continue to put out your own eyes—to be your own willful deceiver, tempter, and tormentor?"

It is said of Pythagoras and Solon that they resided for some time in Egypt, where the former was instructed by a Sen-chen or priest. But I could never hear of any great good that was the consequences of his travels.—Diss. on Hellad.

"Pythagoras and Plato resided in Greece—so did Solon. But neither dared to tell the Greeks the truth. Priests and demagogues were as popular in Greece as elsewhere, and as dangerous. Socrates felt their power."

The Athenians were greatly affected by the example of the Asiatic Greeks. They awoke, as it were, out of a long and deep sleep, and as if they had been in the training of science for ages.—Diss. on Hellad.

"Such perfection is not attained in a moment."

The Greeks had no love for any thing genuine, no desire to be instructed. Their history could not be reformed but by an acknowledgment which their pride would not suffer them to make.—Diss. on Hellad.

"This may be said of all nations. No wonder Solon, Pythagoras, and Plato did not tell them the truth."

They (the Greeks) went so far as to deem inquiry a crime, and thus precluded the only means by which the truth could be obtained.—Myth., i., 154.

"Just so now (1817)."

Such were the principles that gave birth to the mythology of the Grecians; from which their ancient history is in great measure derived.—Myth., i., 163.

"What a mass of testimony of the willful ignorance and falsification of the Greeks!"

Among those who have given a list of the Argive Kings is Tatianus Assyrius, who advises every person of sense, when he meets with these high pretensions, to consider attentively that there was not even a single voucher, not even a tradition of any record to authenticate these histories.—Myth., i., 165.

"Vouchers or not, it is not possible to account for the language of Homer without the supposition of nations of great antiquity before him. These Kings may have existed."

Herodotus informs us that Amphitritus was a diviner of Acharnan, and that he came to Pisistratus with a commission from heaven. By this he induced the prince to prosecute a scheme which he recommended.—Myth., i., 259.

"So did Christopher Macpherson, Parson Austin, and Abraham Brown come to me; but they never induced me to prosecute any scheme which they recommended."

The narrow strait into the Euxine Sea was a passage of difficult navigation. This is the reason that upon each

side were temples, and sacred columns erected to the deity of the country to obtain his assistance. And there is room to think that the pillars and obelisks were made use of for beacons, and that every temple was a Pharos.—Myth., i., 262.

"The tower at Corunna? Has this monument ever been examined? I have seen it, and wondered at its obscurity among the learned."

Among the Hebrews, the word Iönas signifies a revealer of the will, or the voice of the Most High; also a pigeon or dove.—Myth., ii., p. 294.

"I wonder not that a pigeon brought down the vial of holy oil to Rheims."

The person who escaped the deluge, being a messenger of the Deity and an interpreter of His will, was, in consequence of these properties, particularly represented by the dove, Iönah.—Myth., ii., 299.

"The dove, John, after whom, it seems, I have the honor to be named. How deep a thinker thou art, my friend Bryant! Thy name has been familiar to me from my infancy; thy person has been known, esteemed, and revered by me, and I have a grandson-in-law who bears thy name. From these materials you could build a system, and so could I. But I do not believe that the salvation of the human race depends upon a critical decision of all the questions between Bryant, Jones, Gibelin, and Dupuis."

It is said of the Patriarch, after the deluge, that he became a man of earth, or husbandman.—Myth., ii., 300.

"Noah a farmer! Salve, Frater, Man of Earth!"

The confusion of language was a partial event; the whole of mankind are by no means to be included in the dispersion from Babel....It related chiefly to the sons of Chus, whose intention was to have founded a great, if not a universal empire; but by this judgment their purpose was defeated.—Myth., iii., 28.

"Americans! have a care. Form no scheme of Universal Empire! The Lord will always come down and defeat all such projects."

All the best architecture in Greece may be traced to its original in Egypt.—Myth., iii., 300.

"See even the Catholic and classical priest, Eustace."

Isaiah, xix., 14: The Lord hath mingled a perverse spirit in the midst of Egypt, etc.—Myth., iii., 303.

"A little like Voltaire; but his censures were universal—the Prophet's only particular. There are the prophecies of common sense as well as of divine wisdom. The Ruin of a divided people is a thing of course! One Deity, the sublimest, profoundest of all philosophy, all religion, all policy, all manners! What circumstance in antiquity is not attended with some absurdity?"

The priests of Egypt delighted in obscurity.—BRYANT, Myth, iii., 531.

"And so have all priests."

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Miss Hilary reached home, Elizabeth opened the door to her; the parlor was deserted.

Miss Leaf had gone to lie down, and Miss Selina was away to see the Lord Mayor's Show with Mr. Peter Ascott.

"With Mr. Peter Ascott!" Hilary was a little surprised; but on second thoughts she found it natural; Selina was glad of any amusement—to her, not only the narrowness but the dullness of their poverty was inexpressibly galling. "She will be back to dinner, I suppose?"

"I don't know," said Elizabeth, briefly.

Had Miss Hilary been less preoccupied, she would have noticed something not quite right about the girl—something that at any other time would have aroused the direct question, "What is the matter, Elizabeth?" For Miss Hilary did not consider it beneath her dignity to observe that things might occasionally go wrong with this solitary young woman, away from her friends, and exposed to all the annoyances of London lodgings; that many trifles might happen to worry and perplex her. If the mistress could not set them right, she could at least give the word of kindly sympathy, as precious to "a poor servant" as to the Queen on her throne.

This time, however, it came not, and Elizabeth disappeared below stairs immediately.

The girl was revolving in her own mind a difficult ethical question. To-day, for the first time in her life, she had not "told Miss Hilary every thing." Two things had happened, and she could not make up her mind as to whether she ought to communicate them.

Now Elizabeth had a conscience, by nature a very tender one, and which, from circumstances, had been cultivated into a much higher sensitiveness than, alas! is common among her class, or, indeed, in any class. This, if an error, was Miss Hilary's doing: it probably caused Elizabeth a few more miseries, and vexations, and painful shocks in the world than she would have had had she imbibed only the ordinary tone of morality, especially the morality of ordinary domestic servants; but it was an error upon which, in summing up her life, the Recording Angel would gravely smile.

The first trial had happened at breakfasttime. Ascott, descending earlier than his wont, had asked her, Did any gentleman, short and dirty, with a hooked-nose, inquire for him yesterday?

Elizabeth thought a minute, and recollected that some person answering the above not too flattering description had called, but refused to leave his name, saying he did not know the ladies, but was a particular friend of Mr. Leaf's.

Ascott laughed. "So he is—a very particular friend; but my aunts would not fancy him, and I don't want him to come here. Say, if he calls, that I'm gone out of town."

"Very well, Sir. Shall you start before dinner?" said Elizabeth, whose practical mind immediately recurred to that meal, and to the joint, always contrived to be hot on the days that Ascott dined at home.

He seemed excessively tickled. "Bless you, you are the greatest innocent! Just say what I tell you, and never mind—hush! here's Aunt Hilary."

And Miss Hilary's anxious face, white with long wakefulness, had put out of Elizabeth's head the answer that was coming; indeed the matter slipped from her mind altogether, in consequence of another circumstance which gave her much more perplexity.

During her young mistress's absence, supposing Miss Selina out too, and Miss Leaf up stairs, she had come suddenly into the parlor without knocking. There, to her amazement, she saw Miss Selina and Mr. Ascott standing, in close conversation, over the fire. They were so engrossed that they did not notice her, and she shut the door again immediately. But what confounded her was, that she was certain, absolutely certain, Mr. Ascott had his arm round Miss Selina's waist!

Now that was no business of hers, and yet the faithful domestic was a good deal troubled; still more so, when, by Miss Leaf's excessive surprise at hearing of the visitor who had come and gone, carrying Miss Selina away to the city, she was certain the elder sister was completely in the dark as to any thing going to happen in the family.

Could it be a wedding? Could Miss Selina really love, and be intending to marry, that horrid little man? For, strange to say, this young servant had, what many a young beauty of rank and fashion has not, or has lost forever-the true, pure, womanly creed, that loving and marrying are synonymous terms; that to let a man put his arm round your waist when you do not intend to marry him, or to intend to marry him for money or any thing else when you do not really love him, are things quite impossible and incredible to any womanly mind. A creed somewhat out of date, and perhaps existing only in stray nooks of the world; but, thank God! it does exist. Hilary had it, and she had taught it to Elizabeth.

"I wonder whether Miss Hilary knows of this? I wonder what she would say to it?"

And now arose the perplexing ethical question aforesaid, as to whether Elizabeth ought to tell her.

It was one of Miss Hilary's doctrines—the

same for the kitchen as for the parlor, nay, preached strongest in the kitchen, where the mysteries of the parlor are often so cruelly exposed - that a secret accidentally found out should be kept as sacred as if actually confided; also, that the secret of an enemy should no more be betrayed than that of a beloved and trusting friend.

"Miss Selina isn't my enemy," smiled Elizabeth; "but I'm not overfond of her, and so I'd rather not tell of her, or vex her if I can help it. Any how, I'll keep it to myself for a bit."

But the secret weighed heavily upon her, and besides, her honest heart felt a certain diminution of respect for Miss Selina. What could she see to like in that common-looking, commonplace man, whom she could not have met a dozen times, of whose domestic life she knew nothing, and whose personality Elizabeth, with the sharp observation often found in her class, probably because coarse people do not care to hide their coarseness from servants, had speedily set down at her own valuation-" Neither carriage nor horses, nor nothing, will ever make him a gentleman!"

He, however, sent Miss Selina home magnificently in the said carriage; Ascott with her, who had been picked up somewhere in the City, and who came in to his dinner, without the slightest reference to going "out of town."

But in spite of her Lord Mayor's Show, and the great attention which she said she had received from "various members of the Common Council of the City of London," Miss Selina was, for her, meditative, and did not talk quite so much as usual. There was in the little parlor an uncomfortable atmosphere, as if all of them had something on their minds. Hilary felt the ice must be broken, and if she did not do it no-body else would. So she said, stealing her hand into Johanna's, under shelter of the dim fire-light,

"Selina, I wanted to have a little family consultation. I have just received an offer."

"An offer!" repeated Miss Selina, with a visible start. "Oh, I forgot; you went to see your friend, Miss Balquidder, this morning. Did you get any thing out of her? Has she any nephews and nieces wanting a governess?"

"She has no relations at all. But I will just

tell you the story of my visit."

"I hope it's interesting," said Ascott, who was lying on the sofa, half asleep, his general habit after dinner. He woke, however, during his Aunt Hilary's relation, and when she reached its climax, that the offer was for her to manage a stationer's shop, he burst out, heartily laughing:

"Well, that is a rich idea. I'll come and buy of you. You'll look so pretty standing be-

hind a counter."

But Selina said, angrily, "You can not even think of such a thing. It would be a disgrace to the family."

"No," said Hilary, clasping tightly her eldest sister's hand—they two had already talked be sure I shall not let my Aunt Hilary keep a

the matter over: "I can not see any disgrace. If our family is so poor that the women must earn their living as well as the men, all we have to see is that it should be honestly earned. What do you say, Ascott?"

She looked earnestly at him; she wanted sorely to find out what he really thought.

But Ascott took it, as he did every thing, very easily. "I don't see why Aunt Selina should make such a fuss. Why need you do any thing, Aunt Hilary? Can't we hold out a little longer, and live upon tick till I get into practice? Of course, I shall then take care of you all; I'm the head of the family. How horridly dark this room is!"

He started up, and gave the fire a fierce poke, which consumed in five minutes a large lump of coal that Hilary had hoped-oh, cruel, sordid economy-would have lasted half the evening.

She broke the uneasy silence which followed by asking Johanna to give her opinion.

Johanna roused herself and spoke:

"Ascott says right; he is the head of the family, and, by-and-by, I trust will take care of us all. But he is not able to do it now, and meantime we must live."

"To be sure we must, Auntie."

"I mean, my boy, we must live honestly; we must not run into debt:" and her voice sharpened as with the reflected horror of her young days-if, alas! there ever had been any youth for Henry Leaf's eldest daughter. "No, Ascott, out of debt out of danger. For myself"she laid her thin old fingers on his arm, and looked up at him with a pitiful mixture of reliance and hopelessness-"I would rather see you breaking stones in the road than living like a gentleman, as you call it, and a swindler, as I call it, upon other people's money."

Ascott sprang up, coloring violently. "You use strong language, Aunt Johanna. mind. I dare say you are right. However, it's no business of mine. Good-night, for I have an engagement."

Hilary said, gravely, she wished he would stay

and join in the family consultation.

"Oh no; I hate talking over things. Settle it among yourselves. As I said, it isn't my business."

"You don't care, then, what becomes of us all? I sometimes begin to think so."

Struck by the tone, Ascott stopped in the act of putting on his lilac kid gloves. "What have I done? I may be a very bad fellow, but I'm not quite so bad as that, Aunt Hilary.

"She didn't mean it, my boy," said Aunt

Johanna, tenderly.

He was moved, more by the tenderness than the reproach. He came and kissed his eldest aunt in that warm-hearted, impulsive way which had won him forgiveness for many a boyish fault. It did so now.

"I know I'm not half good enough to you, Auntie, but I mean to be. I mean to work hard, and be a rich man some day; and then you may

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shop. Now, good-night, for I must meet a fellow on business—really business—that may turn

out good for us all, I assure you."

He went away whistling, with that air of untroubled, good-natured liveliness peculiar to Ascott Leaf, which made them say continually that he was "only a boy," living a boy's life, as thoughtless and as free. When his handsome face disappeared the three women sat down again round the fire.

They made no comments on him whatever; they were women, and he was their own. But—passing him over as if he had never existed—Hilary began to explain to her sisters all particulars of her new scheme for maintaining the family. She told these details in a matter-offact way, as already arranged; and finally hoped Selina would make no more objections.

"It is a thing quite impossible," said Selina,

with dignity.

"Why impossible? I can certainly do the work; and it can not make me less of a lady. Besides, we had better not be ladies if we can not be honest ones. And, Selina, where is the money to come from? We have none in the house; we can not get any till Christmas."

"Opportunities might occur. We have

friends."

"Not one in London; except, perhaps, Mr. Ascott, and I would not ask him for a farthing. You don't see, Selina, how horrible it would be to be helped, unless by some one dearly loved. I couldn't bear it! I'd rather beg, starve; almost steal!"

"Don't be violent, child."

"Oh, but it's hard!" and the cry of long-smothered pain burst out. "Hard enough to have to earn one's bread in a way one doesn't like; harder still to have to be parted from Johanna from Monday morning till Saturday night. But it must be. I'll go. It's a case between hunger, debt, and work; the first is unpleasant, the second impossible, the third is my only alternative. You must consent, Selina, for I will do it."

"Don't!" Selina spoke more gently, and not without some natural emotion. "Don't disgrace me, child; for I may as well tell you—I meant to do so to-night—Mr. Ascott has made me an offer of marriage, and I—I have accepted it."

Had a thunder-bolt fallen in the middle of the parlor at No. 15, its inmates—that is, two of them—could not have been more astounded.

No doubt this surprise was a great instance of simplicity on their part. Many women would have prognosticated, planned the thing from the first; thought it a most excellent match; seen glorious visions of the house in Russell Square, of the wealth and luxury that would be the portion of "dear Selina," and the general benefit that the marriage would be to the whole Leaf family.

But these two were different from others. They only saw their sister Selina, a woman no longer young, and not without her peculiarities, going to be married to a man she knew little or nothing about—a man whom they themselves had endured rather than liked, and for the sake of gratitude. He was trying enough merely as a chance visitor; but to look upon Mr. Ascott as a brother-in-law, as a husband—

"Oh, Selina! you can not be in earnest?"

"Why not? Why should I not be married as well as my neighbors?" said she, sharply.

Nobody arguing that point, both being indeed too bewildered to argue at all, she continued, majestically,

"I assure you, sisters, there could not be a more unexceptionable offer. It is true, Mr. Ascott's origin was rather humble; but I can overlook that. In his present wealth, and with his position and character, he will make the best of husbands."

Not a word was answered; what could be answered? Selina was free to marry if she liked, and whom she liked. Perhaps, from her nature, it was idle to expect her to marry in any other way than this; one of the thousand and one unions where the man desires a handsome, lady-like wife for the head of his establishment, and the woman wishes an elegant establishment to be mistress of; so they strike a bargain—possibly as good as most other bargains.

Still, with one faint lingering of hope, Hilary

asked if she had quite decided.

"Quite. He wrote to me last night, and I gave him his answer this morning."

Selina certainly had not troubled any body with her "love affairs". It was entirely a mat-

with her "love affairs." It was entirely a matter of business.

The sisters saw at once that she had made up her mind. Henceforward there could be no criticism of Mr. Peter Ascott.

Now all was told, she talked freely of her excellent prospects.

"He has behaved handsomely—very much so. He makes a good settlement on me, and says how happy he will be to help my family, so as to enable you always to make a respectable appearance."

"We are exceedingly obliged to him."

"Don't be sharp, Hilary. He means well. And he must feel that this marriage is a sort of —ahem! condescension on my part, which I never should have dreamed of twenty years ago."

Selina sighed: could it be at the thought of that twenty years ago? Perhaps, shallow as she seemed, this woman might once have had some fancy, some ideal man whom she expected to meet and marry; possibly a very different sort of man from Mr. Peter Ascott. However, the sigh was but momentary; she plunged back again into all the arrangements of her wedding, every one of which, down to the wedding-dress, she had evidently decided.

"And therefore you see," she added, as if the unimportant, almost forgotten item of discussion had suddenly occurred to her, "it's quite impossible that my sister should keep a shop. I shall tell Mr. Ascott, and you will see what he

says to it."

But when Mr. Ascott appeared next day in solemn state as an accepted lover, he seemed to care very little about the matter. He thought it was a good thing for every body to be independent; did not see why young women—he begged pardon, young ladies—should not earn their own bread if they liked. He only wished that the shop were a little further off than Kensington, and hoped the name of Leaf would not be put over the door.

But the bride-elect, indignant and annoyed, begged her lover to interfere, and prevent the

seheme from being carried out.

"Don't vex yourself, my dear Seliua," said he, dryly—how Hilary started to hear this stranger use the household name—"but I can't see that it's my business to interfere. I marry you; I don't marry your whole family."

"Mr. Ascott is quite right; we will end the subject," said Johanna, with grave dignity: while Hilary sat with burning cheeks, thinking that, miserable as the family had been, it had never

till now known real degradation.

But her heart was very sore that day. In the morning had come the letter from India, never omitted, never delayed; Robert Lyon was punctual as clock-work in every thing he did. It came, but this month it was a short and somewhat sad letter—hinting of failing health, uncertain prospects; full of a bitter longing to come home, and a dread that it would be years before that longing was realized.

"My only consolation is," he wrote, for once betraying himself a little, "that however hard my life out here may be, I bear it alone."

But that eonsolation was not so easy to Hilary. That they two should be wasting their youth apart, when just a little heap of yellow eoins—of which men like Mr. Ascott had such profusion—would bring them together; and, let trials be many or poverty hard, give them the unutterable joy of being once more face to face and heart to heart—oh, it was sore, sore!

Yet when she went up from the parlor, where the newly-affianced couple sat together, "making-believe" a passion that did not exist, and acting out the sham courtship, proper for the gentleman to pay and the lady to receive—when she shut her bedroom door, and there, sitting in the cold, read again and again Robert Lyon's letter to Johanna, so good, so honest; so sad, yet so bravely enduring—Hilary was comforted. She felt that true love, in its most unsatisfied longings, its most eruel delays, nay, even its sharpest agonies of hopeless separation, is sweeter ten thousand times than the most "respectable" of loveless marriages such as this.

So, at the week's end, Hilary went patiently to her work at Kensington, and Selina began the preparations for her wedding.

CHAPTER XV.

In relating so much about her mistresses, I have lately seemed to overlook Elizabeth Hand.

She was a person easy enough to be overlooked. She never put herself forward, not even now, when Miss Hilary's absence caused the weight of housekeeping and domestic management to fall chiefly upon her. She went about her duties as soberly and silently as she had done in her girlhood; even Miss Leaf could not draw her into much demonstrativeness: she was one of those people who never "come out" till they are strongly needed, and then— But it remained to be proved what this girl would be.

Years afterward Hilary remembered with what a eurious reticence Elizabeth used to go about in those days: how she remained as old-fashioned as ever; acquired no London ways, no fripperies of dress or flippancies of manner. Also, that she never complained of any thing; though the discomforts of her lodging-house life must have been great—greater than her mistresses had any idea of at the time. Slowly, out of her rough, unpliant girlhood, was forming that character of self-reliance and self-control, which, in all ranks, makes of some women the helpers rather than the helped, the laborers rather than the pleasureseekers; women whose constant lot it seems to be to walk on the shadowed side of life, to endure rather than to enjoy.

Elizabeth had very little actual enjoyment. She made no acquaintances, and never asked for holidays. Indeed she did not seem to care for any. Her great treat was when, on a Sunday afternoon, Miss Hilary sometimes took her to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's; when her pleasure and gratitude always struck her mistress—nay, even soothed her, and won her from her own many anxieties. It is such a blessing to be able to make any other human being, even

for an hour or two, entirely happy!

Except these bright Sundays, Elizabeth's whole time was spent in waiting upon Miss Leaf, who had seemed to grow suddenly frail and old. It might be that living without her child six days out of the seven was a greater trial than had at first appeared to the elder sister, who until now had never parted with her since she was born; or it was perhaps a more commonplace and yet natural cause, the living in London lodgings, without even a change of air from room to room; and the want of little comforts and luxuries, which, with all Hilary's care, were as impossible as ever to their limited means.

For Selina's engagement, which, as a matter of decorum, she had insisted should last six months, did not lessen expenses. Old gowns were shabby, and omnibuses impossible to the future Mrs. Ascott of Russell Square; and though, to do her justice, she spent as little as to her self-pleasing nature was possible, still she spent something.

"It's the last; I shall never eost you any more," she would say, complacently; and revert to that question of absorbing interest, her trousseau, an extremely handsome one, provided liberally by Mr. Ascott. Sorely had this arrangement jarred upon the pride of the Leaf family; yet it was inevitable. But no personal favors

would the other two sisters have accepted from Mr. Ascott, even had he offered them—which he did not—save a dress each for the marriage, and a card for the marriage-breakfast, which, he also arranged, was to take place at a hotel.

So, in spite of the expected wedding, there was little change in the dull life that went on at No. 15. Its only brightness was when Miss Hilary came home from Saturday to Monday. And in those brief glimpses, when, as was natural, she on her side, and they on theirs, put on their best face, so to speak, each trying to hide from the other any special care, it so fell out that Miss Hilary never discovered a thing which, week by week, Elizabeth resolved to speak to her about, and yet never could. For it was not her own affair; it seemed like presumptuously meddling in the affairs of the family. Above all, it involved the necessity of something which looked like tale-bearing and backbiting of a person she disliked, and there was in Elizabeth servant as she was-an instinctive chivalrous honor which made her especially anxious to be just to her enemies.

Enemy, however, is a large word to use; and yet day by day her feelings grew more bitter toward the person concerned—namely, Mr. Ascott Leaf. It was not from any badness in him: he was the sort of young man always likely to be a favorite with what would be termed his "inferiors;" easy, good-tempered, and gentlemanly, giving a good deal of trouble certainly, but giving it so agreeably that few servants would have grumbled, and paying for it—as he apparently thought every thing could be paid for—with a pleasant word and a handful of silver.

But Elizabeth's distaste for him had deeper roots. The principal one was his exceeding indifference to his aunts' affairs, great and small, from the marriage, which he briefly designated as a "jolly lark," to the sharp economies which, even with the addition of Miss Hilary's salary, were still requisite. None of these latter did he ever seem to notice, except when they pressed upon himself; when he neither scolded nor argued, but simply went out and avoided them.

He was now absent from home more than ever, and apparently tried as much as possible to keep the household in the dark as to his movements—leaving at uncertain times, never saying what hour he would be back, or if he said so, never keeping to his word. This was the more annoying as there were a number of people continually inquiring for him, hanging about the house, and waiting to see him "on business;" and some of these occasionally commented on the young gentleman in such unflattering terms that Elizabeth was afraid they would reach the ear of Mrs. Jones, and henceforward tried always to attend to the door herself.

But Mrs. Jones was a wide-awake woman. She had not let lodgings for thirty years for nothing. Ere long she discovered, and took good care to inform Elizabeth of her discovery, that Mr. Ascott Leaf was what is euphuistically termed "in difficulties."

And here one word, lest in telling this poor lad's story I may be supposed to tell it harshly or uncharitably, as if there was no crime greater than that which a large portion of society seems to count as none; as if, at the merest mention of the ugly word debt, this rabid author flew out, and made all the ultra-virtuous persons whose history is here told, fly out, like turkeys after a bit of red cloth, which is a very harmless scrap of red cloth after all.

Most true, some kind of debt deserves only compassion. The merchant suddenly failing; the tenderly reared family who by some strange blunder or unkind kindness have been kept in ignorance of their real circumstances, and been spending pounds for which there was only pence to pay; the individuals, men or women, who, without any laxity of principle, are such utter children in practice, that they have to learn the value and use of money by hard experience, much as a child does, and are little better than children in all that concerns L. S. D. to the end of their days.

But these are debtors by accident, not error. The deliberate debtor, who orders what he knows he has no means of paying for; the pleasure-loving debtor, who can not renounce one single luxury for conscience' sake; the well-meaning, lazy debtor, who might make "ends meet," but does not, simply because he will not take the trouble; upon such as these it is right to have no mcrcy—they deserve none.

To which of these classes young Ascott Leaf belonged his story will show. I tell it, or rather let it tell itself, and point its own moral; it is

the story of hundreds and thousands.

That a young fellow should not enjoy his youth would be hard; that it should not be pleasant to him to dress well, live well, and spend with open hand upon himself as well as others, no one will question. No one would ever wish it otherwise. Many a kindly spendthrift of twenty-one makes a prudent paterfamilias at forty, while a man who in his twentics showed a purposeless niggardliness, would at sixty grow into the most contemptible miser alive. There is something even in the thoughtless liberality of youth to which one's heart warms, even while one's wisdom reproves. But what struck Elizabeth was that Ascott's liberalities were always toward himself, and himself only.

Sometimes when she took in a parcel of new clothes, while others yet unpaid for were tossing in wasteful disorder about his room, or when she cleaned indefinite pairs of handsome boots, and washed dozens of the finest cambric pockethandkerchiefs, her spirit grew hot within her to remember Miss Hilary's countless wants and contrivances in the matter of dress, and all the little domestic comforts which Miss Leaf's frail health required—things which never once seemed to cross the nephew's imagination. Of course not, it will be said; how could a young man be expected to trouble himself about these things?

But they do though. Answer, many a widow's son; many a heedful brother of orphan

sisters; many a solitary clerk living and paying his way upon the merest pittance; is it not better to think of others than one's self? Can a man, even a young man, find his highest happiness in mere personal enjoyment?

However, let me cease throwing these pebbles of preaching under the wheels of my story; as it moves on it will preach enough for itself.

Elizabeth's annoyanees, suspicions, and conscience-pricks as to whether she ought or ought not to communicate both, came to an end at last. Gradually she made up her mind that, even if it did look like tale-bearing, on the following Saturday night Miss Hilary must know all.

It was an anxious week; for Miss Leaf had fallen ill. Not seriously: and she never complained until her sister had left, when she returned to her bed and did not again rise. She would not have Miss Hilary sent for, nor Miss Selina, who was away paying a ceremonious pre-nuptial visit to Mr. Ascott's partner's wife at Dulwich.

"I don't want any thing that you can not do for me. You are becoming a first-rate nurse, Elizabeth," she said, with that passive, peaceful smile which almost frightened the girl; it seemed as if she were slipping away from this world and all its cares into another existence. Elizabeth felt that to tell her any thing about her nephew's affairs was perfectly impossible. How thankful she was that in the quiet of the sick-room her mistress was kept in ignorance of the knocks and inquiries at the door, and especially of a certain ominous paper which had fallen into Mrs. Jones's hands, and informed her, as she took good care to inform Elizabeth, that any day "the bailiffs" might be after her young master.

"And the sooner the whole set of you clear out of my house the better; I am a decent, respectable woman," said Mrs. Jones, that very morning; and Elizabeth had had to beg her as a favor not to disturb her sick mistress, but to wait one day, till Miss Hilary eame home.

Also, when Ascott, ending with a cheerful and careless countenance his ten minutes' afterbreakfast chat in his aunt's room, had met Elizabeth on the staircase, he had stopped to bid her say if any body wanted him he was gone to Birmingham, and would not be home till Monday. And on Elizabeth's hesitating, she having determined to tell no more of these involuntary lies, he had been very angry, and then stooped to entreaties, begging her to do as he asked, or it would be the ruin of him. Which she understood well enough when, all the day, she—grown painfully wise, poor girl!—watched a Jewishlooking man hanging about the house, and noticing every body that went in or out of it.

Now, sitting at Miss Leaf's window, she faneied she saw this man disappear into the ginpalace opposite, and at the same moment a figure darted hurriedly round the street-corner, and into the door of No. 15.

Elizabeth looked to see if her mistress were

asleep, and then erept quietly out of the room, shutting the door after her. Listening, she heard the sound of the latch-key, and of some one coming stealthily up stairs.

"Hollo!-Oh, it's only you, Elizabeth."

"Shall I light your candle, Sir?"

But when she did the sight was not pleasant. Drenched with rain, his collar pulled up, and his hat slouehed, so as in some measure to act as a disguise, breathless and trembling—hardly any body would have recognized in this discreditable object that gentlemanly young man, Mr. Ascott Leaf.

He staggered into his room and threw himself across the bed.

- "Do you want any thing, Sir?" said Elizabeth, from the door.
- "No—yes—stay a minute. Elizabeth, are you to be trusted?"

"I hope I am, Sir."

"The bailiffs are after me. I've just dodged them. If they know I'm here the game's all up—and it will kill my aunt."

Shoeked as she was, Elizabeth was glad to hear him say that—glad to see the burst of real emotion with which he flung himself down on the pillow, muttering all sorts of hopeless self-accusations.

"Come, Sir, 'tis no use taking on so," said she, much as she would have spoken to a child, for there was something childish rather than man-like in Ascott's distress. Nevertheless, she pitied him, with the unreasoning pity a kind heart gives to any creature who, blameworthy or not, has fallen into trouble. "What do you mean to do?"

"Nothing. I'm cleaned out. And I haven't a friend in the world."

He turned his face to the wall in perfect despair.

Elizabeth tried hard not to sit in judgment upon what the eatechism would call her "betters;" and yet her own strong instinct of almost indefinite endurance turned with something approaching eontempt from this weak, lightsome nature, broken by the first touch of calamity.

"Come, it's no use making things worse than they are. If nobody knows that you are here, lock your door and keep quiet. I'll bring you some dinner when I bring up Missis's tea, and not even Mrs. Jones will be any the wiser."

"You're a brick, Elizabeth—a regular brick!" cried the young fellow, brightening up at the least relief. "That will be capital. Get me a good sliee of beef, or ham, or something. And mind you, don't forget!—a regular stunning bottle of pale ale."

"Very well, Sir."

The aequieseence was somewhat sullen, and had he watched Elizabeth's face he might have seen there an expression not too flattering. But she faithfully brought him his dinner, and kept his secret, even though, hearing from over the staircase Mrs. Jones resolutely deny that Mr. Leaf had been at home since morning, she felt very much as if she were conniving at a lie.

With a painful, half-guilty consciousness she waited for her mistress's usual question, "Is my nephew come home?" but fortunately it was not asked. Miss Leaf lay quiet and passive, and her faithful nurse settled her for the night with a strangely solemn feeling, as if she were leaving her to her last rest, safe and at peace before the overhanging storm broke upon the family.

But all shadow of this storm seemed to have passed away from him who was its cause. As soon as the house was still Ascott crept down and fell to his supper with as good an appetite as possible. He even became free and conver-

sational.

"Don't look so glum, Elizabeth. I shall soon weather through. Old Ascott will fork out; he couldn't help it. I'm to be his nephew, you know. Oh, that was a clever catch of Aunt Selina's. If only Aunt Hilary would try another like it."

"If you please, Sir, I'm going to bed."

"Off with you, then, and I'll not forget the gown at Christmas. You're a sharp young woman, and I'm much obliged to you." And for a moment he looked as if he were about to make the usual unmannerly acknowledgment of civility from a young gentleman to a servant maid, viz., kissing her, but he pulled a face and drew back. He really couldn't; she was so very plain.

At this moment there came a violent ring, and "Fire!" was shouted through the keyhole of the door. Terrified, Elizabeth opened it, when, with a burst of laughter, a man rushed in and laid hands upon Ascott.

It was the sheriff's officer.

When his trouble came upon him Ascott's manliness returned. He turned very white, but he made no opposition; had even enough of his wits about him—or something better than wits—to stop Mrs. Jones from rushing up in alarm and indignation to arouse Miss Leaf.

"No; she'll know it quite soon enough. Let her sleep till morning. Elizabeth, look here." He wrote upon a card the address of the place he was to be taken to. "Give Aunt Hilary this. Say if she can think of a way to get me out of this horrid mess; but I don't deserve—Never mind. Come on, you fellows."

He pulled his hat over his eyes, jumped into the cab, and was gone. The whole thing had

not occupied five minutes.

Stupefied, Elizabeth stood and considered what was best to be done. Miss Hilary must be told; but how to get at her in the middle of the night, thereby leaving her mistress to the mercy of Mrs. Jones. It would never do. Suddenly she thought of Miss Balquidder. She might send a message. No, not a message—for the family misery and disgrace must not be betrayed to a stranger—but a letter to Kensington.

With an effort Elizabeth composed herself sufficiently to write one—her first—to her dear Miss Hilary.

"HONORED MADAM,-Mr. Leaf has got himself into trouble, and is taken away somewhere; and I dare not

tell missis; and I wish you was at home, as she is not well, but better than she has been, and she shall know nothing about it till you come.—Your obedient and affectionate servant,

ELIZABETH HAND."

Taking Ascott's latch-key she quitted the house and slipped out into the dark night, almost losing her way among the gloomy squares, where she met not a creature except the solitary policeman, plashing steadily along the wet pavement. When he turned the glimmer of his bull's-eye upon her she started like a guilty creature, till she remembered that she really was doing nothing wrong, and so need not be afraid of any thing. This was her simple creed, which Miss Hilary had taught her, and it upheld her, even till she knocked at Miss Balquidder's door.

There, poor girl, her heart sank, especially when Miss Balquidder, in an anomalous costume and a severe voice, opened the door herself, and asked who was there, disturbing a respectable family at this late hour?

Elizabeth answered, what she had before determined to say, as sufficiently explaining her errand, and yet betraying nothing that her mistress might wish concealed.

"Please, ma'am, I'm Miss Leaf's servant. My missis is ill, and I want a letter sent at once to Miss Hilary."

"Oh! come in, then. Elizabeth, I think, your name is?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What made you leave home at this hour of the night? Did your mistress send you?"

"No."

"Is she so very ill? It seems sudden. I saw Miss Hilary to-day, and she knew nothing at all about it."

Elizabeth shrank a little before the keen eye that seemed to read her through.

"There's more amiss than you have told me, young woman. Is it because your mistress is in serious danger that you want to send for her sister?"

" No."

"What is it, then? You had better tell me at once. I hate concealment."

It was a trial; but Elizabeth held her ground. "I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I don't think missis would like any body to know, and therefore I'd rather not tell you."

Now the honest Scotswoman, as she said, hated any thing underhand, but she respected the right of every human being to maintain silence if necessary. She looked sharply in Elizabeth's face, which apparently reassured her, for she said not unkindly,

"Very well, child, keep your mistress's secrets by all means. Only tell me what you want. Shall I take a cab and fetch Miss Hilary at once?"

Elizabeth thanked her, but said she thought that would not do; it would be better-just to send the note the first thing to-morrow morning, and then Miss Hilary would come home just as if nothing had happened, and Miss Leaf would not be frightened by her sudden appearance.

"You are a good, mindful girl," said Miss Balquidder. "How did you learn to be so sensible?"

At the kindly word and manner, Elizabeth, bewildered and exhausted with the excitement she had gone through, and agitated by the feeling of having, for the first time in her life, to act on her own responsibility, gave way a little. She did not actually cry, but she was very near it.

Miss Balquidder called over the stair-head, in her quick, imperative voice—

"David, is your wife away to her bed yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then tell her to fetch this young woman to the kitchen and give her some supper. And afterward, will you see her safe home, poor lassie? She's awfully tired, you see."

"Yes, ma'am."

And following David's gray head, Elizabeth, for the first time since she eame to London, took a comfortable meal in a comfortable kitchen, seasoned with such stories of Miss Balquidder's goodness and generosity, that when, an hour after, she went home and to sleep, it was with a quieter and more hopeful spirit than she could have believed possible under the circumstances.

SOUTH CAROLINA NULLIFICATION.

"THAT we are essentially aristocratic I cannot deny; but we can and do yield much to Democracy," said John C. Calhoun to the now venerable Commodore Stewart in the year "This is our sectional policy," he con-1812. tinued: "we are from necessity thrown upon and solemnly wedded to that party, however it may oeeasionally clash with our feelings, for the conservation of our interests. It is through an affiliation with that party in the Middle and Western States we control, under the Constitution, the Government of these United States; but when we eease thus to control this nation, through a disjointed Democracy or any material obstacle in that party which shall tend to throw us out of that rule and control, we shall then resort to the dissolution of the Union."*

Thus spoke the great Preacher of Disunion

fifty years ago.

"When the President of the United States commands me to do one act, and the Executive of Mississippi commands me to do another thing inconsistent with the first order, I obey the Governor of my State," wrote Jacob Thompson from his seat in the National House of Representatives in the early autumn of 1850. "To Mississippi," he said, "I owe allegiance; and because she commands me I owe obedience to the United States. But when she says I owe obedience no longer, right or wrong, come weal or woe, I stand for my legitimate sovereign; and to dis-

obey her behests is, to my conseience, treason."*

Thus spoke a Disciple of Calhoun, the great Preacher of Disunion, seven years before Presiident Buchanan invited that Disciple to a seat in his Cabinet as one of his constitutional advisers.

In 1832 the Preacher attempted to execute his threat made in 1812. He thought the contingency had occurred—that the political supremacy of his "section" in the National Government was passing away. The Disciple plotted treason after the prescription of the Preacher while nourished in the very bosom of the Republic, and honored with its confidence from 1857 to 1861. The Preacher had been lying in his grave almost six months when the Disciple uttered his disloyal sentiments in 1850. Twelve years later that Disciple was in arms as a rebel against his Government—the natural result of such dangerous teachings and apt scholarship.

The avowed principles which actuated both the Preacher and the Disciple found birth and sustenance in the political heresy by which the actors in and abettors of the Great Rebellion of 1861 seek to justify it, namely, Supreme State Sovereignty. This was the justification offered by the disappointed Calhoun and his followers in 1832–'33 for their defiance of the authority of the National Government and their attempt to dissolve the Union. Let us see what the records say about that defiance and attempt, thirty years ago, which is known in history as South Carolina Nullification.

The commercial restrictions imposed by the Congress of the United States and the hostile position toward neutrals of England and France from 1809 until the elose of the war with Great Britain in 1815, stimulated home industry to a remarkable degree. During that war a large number of manufacturing establishments had been nurtured into vigorous life by great demands and high prices; but when peace returned, and European manufactures flooded the eountry at very low prices, wide-spread ruin ensued, and thousands of men were compelled to seek other employments. Real estate and every product of industry and skill fell immensely in value; and labor found an inadequate demand for its services, and an equally inadequate remuneration. Cotton alone, of all the staple productions of the United States, was exempted from the depression. It was raw material for which the skill and industry of two hemispheres loudly ealled.

Statesmen were appalled when appealed to for a remedy for existing distress, and wise men devised many schemes for the public good. Then it was that the idea of a tariff for the protection of home manufactures filled the minds of a few, and national legislation was soon evoked to aid in the establishment of what was called *The American System*, the great champion of which

^{*} Letter of Commodore Stewart to George W. Childs, May 4, 1861.

^{*} Letter to Governor Quitman, of Mississippi, September 2, 1850. See Claiborne's "Life and Correspondence of John A. Quitman," vol. ii., page 62.

was Henry Clay, of Kentucky. Hamilton's financial scheme, adopted in 1790, established a tariff for revenue chiefly, and had worked admirably for more than thirty years; the new scheme (an amplification of one on similar principles put in operation in 1816) ingrafted upon that old system of duties on imports the policy of protection in such a form that it was not obnoxious to the charge of unconstitutionality. It was also thought to be desirable, for it would increase the revenue and enhance the means for liquidating the public debt, which at the period in question (the closing year of Monroe's second administration) was \$90,000,000.

It was early in 1824 that a revision of the

tariff and augmentation of duties were proposed; and on that subject Henry Clay made one of his ablest speeches on the last day of March, in which he drew a most dismal picture of the condition of the country. "It was indicated," he said, "by the diminished exports of native produce; by the depressed and reduced state of our foreign navigation; by our diminished commerce; by successive unthrashed crops of grain perishing in our barns and barn-yards for the want of a market; by the alarming diminution of the circulating medium; by the numerous bankruptcies, not limited to the trading classes but extending to all orders of society; by a universal complaint of the want of employment and a consequent reduction of the wages of labor; by the ravenous pursuit after public situations, not for the sake of their honors and the performance of their public duties, but as a means of private subsistence; by the reluctant resort to the perilous use of paper moncy; by the intervention of legislation in the delicate relation between debtor and creditor; and, above all, by the low and depressed state of the value of almost every description of the whole mass of the property of the nation, which has, on an average, sunk not less than about fifty per cent. within a few years." Such was the sad picture drawn by the eminent statesman of Kentucky. "I have exaggerated nothing," he said. "Perfect fidelity to the original would have authorized me to have thrown on deeper and darker hues."

Mr. Webster, the representative of New England feeling and policy-New England, where the class to be benefited by a high protective tariff most abounded—denied that the distress spoken of was universal. He claimed exemption for his section. He denied the assumed cause for the distress where it did exist, and attributed it chiefly to the over-expansion and recent collapse of the paper-money system, which had encouraged over-trading, excited speculation, and communicated an artificial value to property. He denied the necessity for protection to domestic manufactures, and deprecated high and prohibitory duties for such a purpose, believing that the tendency of the enlightened age was toward free trade. "Society," he said, "is full of excitement; competition comes in place of monopoly; and intelligence and industry ask only for fair play and an open field."

The bill for an increase of the tariff was finally passed by a small majority in each House—in the Scnate, 25 to 21; in the Representatives, 107 to 102. The measure formed one of the elements of dispute in the canvass for the election of President of the United States during the ensuing autumn, when John Quiney Adams, known to be in favor of it, was elected. The cotton-growing States professed to be much dissatisfied, for they regarded the measure as injurious to their particular interests, because it would, as they said, curtail the foreign demand for their staple.

Forgetting that, at the very outset of the Government (1790), a tariff for the protection of cotton-growers was laid; forgetting that, because a member of the Senate from South Carolina had declared in his place that cotton was "in contemplation" in his own and the neighboring State of Georgia, and that "if good seed could be procured he hoped it might succeed," a duty of three cents a pound was laid on imported cotton, to the injury of manufacturers, then in struggling competition with Arkwright's machines in the hands of English operatives exclusively; forgetting that, as Mr. Everett has said, "radicle and plumule, root and branch, blossom and boll, the culture of the cotton-plant in the United States was, in its infancy, the foster-child of the protective system," the ungenerous cry of "aggression" was raised. It had a deeper meaning than its sound indicated. The then undiscovered voice of old Virginia disloyalty was in the tones. The "Southern heart must be fired."

The census of 1820 had appeared like the dim, mysterious hand of fate writing prophetically upon the walls of the National Capitol the sentence, "Found wanting," against the political domination of Mr. Calhoun's "section." But he, the high-priest of the great heresy of State Supremacy, was sitting upon the throne of power next to the Chief Ruler, for he had been elected Vice-President of the Republic. From that eminence he surveyed the whole field of national politics, and with vigilant and comprehensive appreciation of every event, he watched the signs of the times for eight consecutive years, and moulded the minds of the leaders of the people of his section for unholy deeds.

In 1828 another revision of the tariff laws In July, 1827, a National Conventook place. tion was held at Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, to discuss the subject of protective tariffs. For reasons which the light of subsequent history revealed, only four slave States were represented in that Convention. The result of the conference was a memorial to Congress, asking an augmentation of dutics on several articles then manufactured in the United States. The Secretary of the Treasury called the attention of Congress to it in his report in December following, and carly in the session that ensued that body took up the matter. It had become a political and sectional measure; and as Mr. Clay had avowed the intention of the new tariff laws of

1824 to be for the protection of domestic interests, a great variety of such interests were now clamorous for recognition.

A presidential election was approaching. The tariff had been made an Administration measure, and was to be an issue in the canvass. Mr. Webster who, in 1824, had opposed the policy, now advocated it, chiefly on the ground that it having become a part of the Government policy, his constituency and their neighbors had adapted their industrial operations to it. Under the guardianship of protective duties New England manufactures had prospered, and they, too, notwithstanding they were warned not to wed their interests to politics, were mostly in favor of still higher protective duties. It was charged that this new tariff bill was brought forward exclusively for the benefit of New England, and by her agency, to gratify the cupidity of her wealthy manufacturers—a charge wholly untrue.

The South, as the cotton-planting States were now called, had become excessively jealous of the North, as the region including Pennsylvania and all east of it was called. "The South," says Mr. Benton, "believed itself impoverished to enrich the North by this system; and certainly a singular and unexpected result had been secn in these two sections. In the colonial state the Southern were the rich part of the colonies, and expected to do well in a state of independ-They had the exports, and felt sure of their prosperity. Not so of the North, whose agricultural resources were few, and who expected privations from the loss of British favor. But in the first half century after independence this expectation was reversed. The wealth of the North was enormously aggrandized; that of the South had declined. Northern towns had become great cities; Southern cities had decayed, or become stationary; and Charleston, the principal port of the South, was less eonsiderable than before the Revolution. The North became a money-lender to the South, and Southern citizens made pilgrimages to Northern cities to raise money upon the hypothetication of their patrimonial estates. And this in the face of Southern exports since the Revolution to the value of eight hundred millions of dollars-a sum equal to the product of the Mexican mines since the days of Cortez. The Southern States attributed this result to the action of the Federal Government—its alleged double action of levying revenue upon the industry of one section of the Union and expending it on another-and especially to its protective tariffs. But the protective system, in any degree, except in favor of cotton-planting, had been in existence only twelve years, and this reversed condition of the two sections had commenced long before that Philosophy and observation have long time. since discovered the cause to be found, not in the operations of the National Government, which has always been beneficent, but in the social character and the industrial systems of the two sections. But such was the pretense-a mere pretense, as President Jackson alleged—used by

Mr. Calhoun and his associates for justifying disloyal speech in Congress, and action in South Carolina.

The tariff bill of 1828 became a law. It laid a heavy duty on woolen and cotton fabrics, making the former dearer for the Southern consumer and promising a decreased demand for raw cotton abroad. But this deficiency was more than made up by the increased demand of Northern looms. The Southern consumers felt the tariff on woolen goods, and disloyal politieians took advantage of the fact to declare it to be the result of "Northern exaction," and "a tribute to Northern capital." Bitter sectional feelings were excited for treasonable purposes; and public meetings were held in South Carolina at which resolutions were adopted indicative of a determination of the people to resist the act. The politicians had obtained possession of much of the common mind in that State, and large numbers were led by them in abject submission to the behests of mere demagogues, who, strutting in State pride, talked in a defiant manner of State supremacy and independence.

This extreme State Rights doctrine was at length, and for the first time, distinctly avowed in the National Congress. At the commencement of the session of 1829-'30, a Connecticut Senator offcred a resolution of inquiry into the expediency of limiting the sales of the public lands to those then in the market, to suspend the surveys of the public lands, and to abolish the office of Surveyor-General. This brought the Western Senators to their feet. It was regarded as a proposition to eheck emigration, and to surrender the great West to the dominion of wild beasts. It was regarded as a most injurious and insulting proposition, and one not fit to be considered by a committee, much less to be reported upon and adopted. "I take my stand," said a Western Senator, "upon a great moral principle: that it is never right to inquire into the expediency of doing wrong."

times very acrimonious. It also assumed strong sectional features. The Western members reiterated the old charges against the people of New England, that it was their early and persistent policy to eheck the growth of the West, so as to maintain political power in the Eastern and Middle States. Crimination and recrimination followed, until Mr. Webster endeavored to get rid of the unprofitable proceedings by moving an indefinite postponement of the whole subject. In arguing in defense of his motion he was led into remarks that kindled other fires, and instead of ending the discussion he enlarged the scope of debate and extended it. The ordinanee of 1787 and the Missouri Compromise were brought in as topics, and these opened anew the slavery question. In the eourse of his remarks Mr. Webster spoke of the depressing effects of slavery upon the progress and prosperity of a State; and, in illustration of his posi-

tion, he pointed to Ohio and Kentucky, lying

opposite each other, in contrasting which the

The debate took wide latitude, and became at

latter appeared very unfavorably. This was a most tender point for the Southerners; and the impetuous Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, resented as an insult the disadvantageous comparison which Mr. Webster had made. He assailed New England, and inveighed sharply against the Free States for expressing any opinion concerning a subject which, he alleged, was none of their business. At length the relations of the State and National Governments formed a topic in the debate, when Mr. Hayne-speaking, it was understood, the sentiments of Mr. Calhoun—boldly asserted the right and duty of a State to decide upon the constitutionality of a National law, and to refuse to obey it if thus decided to be unconstitutional—in other words, to pronounce it null and void. He had made some pointed remarks about the disloyalty of the New England people during the war of 1812, and pointed to the Hartford Convention as an assemblage of traitors; when Mr. Webster retorted by calling attention to the public meetings recently held in South Carolina, in which contemplated resistance to the tariff laws was plainly manifested. In a warm reply Mr. Hayne avowed nullification sentiments freely—sentiments which, if correct in theory and feasible in practice, might not only produce but justify a dissolution of the Union if a single State should so elect. State authority was magnified, and placed higher than that of the National Government. Allegiance was due to the State, and only obedience to the National Government by the permission or command of the State, was the lead-

This bold utterance of not only heretical but disloyal doctrines—this plain defiance of the clause of the National Charter which says, "The Constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, shall be the Supreme LAW OF THE LAND, any thing in the Constitution and laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding"-that disorganizing claim of State authority to the right of deciding whether laws passed by Congress are constitutional or not, in plain rebellion to that other article of the National Charter which declares "that the judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States"aroused Mr. Webster, and evoked that "Reply to Hayne" which stands peerless among the productions of mind upon the records of our National Legislature. He answered sophistry with reason, and assertion with argument. prophetic sagacity he delineated in vivid colors a programme of performances in South Carolina, should an attempt be made there to put Hayne's nullification doctrines into practice, which was about literally followed in that State two years later.

In this speech Webster demolished every battery and intrenchment and bulwark of the great acting leader of nullification in South Carolina—the chief instrument in the hands of the high-priest of disunion in the Vice-President's chair—and closed it with the following magnificent

peroration, then misunderstood and unappreciated, but now fearfully significant in every line: "When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in the heavens," he said, "may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogative as What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, Liberty first, and Union afterward; but every where spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart: LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!"*

On the 13th of April, 1830, there was a remarkable dinner-party in the National metropo-It was the birthday of Thomas Jefferson, and those who attended the party did so avowedly for the purpose of honoring the memory of the author of the Declaration of Independence. Such was the tenor of the invitation. Jackson, the President of the United States, was there. So was John C. Calhoun, the Vice-Three of the cabinet ministers. President. namely, Van Buren, Eaton, and Branch were also present; and members of Congress and citizens not a few. The guests assembled early, and soon there were clusters of them in the anterooms warmly discussing some of the regular toasts for the occasion. It soon became manifest to the more sagacious ones that this dinnerparty and the day were to be made the occasion for inaugurating the new doctrine of nullification, and to fix the paternity of it on Mr. Jefferson, the great apostle of Democracy in America, and author of the nullifying resolutions offered to the Kentucky Legislature in 1798.

Twenty-five years later Mr. Benton acknowledged his own blindness and Webster's wonderful sagacity at that time. He saw no sign of the calamity hinted at, he said. "I was slow to believe in any design to subvert this Union. I positively discredited it, and publicly proclaimed my incredulity. I did not want to believe it."—BENTON'S

Thirty Years' View, etc., i., 142.

^{*} The late Thomas H. Benton, who took part in this debate, utterly unable to comprehend its significance then, ridiculed this peroration. "Among the novelties of this debate," he said, "is that part of the speech of the Senator from Massachusetts which dwells with such elaborature of declamation and ornament upon the love and blessings of union—the hatred and horror of disunion." He then ridiculed it as entirely uncalled-for and out of place. It might have been appropriate, he said, "when the five-striped banner was waving over the North—when the Hartford Convention was in session! But here, in this loyal and quiet assemblage, in this season of general tranquillity and universal allegiance, the whole performance has lost its effect for want of affinity, connection, or relation to any subject depending or sentiment expressed in the Senate; for want of any application, or reference to any event impending in this country."

such noble parentage as the father of the Democratic party, it was believed that that party would accept the new doctrine and become the instruments of the South Carolina conspirators in their attempts to destroy the Union. They believed that it would produce a "divided North," and that secession would be made easy. Many gentlemen present, perceiving the drift of the whole performance, withdrew in disgust before summoned to the table; but the sturdy old President, perfectly informed, remained.

When the dinner was over and the cloth removed, a call was made for the regular toasts. These were twenty-four in number, eighteen of which, it is alleged, were written by Mr. Calhoun. These, in multifarious forms, shadowed forth, now dimly, now clearly, the new doctrine. They were all received and honored in various degrees, when Volunteer Toasts were announced as in order. The President was, of course, first called upon for a sentiment. His tall form rose majestically, and with the sternness appropriate to the peculiar occasion, he cast that appalling bomb-shell of words into the camp of the conspirators, which will forever be a theme for the commendation of the patriot and the historian-THE FEDERAL UNION: IT MUST BE PRESERVED! He was followed by the Vice-President, who gave as his sentiment-" The Union: next to our Liberty the most dear: may we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States, and distributing equally the benefit and burden of the Union!" Those who before doubted the intentions of Calhoun and his South Carolina friends, and were at a loss to understand the exact meaning of the dinner-party to which they were bidden, were no longer embarrassed by ignorance. In that toast was presented the issue -liberty before Union-supreme State sovereignty-false complaint of inequality of benefits and burdens—our rights, as we choose to define them, or disunion. In that toast was seen the soul of Hayne's speech, and its light revealed the deep significance of Webster's peroration. From that moment the conviction took possession of the public mind that there was a party in the country intent upon the destruction of the American Government, and that the Vice-President of the United States was the animating soul and leader of that party. From that hour the vigilant old President watched the South Carolina conspirator, his lieutenant, with the searching eyes of unslumbering suspicion.

The Nullifiers intended, for all time, to celebrate annually the birthday of Mr. Jefferson; but that was the first and the last time that the attempt was made. The Virginia Legislature soon afterward passed resolves intended to wipe from Mr. Jefferson's fair fame the stigma of nullification which Calhoun and his partisans had thus attempted to fasten upon it; and Mr. Madison, the author of the Virginia Resolutions of 1789, which Mr. Hayne declared contained his political creed, scornfully resented this attempt "of the nullifiers to make the name of Mr. Jefferson the pedestal of their colossal heresy."

Timid men in Congress, alarmed by these demonstrations, hastened to modify the tariff laws so as to appease the dissatisfied people of the cotton-growing States. They did not go far enough to meet the demand of Calhoun and his friends, but sufficiently so to give them courage and make them more bold and exacting. attitude became more threatening and defiant, and to the uninformed their pretended grievances assumed the aspect of real ones. came the Presidential election in 1832. American System bore a conspicuous part in the South Carolina had virtually threatcanvass. ened to secede from the Union unless the policy of that system should be abandoned by the Government. A nervous apprehension of some dire impending calamity appears to have taken possession of the public mind, and the Congressional elections resulted unfavorably to the system. It was evident that its speedy extinction would ensue, and those who loved peace in the National household fondly expected to see the smile of satisfaction on the face of South Carolina. They were disappointed. She was sulky, and her frowns were more ominous than ever. She refused to take an honest part in the Presidential election, and petulantly gave her votes to citizens who were not candidates. She had resolved (or rather the conspirators had resolved for her) not to be pacified; and she hastened to assert her disloyalty and disturb the integrity of the Union before the pretense for her disloyalty should become untenable by the removal of the ostensible cause.

Jackson, the chosen standard-bearer of the Democratic party, which the conspirators professed to pet as their darling so long as it was docile and subservient to their wishes, was reelected, and the way for the accomplishment of their schemes seemed unobstructed; yet they continued to defy the Government, and exhibited the falsity of their professions of attachment to that party by immediately, when the result of the election was known, calling a convention of the delegates of the people of South Carolina at Columbia, their State capital, for a rebellious purpose. In that convention, composed of politicians, the professed representatives of the people took into their own hands violent instrumentalities for the redress of alleged grievances, which the chief conspirators had prescribed. Just a fortnight after the election (November 24, 1832), which really decided the fate of the American System, they sent forth from that convention an Ordinance of Nullification against it, its title being, "An ordinance to nullify certain acts of the Congress of the United States, purporting to be laws laying duties and imposts on the importation of foreign commodities." Mr. Hayne was the President of that convention, and chairman of the committee of twenty-one who reported the Ordinance of Nullification. A fortnight after this labor was performed the Legislature of his State, made up chiefly of Calhoun's disciples, evinced their sympathy with his political opinions by electing him Governor of that commonwealth.

The Ordinance of Nullification forbade all constituted authorities, State or National, within the boundaries of South Carolina, to enforce the payment of duties imposed by the tariff laws; and that in no case of law or equity, decided in the courts of South Carolina, touching the authority of the Ordinance, or the validity of acts of the Legislature of that commonwealth for giving effect thereto, should there be an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. was also ordained that all public officers should take an oath to obey that Ordinance on penalty of forfeiture of office. Having thus bound the people of the State hand and foot to self-created despotism (for they did not submit the ordinance to the people), without a chance of appeal to the accustomed tribunal, the conspirators defiantly declared that they would not submit to "coercion" by the United States, and that they should consider the passage by Congress of any act dcclaring the ports of that State abolished or closed, or in any way interfering with their commerce, as "inconsistent with the longer continuance of South Carolina in the Union;" and that the people of the State would henceforth "hold themselves absolved from all further obligation to maintain or preserve their political connection with the people of the other States," and would proceed forthwith to "organize a separate government, and do all other acts and things which sovereign and independent States may of right do." The ordinance was to take effect on the first day of February ensuing after its passage. It was signed by more than one hundred leading citizens of South Carolina, and thus officially communicated to the President of the United States.

Fortunately for the country there was a man at the head of the Government whose patriotism and courage had never been found wanting. It was equal to this emergency. South Carolina, through her unscrupulous politicians, had been placed in the attitude of open, forcible resistance to the laws of the United States, which the President had solemnly sworn to execute. Andrew Jackson was not a man to be trifled with. He quickly perceived his duty, and as quickly hastened to the performance of it. The Ordinance of Nullification reached him on the 1st of December. On the 10th of the same month he issued a Proclamation, kind but firm, persuasive but admonitory, in which he denounced the pernicious doctrine of State supremacy, and warned the people of South Carolina that they had been deceived by demagogues. "Eloquent appeals to your passions, to your State pride, to your native courage, to your sense of real injury," he said, "were used to prepare you for the period when the mask, which concealed the hideous features of disunion, should be taken off. It fell, and you were made to look with complacency on objects which, not long since, you would have regarded with horror." He reasoned fraternally with them, and begged them to retrace their steps. "Snatch from the archives of your State the disorganizing edict of its convention; bid its members to reassemble, and ness of the Charleston Custom-house.

promulgate the decided expression of your will to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity, and honor. Tell them that, compared to disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all. Dcclare that you will never take the field unless the star-spangled banner of your country shall float over you; that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the Constitution of your country. Its destroyers you can not be. You may disturb its peace; you may interrupt the course of its prosperity; you may cloud its reputation for stability; but its tranquillity will be restored, its prosperity will return, and the stains upon its national character will be transferred and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder."

Meanwhile Governor Hayne had called the Legislature of South Carolina together to take measures for enforcing the Ordinance of Nulli-They authorized the Governor to call out the militia of the State for the purpose, and ordered the purchase of ten thousand stand of arms, and a requisite quantity of equipments and munitions of war. The feelings of the politicians of other States were consulted. Those of Virginia, Georgia, and Alabama approved of the action of the "Palmetto State," and gave assurance that, in the event of secession, those States would join her in forming a Southern Confederacy. But North Carolina, always patriotic at heart, nobly refused to stain her annals with even the semblance of treason and rebellion.

The time for action had now arrived, and Calhoun resigned the Vice-Presidency and took his seat in the Scnate of the United States, where he might do battle for disunion more potently. The President had resolved to arrest him on his arrival at Washington, have him tried for high treason, and hung if found guilty. This, in the then condition of public feeling in the Southern States, might have been a most pernicious step, one that would have kindled the flames of civil war instantly. Webster and others persuaded Jackson not to adopt that extreme measure, but endeavor to win back the deluded people. proclamation already mentioned followed; and on the assembling of Congress the President, in his annual Message, called attention to the attitude of South Carolina, and asked for co-operation in suppressing the rising rebellion. He had already taken precautionary measures. Quite a large body of troops, under General Scott, were stealthily thrown into Fort Moultrie in Charleston harbor, and a sloop of war was sent to the same waters to protect the national officers of customs, if necessary, in the performance of their Before the inhabitants of Charleston duties. were aware that the President would resort to force in the maintenance of the laws these troops were before their faces, and the guns of Fort Moultrie were silently but admonishingly telling them to be careful not to interfere with the busi-

The President had declared, in substance, in his Message that his policy would be a peaceful one toward the rebellious State so long as peaceful measures promised to be effectual; but in the event of persistent contumacy, he was prepared to force South Carolina into submission. This determination of the Government, the presence of General Scott with a competent force, and the sloop of war in the harbor, caused a material abatement of rebellious zeal in the capital of the turbulent State, and it became evident to the leaders there that South Carolina would not be permitted to sever the bond that bound her to the Union. Her famous Ordinance was not enforced; the revenues were regularly collected; and the national laws continued to be executed without interruption. Such being the case, the conspirators in the Convention, illy concealing their mortification after such a display of arrogance, resolved to postpone their intended forciblc resistance until the first of February.

On the very first day of the session of Congress bills for the reduction of the tariff were One reported by Mr. Verplanck, from the Committee of Ways and Means, was very favorably received, especially by those who wished to conciliate the radical opponents of the tariff, of the South Carolina school. But long debates followed, and February, as well as the session of Congress, was drawing to a close, when, to the astonishment of every body, Mr. Letcher, of Kentucky, an ardent friend of Mr. Clay, rose in his place and moved to strike out every word of the bill except the enacting clause, and insert in lieu of it a bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Clay, which has since been called the Compromise Bill. It was a formal abandonment of the American System, and confessedly a measure to heal disaffection and save the Union. It proposed a gradual reduction of the tariff in the course of ten years, in such a way that all interests would be unharmed. Mr. Clay professed to believe that it would not only heal all present dissensions, but prevent future ones; and that by separating the question of tariffs from politics, the business of the country would become more stable. It was ably opposed in the House by John Davis, of Massachusetts, who sagaciously remarked: "You propose to bind us [New England] hand and foot, to pour out our blood upon the altar, and sacrifice us as a burntoffering to appease the unnatural and unfounded discontent of the South—a discontent, I fear, having deeper root than the tariff, and will continue when that is forgotten." John Davis simply wrote history in advance of events.

This Compromise Bill was passed, and the voice of disunion was hushed for a while. The secret history of the measure will be noticed presently.

In a Message to Congress on the subject of affairs in South Carolina, the President recommended that body to revive some old acts which would enable him to enforce the revenue laws in that State, and crush rebellion in the bud. In accordance with this recommendation, Mr.

Wilkins, of Pennsylvania, from the Judiciary Committee, submitted a bill on the 21st of January, known as the Force Bill. It was immediately assailed with the greatest violence as unconstitutional. At about the same time Mr. Calhoun introduced his series of Resolutions on the Powers of the Government, in which were involved the doctrines of nullification and the right of secession. In the course of the debates on these Resolutions and the Force Bill, he first promulgated, publicly, those mischievous sentiments concerning the nature of our government, the bitter fruit of which is the present rebellion. He made the Virginia Resolutions of 1798 his text, and the avowed source of his political creed; and with his clear, logical, subtle mind he framed utterances of such amazing sophistrics, in most ingenious aspects, that many were confounded, and a few were, for the moment, half converted to his views. But he so misrepresented the real character and design of those resolutions, so falsely declared that they afforded a warrant for nullification and secession, that Scnator Rives, of Virginia, for the honor of his State and the truth of history, rebuked him. Madison, their author, had already declared that the resolutions and the debates in the Virginia House of Delegates disclosed "no reference whatever to a constitutional right in an individual State to arrest by-force the operation of a law of the Unitcd States."* And that venerable statesman, then over eighty years of age, vehemently spurned the doctrine of the nullifiers, that our government is only a league of States, saying, "What can be more preposterous than to say that the United States, as united, are in no respect or degree a nation, which implies a sovereignty?"†

It is worthy of notice, that in the course of these debates Calhoun, generally reticent and cautious, revealed, almost unconsciously, the secret spring of his desires for a dissolution of the Union and a Southern Confederacy to be inordinate personal ambition. He was a disappointed He had ardently desired a nomination for the office of Chief Magistrate of the Republic. In this aspiration he had totally failed, and as he viewed the growing wealth, population, and political strength of the Free States, the possibility of ever being crowned with such honor seemed more remote than ever. With the bitterness of a disappointed spirit he said, in the course of these debates, "The contest between the North and the South will, in fact, be a contest between power and liberty, and such he considered the present—a contest in which the weaker section, with its peculiar labor, productions, and situation, has at stake all that is dear to freemen. Should they be able to maintain in their full vigor their reserved rights, liberty and prosperity will be their portion; but if they yield, and permit the stronger interest to consolidate within itself all the powers of the government,‡ then will its fate be more wretched

^{*} Letter to Edward Everett, August, 1830.

[†] Letter to William C. Rives, March 12, 1833.

[‡] A favorite design of Mr. Calhoun was to secure, by

than that of the Aborigines whom they have expelled, or of their slaves..... Every Southern man, true to the interests of his section, and faithful to the duties which Providence has allotted him, will be forever excluded from the honors and emoluments of this government, which will be reserved for those only who have qualified themselves, by political prostitution, for admission into the Magdalen Asylum." Past and subsequent history convict that malignant conspirator of uttering a willful untruth—uttered for the sole purpose of "firing the Southern heart," until, in the language of an Alabama conspirator of our day (Yancey), "at the proper moment, by an organized concerted action, they could precipitate the Cotton States into a revolution.'

Allusion has been made to the secret history of the Compromise Bill, which, for the time, quelled the turbulence of the South Carolina politicians, and foiled the weapons of disunion so adroitly wielded by Calhoun and his fellow-conspirators. He and Clay had long been rival aspirants for the Presidency and antagonistic in political principles. Now, to the surprise of every body, they appeared to be in coalition. It was a deep mystery to the uninitiated, and remained so until in after years, when Clay and Calhoun became more bitterly antagonistic, that the latter revealed some of the secret history of that apparent coalition. It was substantially this, according to Mr. Benton:

The relative position of the National Government and South Carolina, and of the President of the United States and Mr. Calhoun, in the winter of 1833, placed the latter in great personal peril, which his friends perceived and tried to avert. Among others consulted on the subject by them was Letcher, of Kentucky, Clay's warm person-He knew that South Carolina must al friend. yield, on some terms, to the authority and power of the National Government, and he conceived the idea of a compromise by which, in so yielding, she might preserve her dignity. proposed it to Mr. Clay, who, sincerely desiring reconciliation, entertained the idea, and submitted it to Webster. The amazing intellectual plummet of the latter had fathomed the turbid waters of Nullification far deeper than had the brilliant Kentuckian, and he instantly said, "No —it will be yielding great principles to faction.

—It will be yielding great principles to faction. The time has come to test the strength of the an amendment to the Constitution, what he adroitly termed "the rights of the minority," by giving to the States the veto power, by which every law passed by the Congress of the United States might be made null and void. This was nullification in its mildest form. If it had been ingrafted upon the national Constitution the Slave States would have controlled the government forever. But such a doctrine was opposed to the fundamental idea of a republican government, namely, submission to the will of the majority; and Mr. Calhoun and his followers, knowing such an amendment to the Constitution could never be obtained, resolved to secede, and form what the modern conspirators call a "homogeneous government"—that is, an aristocratic government, representing slaveholding communities only, and having no affinity with men who believe in the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence, written by one of their caste.

Constitution and the Government." He had heartily supported the Force Bill. Although opposed, politically, to the Administration, he had said: "I believe the country is in considerable danger; I believe an unlawful combination threatens the integrity of the Union. I believe the crisis calls for a mild, temperate, forbearing, but inflexibly firm execution of the laws. And, under this conviction, I give a hearty support to this Administration in all measures which I deem to be fair, just, and necessary. And in supporting these measures I mean to take my fair share of responsibility, to support them frankly and fairly, without reflections on the past and mixing other topics in their discussion." He was utterly opposed to compromising and temporizing measures with a rebellious faction, and told Mr. Clay so; and from that time he was not approached by those who were willing to shield conspirators from the sword of justice.

Mr. Clay drew up a compromise bill and sent it to Mr. Calhoun by Mr. Letcher. Calhoun objected to parts of the bill most decidedly, and remarked that if Clay knew the nature of his objections he would at least modify those portions of the bill. Letcher made arrangements for a personal interview between these eminent Senators, who had not been on speaking terms for some time. The imperious Clay demanded that it should be at his own room. The imperiled Calhoun consented to go there. The meeting was civil but icy. The business was immediately entered upon. The principals were unyielding, and the conference ended without results.

Letcher now hastened to the President and sounded him on the subject of compromise. "Compromise!" said the stern old man, stern only toward wickedness, "I will make no compromise with traitors. I will have no negotiations. I will execute the laws. Calhoun shall be tried for treason, and hanged if found guilty, if he does not instantly cease his rebellious course." Letcher now flew to M'Duffie, Calhoun's ardent friend, and alarmed him with a startling picture of the President's wrath. That night, after he had retired to bed, Letcher was aroused by a Senator from Louisiana, who informed him that Jackson would not allow any more delay, and that Calhoun's arrest might take place any hour. He begged Letcher to warn Calhoun of his danger. He did so. found the South Carolinian in bed. He told him of the temper and the intentions of the President, and the conspirator was much alarmed.

Meanwhile Mr. Clay and J. M. Clayton of Delaware had been in frequent consultations on the subject. Clayton had said to Clay, while his bill was lingering in the House, "These South Carolinians act very badly, but they are good fellows, and it is a pity to let Jackson hang them;" and advised him to get his bill referred to a new committee, and so modify it as to make it acceptable to a majority. Clay did so, and Clayton exerted all his influence to avert the

calamity which hung over Calhoun and his He assembled the manufacturers who had hurried to the capital when they heard of the Compromise Bill, to see whether they would not yield something for the sake of conciliation and the Union. At a sacrifice of their interests, these loyal men did yield, and agreed to withdraw all opposition to the bill, and let it pass the Senate, providing all the nullifiers should vote for certain amendments made by the Lower House, as well as the bill itself. The nullifiers in committee would not yield. The crisis had arrived. The gallows was placed before Calhoun's eyes. Clayton earnestly remonstrated with him. He pointed out the danger, the folly, the wickedness of his course; and notified him that unless the amendments were adopted, and that by the votes of himself and political friends, the bill should not pass; that he (Clayton) would move to lay it on the table when it should be reported to the Senate, and that he had strength enough in that House pledged to do it. "The President will then," he said, "be left free to execute the laws in full rigor." His object, he told them plainly, was to put them squarely on the record; to make all the nullifiers vote for the amendments and the bill, and thus cut them off from the plea of "unconstitutionality," which they would raise if the bill and amendments did not receive their votes. Unless they were so bound he knew that the present pacification would be only a hollow truce, and that they would make this very measure, probably, a pretense for renewing their resistance to what they were pleased to call "unconstitutional measures" of the National Government, and for resuming their march toward secession and independence. He was peremptory with both Clay and Calhoun, and warned them that this was the last chance for compromise.

Mr. Clayton was inexorable. Clay and Calhoun agreed to the amendments. These with the bill were reported to the Senate. All the nullifiers voted for the amendments in order, until they came to the last, that of home valuation, which was so revolting to the great leader of the conspirators. When that came up Calhoun and his friends met it with the most violent opposition. It was the last day but one of the session, and a late hour in the day. Finding the nullifiers persistent in their opposition, Clayton, to their great consternation, suddenly executed his threat. He moved to lay the bill on the table, and declared it should continue to lie there. Mr. Clay begged him to withdraw his Others entreated him to give a little He was inflexible. There was more time. fluttering in the bevy of nullifiers. Calhoun and his friends retired behind the colonnade back of the Speaker's chair, over which was the portrait of Washington, the great Unionist, and there held a brief consultation. It was very brief, for time and opportunity were precious. Senator Bibb came from the trembling conclave and asked Clayton to give a little more time. This

withdrew his motion, but with the declaration that unless the measure, in full, was voted for by all the nullifiers he should renew it. Instantly one of their friends moved an adjournment. It was carried, and the conspirators went

-" to sleep, perchance to dream,"

on their predicament. They knew of only one way, and that a most thorny one for their pride, still open for their escape. They all knew the character of the President, and the reliability of his promises. So they concluded to vote as Mr. Clayton demanded, but begged that gentleman to spare Mr. Calhoun the mortification of appearing on the record in favor of a measure against which at that very time, and at his instance, troops were being raised in South Carolina, and because of which the politicians of that State were preparing to declare her secession from the Mr. Clayton would not yield a jot. Union! Calhoun was the chief of sinners in this matter, and he, of all others, must give the world public and recorded evidence of penitence, whatever his "mental reservations" might be. "Nothing would be secured," Mr. Clayton said, "unless his vote appears in favor of the measure."

The Senate met; the bill was taken up; and the nullifiers and their friends, one after another, yielded their objections on various pretenses. At length, when all had voted but Mr. Calhoun, he arose, pale and haggard, for he had had a most terrible struggle. He declared that he had then to determine which way he should vote, and at the termination of his brief remarks he gave his voice in the affirmative with the rest. It was a bitter pill for that proud man to swallow. alternative presented to him was absolute humiliation or the gallows. He chose the former. With that act fell the great conspiracy to break up the Government of the United States in 1832. The violent clamors raised in South Carolina and the Gulf States on the appearance of Jackson's Proclamation soon ceased. The Ordinance of Nullification was repealed, and Nullifier became, as it deserved to be, a term of reproach throughout most of the Union.

Jackson warned his countrymen that slavery would be the next pretense used by the conspirators against the life of the nation. fulfillment of that prophecy commenced almost on the day of its utterance. About the year 1831 there was established in the city of Washington a newspaper entitled the United States Telegraph, which was the confidential organ if not the private property of Mr. Calhoun. "Of all the vehicles—tracts, pamphlets, and newspapers-circulated by the abolitionists," said Governor Hill, of New Hampshire, in 1836, in allusion to it, "there is no ten or twenty of them that have contributed so much to the excitement as a single newspaper printed in this city. I need not name this paper when I inform you that, for the last five years, it has been laboring to produce a Northern and a Southern partyto fan the flame of sectional prejudice, to open was a token of yielding, and he complied. He wider the breach, to drive harder the wedge

which shall divide the North from the South." In the columns of that paper, and in his speeches, Mr. Calhoun became the eulogist of slavery, and ungenerously and falsely accused the people of the North of a desire to interfere with that "Until he system in the Southern States. spoke," says a late writer, "the South generally felt that slavery was only to be regarded as a choice of evils—an unfortunate inheritance, to be endured as long as it must be endured, to be abolished as soon as it could be abolished safely. It was John C. Calhoun that effaced from the heart of the South the benign sentiments of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Randolph. It was Calhoun who began all that is to be deplored in the agitation of slavery questions. It was he who strove to rob the people of the North of their right to petition, and the right of the people of the South to receive what they chose through the mail. It was he who cut the magnetic cord that connected the South with the feeling of the age, and thus made the peaceful solution of the problem difficult."*

CHARLES DICKENS.

THERE are few readers of the works of any popular author who have not felt an ardent curiosity to see the Man as well as the Writer; and in the absence of the ability to see him, their curiosity is equally great to "hear all about him;" to learn how he looks, acts, "walks, and talks;" each particular as to his personal appearance, dress, manners, etc.; whether he is shy and silent in company, or scintillating and brilliant in conversation, etc., etc.

Perhaps no writer in modern times has excited this very natural desire more generally, or to a greater degree, than Charles Dickens. Even as we write, we see by the public journals that an offer has been made, "from responsible parties" in New York, to guarantee to Mr. Dickens fifty thousand dollars for one year's "Readings" (three times a week) from his popular works in this country; while a similar sum, with his expenses paid, awaited his acceptance in Australia. Now in all this there is only the evidence of a general desire to see and hear the Author and the Man; for every work from which he will read is as "familiar as household words" to all who will attend his "Readings." How many hundreds has the writer known who have made pilgrimages from our city to Sunnyside, simply to look upon Washington Irving; possibly with the hope to hear him in familiar conversation, but at all events to see him; and failing in that, at least to look upon the place where he "lived, and moved, and had his being." "And were the journey for this purpose one of fifty miles, and on foot," said a friend not long ago, an enthusiastic admirer of the writings of Irving, "it would be well repaid to hear once more his living voice."

The first announcement of Mr. Dickens's in-

tended visit to America was made in the following characteristic letter to his friend and correspondent, Mr. L. Gaylord Clark, then editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*:

"Twenty-eighth September, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I condole with you from my heart on the loss you have sustained,* and I feel proud of your permitting me to sympathize with your affliction. It is a great satisfaction to me to have been addressed, under similar circumstances, by many of your countrymen since the 'Curiosity Shop' came to a close. Some simple and honest hearts in the remote wilds of America have written me letters on the loss of children—so numbering my little book, or rather heroine, with their household gods; and so pouring out their trials, and sources of comfort in them, before me as a friend, that I have been inexpressibly moved, and am whenever I think of them, I do assure you. You have already all the comfort that I could lay before you; all, I hope, that the affectionate spirit of your brother, now in happiness, can shed into your soul.

..... "On the Fourth of next January, if it please God, I am coming with my wife on a three or four months' visit to America. The British and North American packet will bring me, I hope, to Boston, and enable me, in the third week of the new year, to set my foot upon the soil I have trodden in my day-dreams many times, and whose sons (and daughters) I yearn to know and to be among.

"I hope you are surprised, and I hope not unpleasantly. Faithfully yours, Chas. Dickens."

Not long after his arrival at New York Mr. Dickens, with a number of gentlemen who had been specially invited to meet him, dined with the correspondent to whom the foregoing letter was addressed. I have preserved some memoranda of the things which most interested myself on this occasion. That Mr. Dickens was also interested appears from a postscript to a letter written after his return to England, in which he says: "This day twelvemonth I dined at your house: the pleasantest dinner I enjoyed in America. What a company!"

The notes of acceptance to the invitation to meet Mr. Dickens at dinner of the gentlemen who were present were pleasant and characteristic. That of Mr. Henry Inman, which I regret to have lost, was couched in a few well-chosen words, which embodied a perfect "picture in little" of Mr. Dickens's peculiar artistic characteristics. Halleck, in closing his note, in reference to an incidental hint in the letter of invitation of his host that he "must not forget the hour of dining"—a fault which his friend "John Waters" had woefully lamented—playfully said:

"A letter from you will always give me pleasure; but yours of yesterday was quite unnecessary:

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee:

but I am not in the habit of forgetting the day or the hour appointed for such a dinner as that with which you tempt me."

It was certainly a great satisfaction to find seated at the same table, in all the enjoyment which mutual regard and affection could create, men so well known to the reading world in both hemispheres, and equally honored in each, as

^{*} Parton's "Life of Andrew Jackson," iii., 433.

^{*} The death of his correspondent's twin-brother, Willis Gaylord Clark.

Washington Irving, Charles Dickens, William Cullen Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Bishop Wainwright, Henry Brevoort, the life-long friend of Irving; Henry Inman, the eminent artist; David Graham, Jun., the distinguished counselor and advocate; Henry Cary, the opulent banker and most delightful writer under the nom de plume of "John Waters"—a refined lover of refined literature and art, in all things himself the most elegant and accomplished of social hosts -("our Samuel Rogers, of Hudson Square," was a pseudonym by which he was often designated); and others, including the ladies of the host and his distinguished English guest.

Mr. Dickens's manner in personally describing an amusing incident was as remarkable as his written pictures. Something was said, we remember, touching the curiosity with which he was regarded by "outsiders," who were not expected to be present at the great dinner which was given to him at the old City Hotel-the crowded caravanserai of our city's old friends, Messrs. Jennings and Willard. They pressed into the large reception apartment simply to "have a look" at the great author who had so often amused and delighted them. He was reminded by the host that not a few were the exclamations of surprise that, "after all, it was only a bright-eyed young man, with 'lots' of long, curly, brown hair, and big, laughing, blue eycs."

"Yes," said Mr. Dickens; "and I heard many another shrewd criticism which was equally whimsical and expressive, and not a few which were far less flattering. I noticed especially one young fellow, who, after examining me from a near 'stand-point' very attentively, retired to take a distant or birds-eye view, surveying me from top to toe, and up again, making an inventory of my 'p'ints,' as if I had been a building, and he was anxious to secure in his mind my architectural proportions!"

It will not be amiss, let it be hoped, at so long an interval of time, to record a few of the many objects of interest which were adverted to or discussed, and the "good things" which were said on the occasion in question.

Mr. Dickens had brought a letter of introduction to Rev. Dr. Wainwright from his friend the Rev. Dr. Harness, a distinguished clergyman of the Episcopal Church in London; and in allusion to this fact, and in the semi-clerical conversation which ensued, mention was casually made of the Rev. Sydney Smith, whom Dr. Wainwright had frequently met while in London, and many pleasant anecdotes were recorded of him, of which few present had ever heard before, but which have since become familiar to the public through the different volumes. It was here that we first heard of the reply said to have been made to a letter of Landscer's, the great "canine artist," who had asked the learned and witty prelate to sit to him for his portrait: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" was the characteristic biblical reply. doubt was expressed as to the authenticity of turning for a moment upon circumstantial evi-

this anecdote, as it indicated a want of courtesy: "And Smith," said Dr. Wainwright, "was the most courteous of gentlemen."

Mr. Irving remarked, it is well remembered, that at the time he was in the way of meeting Sydney Smith in the highest society of the British metropolis, it was easy to trace the witty clergyman through the brilliant salons of the English nobility "by the circles of light which surrounded him in the beaming countenances of his auditors." He "radiated humor; and neither bishops in their stoles, nor reverend divines, nor the most gracious and beautiful of the high-born ladies of the land were capable of resisting his quick wit and inexhaustible humor. And it was always 'good humor, too,'" added Mr. Irving.

"You were in our Sessions Court yesterday," said Mr. Graham, "and saw our mode of transacting criminal business. Is there any important difference between your forms and ours?"

"In many respects most marked," said Mr. Dickens: "in the first place, one misses the robcs and wigs of the presiding judges, the badges of minor officials, and the pompous, impressive proceedings of opening and closing court. Herc, I perceive, your prisoner sits by his counsel, and probably is only known to a portion of the spectators by that fact as the culprit, or by being pointed out as the principal party in interest.' With us, the prisoner is elevated in a dock, where he may be seen by every person in the crowd. Between him and the bench is usually a table, on which are placed certain dry herbs, as disinfectants against jailfever." Other English customs in courts of justice were mentioned, which arc entirely unknown in the courts of the United States.

But we remember an anecdote narrated by Mr. Dickens, connected with the use of disinfecting herbs as above described, which, as he told it, made an evident impression upon the guests at the table. He said that on one occasion, in the chief criminal court of London, a nervous, guilty culprit, before whom were placed the usual accompaniment of dried herbs, began to crumble them into a fine powder upon the table; and while a witness was testifying in relation to the crime which he was charged with having committed, and describing minutely the locality (a spot which, from circumstances mentioned and collateral testimony, it was contended by the prisoner's counsel he had never visited), the prisoner, all unconsciously to himself, was drawing a house, a door-yard, a Lombardy poplar-tree, a fence-paling, and a gate, in the powdered herbs upon the table—a rude but faithful picture of the very scene and surroundings, in all particulars, which it had been argued he had The guilty man's hands were never seen! seized; attention was called to the involuntary impromptu sketch; and it was considered as the strongest circumstantial evidence of guilt, which indeed was subsequently confessed.

The conversation at the head of the table

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dence, Mr. Irving adverted to a singular instance in point, narrated in his presence on one occasion, if we remember rightly, by Lord Eldon, before whose "Worship" the strange incident occurred:

A man, whose features alone indicated a character of the worst description, was on trial for a murder committed near midnight in a lonely spot near Hampstead Heath. His supposed murderer was arrested about half a mile from where the deed was committed; but the only evidence which could be adduced against him was that there was found upon him a gun which bore evident marks of having been recently discharged. The bullet had been extracted from the body of the murdered man. The bearing of the suspected murderer was bold and defiant. He alleged his entire innocence of the crime for the commission of which he had been arrested; said that his gun was his own, and he had taken it for "a day's shooting" in the country; and being anxious to be off early in the morning, had started about midnight for the journey. In short, he so managed to represent the objects he had in view that there appeared scarcely a circumstance which could be reasonably regarded as connecting him with the homicide. In the mean time the bullet which had been taken from the body of the murdered man was lying on the desk before the Judge; and during the examination of the witness and the explanations of the accused he had, unconsciously to himself, been rolling it slowly between his thumb and forefinger. After a little, a small piece of thin cloth or paper, stained with blood, was rolled off from the bullet by the manipulation, when all at once the object arrested the attention of the Judge, who proceeded to moisten it and to spread it out carefully upon the desk. After a moment's hesitation he asked:

"Was there any thing found upon the person of the prisoner?"

"Nothing, your Lordship," answered the counsel for the accused, "except a single sovereign, with a few pennies, a knife, tobacco-box, and a torn street-ballad."

"Pass the torn ballad up to the Bench," said his Lordship, which request was at once complied with.

The Judge looked at the rumpled paper attentively, smoothed it out, and then compared it with the three-cornered piece which had been unrolled from the bullet.

The "fit" was perfect! The paper which had constituted the wad of the bullet, and which his Lordship had separated from it, was a part of the very street-ballad which had been found upon the person of the prisoner, and which thus providentially secured his conviction, the admission of his guilt, and his final execution upon the gallows.

Among the guests at the table was an old and esteemed friend of the host, Mr. D——, a scholar, a gentleman, and one of the most kindhearted and best of men. In person he was ety in our ci very comfortably fleshy and compact; of fair ing remark:

complexion, and with the sweetest expression gleaming through gold spectacles from his fine blue-gray eyes. He was so partridge-plump that it was jocosely remarked of him that he "looked as if his limbs had been melted and run into his garments, until they were just handsomely filled." Yes,

"Mr. D——, the beloved friend was there,
With a beautiful head, but not very much hair,
So little, in fact, that a wig he must wear,"

it was thought and predicted, although he never "thatched," for he scorned to falsify nature, especially on so prominent a point as the top of his head.

This excellent gentleman (and most faithful of friends) was playfully nicknamed "Pickwick," because of his supposed personal resemblance to that world-renowned philosopher. This was mentioned to Mr. Dickens, and he was asked whether there really were not a great resemblance in form, feature, and kindliness of manner to his immortal creation.

"Something like the character and physique which my pictorial illustrator of 'Pickwick' has represented in that work," answered Mr. Dickens; "but not nearly so much like the veritable Pickwick in manner as an elderly gentleman whom I met yesterday, while dining at his son's table in Hudson Square. The blandness of his features, the benevolence, the sweetness of expression which shone through his gold spectacles, the deliberateness of his 'walk and conversation'—all these, to my immediate perception, were exceedingly Pickwickian."

Now who does the reader—the New York reader particularly - suppose was this gentleman who so forcibly reminded Mr. Dickens of his own great character of Pickwick? other than the venerable George Griffin !-- the long and long-celebrated New York lawyer; a man some six feet four inches in height, of large frame, broad, but by no means as "broad as he was long," and lathy and angular in his general appearance to a most remarkable degree. Still, when one recalls the benevolence and simplicity of this eminent lawyer and most excellent of men, his charming kindness of manner, and the good heart which beamed in every expression and lineament of his face, it is not difficult to perceive many of the personal and moral features which go to make up the character of Pickwick in the minds and imaginations of Mr. Dickens's readers.

In Mr. Dickens's correspondence may be traced the same felicitous expressions, the same whimsical associations of thought which are so frequently to be met with in his works. The writer has been for many years an occasional correspondent of the distinguished novelist, and there is scarcely any one of his letters in which there is not something, some striking sentence or odd conceit, which none but himself "could or would" have written. One or two of these occur to us here, which there can be no impropriety in our citing in corroboration of the preceding remark:

Mr. Dickens was charged with being greatly embittered against this country because of the non-passage of an International Copyright Law. We have reason, however, to know that he had not been in this country three weeks before he had ceased altogether to expect the passage of such a measure—although, perhaps, in his own case, the offer of liberal payment for advanced sheets of his popular works may have somewhat lessened his disappointment at this result. That he did not anticipate the passage of an International Copyright Law at any time after his return, even when informed by the present writer that there had sprung up a strong feeling in the country in favor of such a measure, may be gathered from the following characteristic passage from a letter of his, written while the early monthly numbers of "Chuzzlewit" were appearing in England:

"What impossible odds shall I wager against some piece of property of yours, that we shall not be in our graves, and out of them, in particles of dust, impalpable, before those worthy men at Washington, in their earthy riots, care one miserable d—n for Mind? I believe that, in this respect, Justice and the Millennium will walk down the shore of Time together."

In a letter from London, dated the 22d of October, 1849, Mr. Dickens writes:

"I have not been in London for between three and four months, having had a cottage in the Isle of Wight during that time. As no parcels were forwarded to me (only letters) I did not receive your package, with its accompanying note, until my return home on Friday last. I immediately got a portrait—an impression of one which was originally published in 'Nickleby'—and sent it by railroad, indorsed as you direct; and I hope it will reach you safely some day or other.

"The cholera has been, as no doubt you know ere this, very bad in London, chiefly among the poor and badly lodged. I am happy to say we are all well, and have not lost any friends by the dire disease. It is supposed to be quite passed now, and I trust in God it is."

...... "Macready is playing with enormous success at the Haymarket. 'Copperfield' takes a great hold, and goes on bravely. I think that is all the news I have, after my long sojourn on the sea-shore, except that my girls, like yours, are growing taller, though they are not tall yet; that my oldest son is going to Eton at Christmas; and that Mrs. Dickens sends her love, in which I join as far as I lawfully may, to your other half."

In a letter, written about this period, in explanation of the reason why he had not been able to furnish a paper for the Magazine with which the writer had been for many years the editor, Mr. Dickens says:

"When I finish a chapter of -, which has an entire scene, capable of segregation, I can promise to send -(A long dash). But I will lay down no more pieces of stone in the Infernal pavement."

His intention, of course, was to do us the great kindness, in fulfilling a promise which he had conditionally made; but as "Hell is paved with good intentions," he would not farther commit himself. He adds, in the same note:

"I never commit thoughts to paper until I am obliged to write, being better able to keep them in regular order, on different shelves of my brain, ready ticketed and labeled to be brought out when I want them."

Much was said and written in America after Mr. Dickens's return, and before and during the the thundering railroad train. Suffice it to say,

publication of "Chuzzlewit," which undoubtedly a good deal exasperated him: until at length he said, in a letter to the writer: "All the newspapers, journals, and unrecognized letters which reach me from America, go, unopened, at oncc into the fire: and I find my self-respect and peace of mind entirely preserved by such a course, I do assure you."

It may be remarked, in passing, that this is as good a plan as could be adopted in all similar cases. A man who can deliberately sit down and write an anonymous letter is a character so contemptible that he can only be reached by per-

fect contempt.

The spirit of the American portions of "Chuzzlewit" was not acceptable to our countrymen. It was thought to be unkind; and (especially after it had been followed by the "American Notes") it was deemed an ungrateful return for the attentions which had been bestowed upon the author in every part of the country. It could not be denied, however, and in fact was not denied that much of the satire, particularly the political parts of it—the egotism, for example, of candidates, and their ridiculous ideas of the effect which their "speeches" were to have upon the "policy" of the British Queen and the British Government, should the interrogated author "dare to lay them before Her Majesty and the British Parliament"—these things were really "well put;" and however distasteful as facts, were admitted to be scarcely distorted likenesses. How many pompous political "Elijah Pograms" have been recognized, ticketed, and labeled since the first publication of "Chuzzlewit!"

But the genius of the work; its humor, its pathos; the portraits of "Pecksniff" and "Mrs. " of "Tom Pinch" and his sister; and the retributions which gave to each their "portion in due season;" these took away the sting of the satire of such characters as the Hon. Elijah Pogram, Congressman; and, finally, admiration almost obliterated a general sense of injustice. But apropos of "Chuzzlewit," from its author:

"You will not, I think," wrote Mr. Dickens, at the time, to the present writer, "like 'Chuzzlewit' the less the farther it gets on. I especially commend to you a certain Tom Pinch and his sister, who will one day appear upon the scene."

It is worthy of a passing remark here that this was written some time before these admirable characters had been introduced: a fact which entirely disproves the charge brought first, I think, by the Edinburgh Review (possibly it may have been Blackwood) against Dickens, that he evidently had no well-conceived plan of the characters and scenes of any of his works, but that from daily observation, and perhaps from current events, these were connected and used from month to month as he wrote the successive "Parts" of his novels.

But "let that pass," as the little dog said to

that it was thought "on this side" that it was | "not well to be angry" with a writer, however his slurs upon our "progress" and "institutions" might have annoyed us, whose heart could have suggested the beautiful, the simple, the good, the loving and lovable creations of Tom Pinch and his sister.

As we close this desultory paper we perceive, by extracts from the London papers in our daily journals, that Mr. Dickens has recently cele-What an affluent brated his fiftieth birthday. Life of Literature hath been his! How copious, how various, and how rich the golden intellectual stream which has flowed, reflowed, and is still flowing from his fertile pen! His years seem but to add to the exuberance, the ripeness of his genius. New creations spring from his teeming brain invested with undying life; and even now, while simple-hearted "Joe," and Narrative Picture.

"Pip," and pompous "Pumblechook" are stored away in the cells of Memory, we can not for a moment doubt that, in the new story upon which Dickens is now engaged, there are being characters depicted which will be as lasting in the minds and hearts of his readers as any which he has given to the world. May the Great Story speedily be given to the Public of two hemispheres, and may it be ours to be among the first to read it!—for it is one of the results of reading Dickens in numbers that, having once begun to read them, you must devour them consecutively as they appear. No writer of our time, unless it be Wilkie Collins, knows so well as he how to stimulate without satisfying curiosity; and yet his chapters are almost invariably complete in themselves; convergent sketches still, however, which in the end are to form one great

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



PROEM.

MORE than three centuries and a half ago, in the mid spring-time of 1492, we are sure that the star-quenching angel of the dawn, as he traveled with broad slow wing from the Levant to the Pillars of Hercules, and from the summits of the Caucasus across all the snowy Alpine ridges to the dark nakedness of the western isles, saw nearly the same outline of firm land and unstable sea - saw the same great mountain shadows on the same valleys as he has seen to-day-saw olive mounts, and pine forests, and the broad plains, green with young corn or rain-freshened grass-saw the domes and spires of cities rising by the river sides or mingled with the sedge-like masts on the manycurved sea-coast, in the same spots where they rise to-day. And as the faint light of his course pierced into the dwellings of men, it fell, as now, on the rosy warmth of nestling children; on the | break, our imagination pauses on a certain his-

haggard waking of sorrow and sickness; on the hasty uprising of the hard-handed laborer; and on the late sleep of the night-student, who had been questioning the stars or the sages, or his own soul, for that hidden knowledge which would break through the barrier of man's brief life, and show its dark path, that seemed to bend no whither, to be an arc in an immeasurable circle of light and glory. The great rivercourses which have shaped the lives of men have hardly changed; and those other streams, the life-currents that ebb and flow in human hearts, pulsate to the same great needs, the same great loves and terrors. As our thought follows close in the slow wake of the dawn, we are impressed with the broad sameness of the human lot, which never alters in the main headings of its history -hunger and labor, seed-time and harvest, love and death.

Even if, instead of following the dim day-

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torical spot, and awaits the fuller morning, we may see a world-famous city, which has hardly changed its outline since the days of Columbus, seeming to stand as an almost unviolated symbol, amidst the flux of human things, to remind us that we still resemble the men of the past more than we differ from them, as the great mechanical principles on which those domes and towers were raised must make a likeness in human building that will be broader and deeper And doubtless, if the than all possible change. spirit of a Florentine citizen, whose eyes were closed for the last time while Columbus was still waiting and arguing for the three poor vessels with which he was to set sail from the port of Palos, could return from the shades, and pause where our thought is pausing, he would believe that there must still be fellowship and understanding for him among the inheritors of his birth-place.

Let us suppose that such a Shade has been permitted to revisit the glimpses of the golden morning, and is standing once more on the famous hill of San Miniato, which overlooks Florence from the south.

The Spirit is clothed in his habit as he lived; the folds of his well-lined black silk garment or lucco hang in grave unbroken lines from neck to ankle; his plain cloth cap, with its becchetto, or long hanging strip of drapery, to serve as a scarf in case of need, surmounts a penetrating face, not, perhaps, very handsome, but with a firm, well-cut mouth, kept distinctly human by a close-shaven lip and chin. It is a face charged with memories of a keen and various life passed below there on the banks of the gleaming river; and as he looks at the scene before him, the sense of familiarity is so much stronger than the perception of change that he thinks it might be possible to descend once more among the streets and take up that busy life where he left it. For it is not only the mountains and the westwardbending river that he recognizes; not only the dark sides of Mount Morello opposite to him, and the long valley of the Arno that seems to stretch its gray, low-tufted luxuriance to the far-off ridges of Carrara; and the steep height of Fiesole, with its crown of monastic walls and cypresses; and all the green and gray slopes sprinkled with villas which he can name as he looks at them. He sees other familiar objects much closer to his daily walks. For though he misses the seventy or more towers that once surmounted the walls, and encircled the city as with a regal diadem, his eyes will not dwell on that blank; they are drawn irresistibly to the unique tower springing, like a tall flower-stem drawn toward the sun, from the square turreted mass of the Old Palace in the very heart of the city—the tower that looks none the worse for the four centuries that have passed since he used to walk under it. The great dome, too, greatest in the world, which, in his early boyhood, had been only a daring thought in the mind of a small quick-eyed man—there it raises its large curves still, eclipsing the hills. And the well-

known bell-towers — Giotto's, with its distant hint of rich color, and the graceful spired Badia, and the rest—he looked at them all from the shoulder of his nurse.

"Surely," he thinks, "Florence can still ring her bells with the solemn hammer-sound that used to beat on the hearts of her citizens and strike out the fire there. And here, on the right, stands the long dark mass of Santa Croce, where we buried our famous dead, laying the laurel on their cold brows and fanning them with the breath of praise and of banners. But Santa Croce had no spire then: we Florentines were too full of great building projects to carry them all out in stone and marble; we had our frescoes and our shrines to pay for, not to speak of rapacious condottieri, bribed royalty, and purchased territories, and our façades and spires must needs wait. But what architect can the Frati Minori* have employed to build that spire for them? If it had been built in my day, Filippo Brunelleschi or Michelozzo would have devised something of another fashion than that—something worthy to crown the church of Arnolfo."

At this the Spirit, with a sigh, lets his eyes travel on to the city walls, and now he dwells on the change there with wonder at these modern times. Why have five out of the eleven convenient gates been closed? And why, above all, should the towers have been leveled that were once a glory and defense? Is the world become so peaceful, then, and do Florentines dwell in such harmony, that there are no longer conspiracies to bring ambitious exiles home again with armed bands at their back? These are difficult questions: it is easier and pleasanter to recognize the old than to account for the new. And there flows Arno, with its bridges just where they used to be-the Ponte Vecchio, least like other bridges in the world, laden with the same quaint shops, where our Spirit remembers lingering a little, on his way, perhaps, to look at the progress of that great palace which Messer Luca Pitti had set a-building with huge stones got from the Hill of Bogolit close behind, or, perhaps, to transact a little business with the clothdressers in Oltrarno. The exorbitant line of the Pitti roof is hidden from San Miniato; but the yearning of the old Florentine is not to see Messer Luca's too ambitious palace which he built unto himself; it is to be down among those narrow streets and busy humming Piazze where he inherited the eager life of his fathers. Is not the anxious voting with black and white beans still going on down there? Who are the Priori in these months, eating soberly-regulated official dinners in the Palazzo Vecchio, with removes of tripe and boiled partridges, seasoned by practical jokes against the ill-fated butt among those potent signors? Are not the significant banners still hung from the windows-still distributed with decent pomp under Orcagna's Loggia every two months?

Life had its zest for the old Florentine when he, too, trod the marble steps and shared in

^{*} The Franciscans.

those dignities. His politics had an area as wide as his trade, which stretched from Syria to Britain, but they had also the passionate intensity, and the detailed practical interest, which could belong only to a narrow scene of corporate action; only to the members of a community shut in close by the hills and by walls of six miles' circuit, where men knew each other as they passed in the street, set their eyes every day on the memorials of their commonwealth, and were conscious of having not only the right to vote, but the chance of being voted for. He loved his honors and his gains, the business of his counting-house, of his guild, of the public councilchamber; he loved his enmities, too, and fingered the white bean which was to keep a hated name out of the borsa with more complacency than if it had been a golden florin. He loved to strengthen his family by a good alliance, and went home with a triumphant light in his eyes after concluding a satisfactory parentado, or marriage for his son or daughter, under his favorite loggia in the evening cool; he loved his game at chess under that same loggia, and his biting jest, and even his coarse joke, as not beneath the dignity of a man eligible for the highest magistracy. He had gained an insight into all sorts of affairs at home and abroad; he had been of the "Ten" who managed the war department, of the "Eight" who attended to home discipline, of the Priori or Signori who were the heads of the executive government; he had even risen to the supreme office of Gonfaloniere; he had made one in embassies to the Pope and to the Venetians; and he had been commissary to the hired army of the Republic, directing the inglorious bloodless battles in which no man died of brave breast wounds-virtuosi colpi-but only of casual falls and tramplings. And in this way he had learned to distrust men without bitterness; looking on life mainly as a game of skill, but not dead to traditions of heroism and clean-handed honor. For the human soul is hospitable, and will entertain conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions with much impartiality. It was his pride, besides, that he was duly tinctured with the learning of his age, and judged not altogether with the vulgar, but in harmony with the ancients: he, too, in his prime, had been eager for the most correct manuscripts, and had paid many florins for antique vases and for disinterred busts of the ancient immortals—some, perhaps, truncis naribus, wanting as to the nose, but not the less authentic; and in his old age he had made haste to look at the early sheets of that fine Homer which was among the early glories of the Florentine press. But he had not, for all that, neglected to hang up a waxen image or double of himself under the protection of the Madonna Annunziata, or to do penance for his sins in large gifts to the shrines of saints whose lives had not been modeled on the study of the classics; he had not even neglected making liberal bequests toward buildings for the Frati, against whom he had leveled many a jest.

For the Unseen Powers were mighty. Who

knew-who was sure-that there was any name given to them behind which there was no angry force to be appeased, no intercessory pity to be won? Were not gems medicinal, though they only pressed the finger? Were not all things charged with occult virtues? Lucretius might be right—he was an ancient and a great poet; Luigi Pulci, too, who was suspected of not believing any thing from the roof upward (dal tetto in su), had very much the air of being right over the supper-table, when the wine and riboboli were circulating fast, though he was only a poet in the vulgar tongue. There were even learned personages who maintained that Aristotle, wisest of men (unless, indeed, Plato were wiser?), was a thoroughly irreligious philosopher; and a liberal scholar must entertain all speculations. But the negatives might, after all, prove false; nay, seemed manifestly false, as the circling hours swept past him, and turned round with graver faces. For had not the world become Christian? Had he not been baptized in San Giovanni, where the dome is awful with the symbols of coming judgment, and where the altar bears a crucified Image disturbing to perfect complacency in one's self and the world? Our resuscitated Spirit was not a pagan philosopher, nor a philosophizing pagan poet, but a man of the fifteenth century, inheriting its strange web of belief and unbelief; of Epicurean levity and fetichistic dread; - of pedantic impossible ethics uttered by rote, and crude passions acted out with childish impulsiveness; of inclination toward a self-indulgent paganism, and inevitable subjection to that human conscience which, in the unrest of a new growth, was filling the air with strange prophecies and presenti-

He had smiled, perhaps, and shaken his head dubiously, as he heard simple folk talk of a Pope Angelico, who was to come by-and-by and bring in a new order of things, to purify the Church from simony, and the lives of the clergy from scandal—a state of affairs too different from what existed under Innocent the Eighth for a shrewd merchant and politician to regard the prospect as worthy of entering into his calculations. But he felt the evils of the time, nevertheless; for he was a man of public spirit, and public spirit can never be wholly immoral, since its essence is care for a common good. very Quaresima, or Lent, of 1492, in which he died, still in his erect old age, he had listened in San Lorenzo, not without a mixture of satisfaction, to the preaching of a Dominican friar, who denounced with a rare boldness the worldliness and vicious habits of the clergy, and insisted on the duty of Christian men not to live for their own ease when wrong was triumphing in high places, and not to spend their wealth in outward pomp even in the churches, when their fellow-citizens were suffering from want and sickness. The Frate carried his doctrine rather too far for elderly ears; yet it was a memorable thing to see a preacher move his audience to such a pitch that the women even took off their

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churches, and hear the same chants, see the same images as of old—the images of willing

anguish for a great end, of beneficent love and

ornaments, and delivered them up to be sold for the benefit of the needy.

"He was a noteworthy man, that Prior of San Marco," thinks our Spirit; "somewhat arrogant and extreme, perhaps, especially in his denunciations of speedy vengeance. Ah, Iddio non paga il Sabato*—the wages of men's sins often linger in their payment, and I myself saw much established wickedness of long-standing prosperity. But a Frate Predicatore who wanted to move the people -how could he be moderate? He might have been a little less defiant and curt, though, to Lorenzo de' Medici, whose family had been the very makers of San Marco: was that quarrel ever made up? And our Lorenzo himself, with the dim outward eyes and the subtle inward vision, did he get over that illness at Careggi? It was but a sad, uneasylooking face that he would carry out of the world which had given him so much, and there were strong suspicions that his handsome son would play the part of Rehoboam. How has it all turned out? Which party is likely to be banished and have its houses sacked just now? Is there any successor of the incomparable Lorenzo, to whom the great Turk is so gracious as to send over presents of rare animals, rare relics, rare manuscripts, or fugitive enemies, suited to the tastes of a Christian Magnifico who is at once lettered and devout-and also slightly vindictive? And what famous scholar is dictating the Latin letters of the Republic-what fiery philosopher is lecturing on Dante in the Duomo, and going home to write bitter invectives against the father and mother of the bad critic who may have found fault with his classical spelling? Are our wiser heads leaning toward alliance with the Pope and the Regno, † or are they rather inclining their ears to the orators of France and of Milan?

"There is knowledge of these things to be had in the streets below, on the beloved Marmi in front of the churches, and under the sheltering Loggie, where surely our citizens have still their gossips and debates, their bitter and merry jests as of old. For are not the well-remembered buildings all there? The changes have not been so great in those uncounted years. I will go down and hear—I will tread the familiar pavement, and hear once again the speech of Florentines."

Go not down, good Spirit! for the changes are great, and the speech of Florentines would sound as a riddle in your ears. Or, if you go, mingle with no politicians on the Marmi or elsewhere; ask no questions about trade in the Calimara; confuse yourself with no inquiries into scholarship, official or monastic. Only look at the sunlight and shadows on the grand walls that were built solidly, and have endured in their grandeur; look at the faces of the little children, making another sunlight amidst the shadows of age; look, if you will, into the

ascending glory; see upturned living faces and lips moving to the old prayers for help. These things have not changed. The sunlight and shadows bring their old beauty and waken the old heart-strains at morning, noon, and eventide; the little children are still the symbol of the eternal marriage between love and duty; and men still yearn for the reign of peace and right-eousness—still own that life to be the highest which is a conscious voluntary sacrifice. For the Pope Angelico is not come yet.



CHAPTER I.

THE SHIPWRECKED STRANGER.

THE Loggia de' Cerchi stood in the heart of old Florence, within a labyrinth of narrow streets behind the Badia, now rarely threaded by the stranger, unless in a dubious search for a certain severely-simple door-place, bearing this inscription:

QUI NACQUE IL DIVINO POETA.

To the ear of Dante the same streets rang with the shout and clash of fierce battle between rival families; but in the fifteenth century they were only noisy with the unhistorical quarrels and broad jests of wood-carders in the cloth-producing quarters of San Martino and Garbo.

Under this loggia, in the early morning of the 9th of April, 1492, two men had their eyes fixed on each other: one was stooping slightly, and looking downward with the scrutiny of curiosity; the other, lying on the pavement, was looking

^{* &}quot;God does not pay on a Saturday."

[†] The name given to Naples by way of distinction among the Italian States.

upward with the startled gaze of a suddenlyawakened dreamer.

The standing figure was the first to speak. He was a gray-haired, broad-shouldered man, of the type which, in Tuscan phrase, is moulded with the fist and polished with the pickaxe; but the self-important gravity which had written itself out in the deep lines about his brow and mouth seemed intended to correct any contemptnous inferences from the hasty workmanship which Nature had bestowed on his exterior. He had deposited a large well-filled bag, made of skins, on the pavement, and before him hung a peddler's basket, garnished partly with small woman's-ware, such as thread and pins, and partly with fragments of glass, which had probably been taken in exchange for those commodi-

"Young man," he said, pointing to a ring on the finger of the reclining figure, "when your chin has got a stiffer crop on it, you'll know better than to take your nap in street corners with a ring like that on your fore-finger. By the holy 'vangels! if it had been any body but me standing over you two minutes ago-but Bratti Ferravecchj is not the man to steal. cat couldn't eat her mouse if she didn't catch it alive, and Bratti couldn't relish gain if it had no taste of a bargain. Why, young man, one San Giovanni, three years ago, the Saint sent a dead body in my way-a blind beggar, with his cap well-lined with pieces-but, if you'll believe me, my stomach turned against the testoni I'd never bargained for, till it came into my head that San Giovanni owed me the pieces for what I spend yearly at the Festa: besides, I buried the body and paid for a mass—and so I saw it was a fair But how comes a young man like you, bargain. with the face of Messer San Michele, to be sleeping on a stone bed with the wind for a curtain?"

The deep guttural sounds of the speaker were scarcely intelligible to the newly-waked, bewildered listener, but he understood the action of pointing to his ring: he looked down at it, and, with a half-automatic obedience to the warning, took it off and thrust it within his doublet, rising at the same time and stretching himself.

"Your tunic and hose match ill with that jewel, young man," said Bratti, deliberately. "Any body might say the saints had sent you a dead body; but if you took the jewels, I hope you buried him—and you can afford a mass or

two for him into the bargain."

Something like a painful thrill appeared to dart through the frame of the listener, and arrest the careless stretching of his arms and For an instant he turned on Bratti with a sharp frown; but he immediately recovered an air of indifference, took off the red Levantine cap which hung like a great purse over his left ear, pushed back his long dark-brown curls, and glancing at his dress, said, smilingly,

"You speak truth, friend: my garments are as weather-stained as an old sail, and they are not old either, only, like an old sail, they have iron?"

had a sprinkling of the sea as well as the rain. The fact is, I'm a stranger in Florence, and when I came in foot-sore last night I preferred flinging myself in a corner of this hospitable porch to hunting any longer for a chance hostelry, which might turn out to be a nest of bloodsuckers of more sorts than one."

"A stranger in good sooth," said Bratti, "for the words come all melting out of your throat, so that a Christian and a Florentine can't tell a hook from a hanger. But you're not from Genoa? More likely from Venice, by

the cut of your clothes?"

"At this present moment," said the stranger, smiling, "it is of less importance where I come from than where I can go to for a mouthful of This city of yours turns a grim look breakfast. on me just here: can you show me the way to a more lively quarter, where I can get a meal

and a lodging?"

"That I can," said Bratti, "and it is your good fortune, young man, that I have happened to be walking in from Rovezzano this morning, and turned out of my way to Mercato Vecchio to say an Ave at the Badia. That, I say, is your good fortune. But it remains to be seen what is my profit in the matter. Nothing for nothing, young man. If I show you the way to Mercato Vecchio, you'll swear by your patron saint to let me have the bidding for that stained suit of yours when you set up a better—as doubtless you will."

"Agreed, by San Niccolò," said the other, laughing. "But now let us set off to this said Mercato, for I promise you I feel the want of a better lining to this doublet of mine which you

are coveting."

"Coveting? Nay," said Bratti, heaving his bag on his back and setting out. But he broke off in his reply, and burst out in loud, harsh tones, not unlike the creaking and grating of a cart-wheel: "Chi abbaratta-baratta-b'ratta — chi abbaratta cenci e vetri — b'ratta ferri vecchi?"*

"It's worth but little," he said presently, relapsing into his conversational tone. "Hose and altogether, your clothes are worth but little. Still, if you've a mind to set yourself up with a lute worth more than any new one, or with a sword that's been worn by a Ridolfi, or with a paternoster of the best mode, I could let you have a great bargain by making an allowance for the clothes; for, simple as I stand here (così fatto come tu mi vedi), I've got the bestfurnished shop in the Ferravecchj, and it's close by the Mercato. The Virgin be praised! it's not a pumpkin I carry on my shoulders. But I don't stay caged in my shop all day: I've got a wife and a raven to stay at home and mind the stock. Chi abbaratta—baratta — b'ratta?..... And now, young man, where do you come from, and what's your business in Florence?"

"I thought you liked nothing that came to you without a bargain," said the stranger.

* "Who wants to exchange rags, broken glass, or old

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"You've offered me nothing yet in exchange for that information."

"Well, well; a Florentine doesn't mind bidding a fair price for news: it stays the stomach a little, though he may win no hose by it. If I take you to the prettiest damsel in the Mercato to get a cup of milk—that will be a fair bargain."

"Nay; I can find her myself if she be really in the Mercato; for pretty heads are apt to look forth of doors and windows. No, no. Besides, a sharp trader like you ought to know that he who bids for nuts and news may chance to find

them hollow."

"Ah! young man," said Bratti, with a sideway glance of some admiration, "you were not born of a Sunday-the salt shops were open when you came into the world. You're not a Hebrew, eh?—come from Spain or Naples, eh? Let me tell you the Frati Minori are trying to make Florence as hot as Spain for those dogs of hell that want to get all the profits of usury to themselves and leave none for Christians: and when you walk the Calimara with a piece of yellow cloth in your eap, it will spoil your beauty more than a sword-cut across that smooth olive eheek of yours.—Abbaratta, baratta—chi abbaratta?-I tell you, young man, gray cloth is against yellow cloth; and there's as much gray eloth in Florence as would make a gown and eowl for the Duomo, and there's not so much yellow cloth as would make hose for Saint Christopher—blessed be his name, and send me a sight of him this day!—Abbaratta, baratta, b'ratta—chi abbaratta?"

"All that is very amusing information you are parting with for nothing," said the stranger, rather scornfully; "but it happens not to concern me. I am no Hebrew."

"See, now!" said Bratti, triumphantly; "I've made a good bargain with mere words. I've made you tell me something, young man, though you're as hard to hold as a lamprey. San Giovanni be praised! a blind Florentine is a match for two one-eyed men. But here we are in Mercato."

They had now emerged from the narrow streets into a broad piazza, known to the elder Florentine writers as the Mercato Vecchio, or the Old Market. This piazza, though it had been the scene of a provision market from time immemorial, and may perhaps, says fond imagination, be the very spot to which the Fesulean ancestors of the Florentines descended from their high fastness to traffic with the rustic population of the valley, had not been shunned as a place of residence by Florentine wealth. In the early decades of the fifteenth century, which was now near its end, the Medici and other powerful families of the popolani grassi, or commercial nobility, had their houses there, not, perhaps, finding their ears much offended by the loud roar of mingled dialects, or their eyes much shocked by the butchers' stalls, which the old poet Antonio Pucci accounts a chief glory, or dignità, of a market that, in his esteem, eclipsed the markets of all the earth besides. But the glory of mutton and veal (well attested to be the flesh of the right animals; for were not the skins, with the heads attached, duly displayed, according to the decree of the Signoria?) was just now wanting to the Mercato, the time of Lent not being yet over. The proud corporation, or "Art," of butchers was in abeyance, and it was the great harvest-time of the market-gardeners, the eheesemongers, the vendors of macaroni, corn, eggs, milk, and dried fruits: a change which was apt to make the women's voices predominant in the But in all seasons there was the exchorus. perimental ringing of pots and pans, the ehinking of the money-changers, the tempting offers of cheapness at the old-elothes' stalls, the challenges of the dicers, the vaunting of new linens and woolens, of excellent wooden-ware, kettles, and frying-pans; there was the ehoking of the narrow inlets with mules and carts, together with much uncomplimentary remonstrance in terms remarkably identical with the insults in use by the gentler sex of the present day, under the same imbrowning and heating circumstances. Ladies and gentlemen who came to market looked on at a larger amount of amateur fighting than could easily be seen in these later times, and beheld more revolting rags, beggary, and rascaldom than modern householders could well picture to themselves. As the day wore on, the hideous drama of the gaming-house might be seen here by any chance open-air spectator—the quivering eagerness, the blank despair, the sobs, the blasphemy, and the blows:

"E vedesi chi perde con gran soffi, E bestemmiar colla mano alla mascella, E ricever e dar dimolti ingoffi."

But still there was the relief of prettier sights: there were brood-rabbits, not less innocent and astonished than those of our own period; there were doves and singing-birds to be bought as presents for the children; there were even kittens for sale, and here and there a handsome gattuccio, or "Tom," with the highest character for mousing; and, better than all, there were young, softly rounded cheeks and bright eyes, freshened by the start from the far-off castello* at daybreak, not to speak of older faces with the unfading charm of honest good-will in themsuch as are never quite wanting in scenes of human industry. And high on a pillar in the centre of the place—a venerable pillar, fetched from the church of San Giovanni-stood Donatello's stone statue of Plenty, with a fountain near it, where, says old Pucci, the good wives of the market freshened their utensils, and their throats also-not because they were unable to buy wine, but because they wished to save the money for their husbands-"Ma pe' mariti voglion risparmiare."

But on this particular morning a sudden change seemed to have come over the face of the market. The *deschi*, or stalls, were indeed partly dressed with their various commodities, and already there were purchasers assembled, on

^{*} Walled village.

the alert to secure the finest, freshest vegetables and the most unexceptionable butter. But when Bratti and his companion entered the piazza it appeared that some common preoccupation had for the moment distracted the attention both of buyers and sellers from their proper business. Most of the traders had turned their backs on their goods, and had joined the knots of talkers who were concentrating themselves at different points in the piazza. A vendor of old clothes, in the act of hanging out a pair of long hose, had distractedly hung them round his neck in his eagerness to join the nearest group; an oratorical checsemonger, with a piece of cheese in one hand and a knife in the other, was incautiously making notes of his emphatic pauses on that excellent specimen of marzolino; and elderly market-women, with their egg-baskets in a dangerously oblique position, contributed a wailing fugue of invocation.

In this general distraction, the Florentine boys, who were never wanting in any strect scene, and were of an especially mischievous sort—as who should say, very sour crabs indeed -saw a great opportunity. Some made a rush at the nuts and dried figs, others preferred the farinaceous delicacies at the cooked provision stalls-delicacies to which certain four-footed dogs also, who had learned to take kindly to Lenten fare, applied a discriminating nostril, and then disappeared with much rapidity under the nearest shelter; while the mules, not without some kicking and plunging among impeding baskets, were stretching their muzzles toward the aromatic green-meat.

"Diavolo!" said Bratti, as he and his companion came, quite unnoticed, upon the noisy scene; "the Mercato is gone as mad as if the most Holy Father had excommunicated us again. I must know what this is. But never fear: it scems a thousand years to you till you see the pretty Tessa and get your cup of milk; but keep hold of me, and I'll hold to my bargain. Remember, I'm to have the first bid for your suit, specially for the hose, which, with all their stains, are the best panno di garbo-as good as ruined, though, with mud and weather stains."

"Olà, Monna Trecca," Bratti proceeded, turning toward an old woman on the outside of the nearest group, who for the moment has suspended her wail to listen, and shouting close in her ear, "Here are the mules upsetting all your bunches of parsley: is the world coming to an end, then?"

"Monna Trecca" (equivalent to "Dame Greengrocer") turned round at this unexpected trumpeting in her right ear with a half-fierce, half-bewildered look, first at the speaker, then at her disarranged commodities, and then at the speaker again.

"A bad Easter and a bad year to you, and may you die by the sword!" she burst out, rushing toward her stall, but directing this first volley of her wrath against Bratti, who, without heeding the malediction, quietly slipped into her place, within hearing of the narrative which had | time of his death. Boto is popular Tuscan for Voto.

been absorbing her attention, making a sign at the same time to the young stranger to keep near him.

"I tell you I saw it myself," said a fat man, with a bunch of newly-purchased leeks in his hand. "I was in Santa Maria Novella, and saw it myself. The woman started up and threw out her arms, and cried out and said she saw a big bull with fiery horns coming down on the church to crush it. I saw it myself."

"Saw what, Goro?" said a man of slim figure, whose eye twinkled rather roguishly. He wore a close jerkin, a skull-cap lodged carelessly over his left ear as if it had fallen there by chance, a delicate linen apron tucked up on one side, and a razor stuck in his belt. "Saw the bull. or only the woman?"

"Why, the woman, to be sure; but it's all one, mi pare: it doesn't alter the meaning—va!" answered the fat man, with some con-

tempt.

"Meaning? no, no; that's clear enough," said several voices at once, and then followed a confusion of tongues, in which "Lights shooting over San Lorenzo for three nights together"-"Thunder in the clear starlight"-"Lantern of the Duomo struck with the sword of St. Michael" "Lasso!"—"Lions tearing each other to pieces"-"Ah! and they might well"-"Botot caduto in Santissima Nunziata!"—"Died like the best of Christians" -"God will have pardoned him"-were oftenrepeated phrases, which shot across each other like storm-driven hailstones, each speaker feeling rather the necessity of utterance than of finding a listener. Perhaps the only silent members of the group were Bratti, who, as a newcomer, was busy in mentally piecing together the flying fragments of information; the man of the razor; and a thin-lipped, eager-looking personage in spectacles, wearing a pen-and-ink case at his belt.

"Ebbene, Nello," said Bratti, skirting the group till he was within hearing of the barber. "It appears the Magnifico is dcad-rest his soul!—and the price of wax will rise?"

"Even as you say," answered Nello; and then added, with an air of extra gravity, but with marvclous rapidity, "and his waxen image in the Nunziata fell at the same moment, they say; or at some other time, whenever it pleases the Frati Serviti, who know best. And several cows and women have had still-born calves this Quaresima; and for the bad eggs that have been broken since the carnival, nobody has counted them! Ah! a great man—a great politician—a greater poet than Dante. And yet the cupola didn't fall—only the lantern. Che miracolo!"

A sharp and lengthened "Pst!" was suddenly heard darting across the pelting storm of gutturals. It came from the pale man in spectacles, and had the effect he intended; for the

^{*} Arms of the Medici.

[†] A votive image of Lorenzo, in wax, hung up in the Church of the Annunziata, supposed to have fallen at the

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noise ceased, and all eyes in the group were fixed on him with a look of expectation.

"Tis well said you Florentines are blind," he began, in an incisive high voice. "It appears to me you need nothing but a diet of hay to make cattle of you. What! do you think the death of Lorenzo is the scourge God has prepared for Florence? Go! you are sparrows chattering praise over the dead hawk. What! a man who was trying to slip a noose over every neck in the Republic that he might tighten it at his pleasure! You like that; you like to have the election of your magistrates turned into closet-work, and no man to use the rights of a citizen unless he is a Medicean. That is what is meant by qualification now: netto di specchio* no longer means a man who pays his dues to the Republic: it means a man who'll wink at robbery of the people's money—at robbery of their daughters' dowrics; who'll play the chamberer and the philosopher by turns—listen to bawdy songs at the Carnival, and cry 'Bellisimo!'—and listen to sacred lauds, and cry again 'Bellisimo!' But this is what you love: you grumble and raise a riot over your quattrini bianchi" (white farthings), "but you take no notice when the public treasury has got a hole in the bottom for the gold to run into Lorenzo's drains. You like to pay for staffieri to walk before and behind one of your citizens, that he may be affable and condescending to you. 'See what a tall Pisan we keep,' say you, 'to march before him with the drawn sword flashing in our eyes; and yet Lorenzo smiles at us. What goodness!' And you think the death of a man who would soon have saddled and bridled you as the Sforza has saddled and bridled Milanyou think his death is the scourge God is warning you of by portents. I tell you there is another sort of scourge in the air."

"Nay, nay, Ser Cioni, keep astride your politics, and never mount your prophecy; politics is the better horse," said Nello. "But if you talk of portents, what portent can be greater than a pious notary? Balaam's ass was nothing

to it."

"Ay, but a notary out of work, with his inkbottle dry," said another by-stander, very much out at elbows. "Better don a cowl at once, Ser Cioni; every body will believe in your fasting."

The notary turned and left the group with a look of indignant contempt, disclosing, as he did so, the sallow but mild face of a short man who had been standing behind him, and whose bent shoulders told of some sedentary occupation.

"By San Giovanni, though," said the fat purchaser of leeks, with the air of a person rather shaken in his theories, "I'm not sure there isn't some truth in what Ser Cioni says. For I know I've good reason to find fault with the quattrini bianchi myself. Grumble, did he say? Suffocation! I should think we do grumble; and,

let any body say the word, I'll turn out in piazza with the readiest, sooner than have our money altered in our hands as if the magistracy were so many necromancers. And it's true Lorenzo might have hindered such work if he would—and for the bull with the flaming horns, why, as Ser Cioni says, there may be many meanings to it, for the matter of that; it may have more to do with the taxes than we think. For when God above sends a sign, it's not to be supposed he'd have only one meaning."

"Spoken like an oracle, Goro!" said the barber. "Why, when we poor mortals can pack two or three meanings into one sentence, it were mere blasphemy not to believe that your miraculous bull means every thing that any man in

Florence likes it to mean."

"Thou art pleased to scoff, Nello," said the sallow, round-shouldered man, no longer eclipsed by the notary, "but it is not the less true that every revelation, whether by visions, dreams, portents, or the written word, has many meanings, which it is given to the illuminated only to unfold."

"Assuredly," answered Nello. "Haven't I been to hear the Frate in San Lorenzo? But then, I've been to hear Fra Menico da Ponzo in the Duomo too; and according to him, your Fra Girolamo, with his visions and interpretations, is running after the wind of Mongibello, and those who follow him are like to have the fate of certain swine that ran headlong into the sea-or some hotter place. With San Domenico roaring è vero in one ear, and San Francisco screaming è falso in the other, what is a poor barber to do—unless he were illuminated? But it's plain our Goro here is beginning to be illuminated, for he already secs that the bull with the flaming horns means first himself, and, secondly, all the other aggrieved taxpayers of Florence, who are determined to gore the magistracy on the first opportunity."

"Goro is a fool!" said a bass voice, with a note that dropped like the sound of a great bell in the midst of much tinkling. "Let him carry home his leeks and shake his flanks over his wool-beating. He'll mend matters more that way than by showing his tun-shaped body in piazza, as if every body might measure his grievances by the size of his paunch. The gravezze (burdens, i. e. taxes) that harm him most are

his heavy carcass and his idleness."

The speaker had joined the group only in time to hear the conclusion of Nello's speech, but he was one of those figures for whom all the world instinctively makes way, as it would for a battering-ram. He was not much above the middle height, but the impression of enormous force which was conveyed by his capacious chest and brawny arms bared to the shoulder, was deepened by the keen sense and quiet resolution expressed in his glance and in every furrow of his cheek and brow. He had often been an unconscious model to Domenico Ghirlandajo, when that great painter was making the walls of the churches reflect the life of Florence, and trans-

^{*} The phrase used to express the absence of disqualification, i. e., the not being entered as a debtor in the public book (specchio).

lating pale aërial traditions into the deep color and strong lines of the faces he knew. The naturally dark tint of his skin was additionally bronzed by the same powdery deposit that gave a polished black surface to his leathern apron—a deposit which habit had probably made a necessary condition of perfect ease, for it was not washed off with punctilious regularity.

Goro turned his fat cheek and glassy eye on the frank speaker with a look of deprecation

rather than of resentment.

"Why, Niccolò," he said, in an injured tone, "I've heard you sing to another tune than that often enough, when you've been laying down the law at San Gallo on a festa. I've heard you say yourself that a man wasn't a mill-wheel, to be on the grind, grind, as long as he was driven, and then stick in his place without stirring when the water was low. And you're as fond of your vote as any man in Florence—ay, and I've heard

you say, if Lorenzo-"

"Yes, yes," said Niccolò. "Don't you be bringing up my speeches again after you've swallowed them, and handing them about as if they were none the worse. I vote and I speak when there's any use in it: if there's hot metal on the anvil I lose no time before I strike; but I don't spend good hours in tinkling on cold iron, or in standing on the pavement as thou dost, Goro, with snout upward, like a pig under an oak-tree. And as for Lorenzo-who's dead and gone before his time—he was a man who had an eye for curious iron-work; and if any body says he wanted to make himself a tyrant, I say, 'Sia; I'll not deny which way the wind blows when every man can see the weather-cock.' But that only means that Lorenzo was a crested hawk, and there are plenty of hawks without crests whose elaws and beaks are as good for tearing. Though if there was any chance of a real reform, so that Marzoeco* might shake his mane and roar again, instead of dipping his head to lick the feet of any body that will mount and ride him, I'd strike a good blow for it."

"And that reform is not far off, Niceolo," said the sallow, mild-faced man, seizing his opportunity like a missionary among the too lightminded heathens; "for a time of tribulation is eoming, and the scourge is at hand. And when the Church is purged of eardinals and prelates who traffic in her inheritance that their hands may be full to pay the price of blood, and to satisfy their own lusts, the State will be purged too—and Florence will be purged of men who love to see avarice and lechery under the red hat and the mitre because it gives them the screen of a

more hellish vice than their own."

"Ay, as Goro's broad body would be a screen for my narrow person in case of missiles," said Nello; "but if that excellent screen happened to fall, I were stifled under it, surely enough. That is no bad image of thine, Nanni—or, rather of the Frate's; for I fancy there is no room in the small cup of thy understanding for any other liquor than what he pours into it."

"And it were well for thee, Nello," replied Nanni, "if thou couldst empty thyself of thy scoffs and thy jests, and take in that liquor too. The warning is ringing in the ears of all men: and it's no new story; for the Abbot Joachim prophesied of the coming time three hundred years ago, and now Fra Girolamo has got the message afresh. He has seen it in a vision, even as the prophets of old: he has seen the sword hanging from the sky."

"Ay, and thou wilt see it thyself, Nanni, if thou wilt stare upward long enough," said Niceolo; "for that pitiable tailor's work of thine makes thy noddle so overhang thy legs that thy eyeballs can see naught above the stitching-board

but the roof of thy own skull."

The honest tailor bore the jest without bitterness, bent on convincing his hearers of his doctrine rather than of his dignity. But Niecolò gave him no opportunity for replying; for he turned away to the pursuit of his market business, probably considering further dialogue as a tinkling on cold iron.

"Ebbene," said the man with the hose round his neck, who had lately migrated from another knot of talkers, "they are safest who eross themselves and jest at nobody. Do you know that the Magnifico sent for the Frate at the last, and couldn't die without his bless-

ing?"

"Was it so, in truth?" said several voices.
"Yes, yes—God will have pardoned him." "He
died like the best of Christians." "Never took
his eyes from the holy erucifix." "And the
Frate will have given him his blessing?"

"Well, I know no more," said he of the hosen; only Guccio there met a staffiere going back to Careggi, and he told him the Frate had been sent for yesternight, after the Magnifico had eonfessed and had the holy sacraments."

"It's likely enough the Frate will tell the people something about it in his sermon this morning; is it not true, Nanni?" said Goro.

"What do you think?"

But Nanni had already turned his back on Goro, and the group was rapidly thinning; some being stirred by the impulse to go and hear "new things" from the Frate ("new things" were the nectar of Florentines); others by the sense that it was time to attend to their private business. In this general movement Bratti got close to the barber, and said:

"Nello, you've a ready tongue of your own, and are used to worming secrets out of people when you've once got them well lathered. I picked up a stranger this morning as I was eoming in from Rovezzano, and I can spell him out no better than I can the letters on that scarf I bought from the Freneh cavalier. It isn't my wits are at fault—I want no man to help me tell peas from paternosters—but when you eome to foreign fashions a fool may happen to know more than a wise man."

"Ay, thou hast the wisdom of Midas, who could turn rags and rusty nails into gold, even as thou dost," said Nello; "and he had also

^{*} The stone Lion, emblem of the Republic.

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something of the ass about him. But where is thy bird of strange plumage?"

Bratti was looking round with an air of dis-

appointment.

"Diavolo!" he said, with some vexation.
"The bird's flown. It's true he was hungry, and I forgot him. But we shall find him in the Mercato, within scent of bread and savors, I'll answer for him."

"Let us make the round of the Mercato,

then," said Nello.

"It isn't his feathers that puzzle me," continued Bratti, as they pushed their way together.
"There isn't much in the way of cut and cloth on this side the Holy Sepulchre that can puzzle a Florentine."

"Or frighten him either," said Nello, "after

he has seen an Inglese or a Tedesco."

"No, no," said Bratti, cordially; "one may never lose sight of the Cupola and yet know the world, I hope. Besides, this stranger's clothes are good Italian merchandise, and the hose he wears were dyed in Ognissanti before ever they were dyed with salt-water, as he says. But the riddle about him is—"

Here Bratti's explanation was interrupted by some jostling as they reached one of the entrances of the piazza, and before he could resume it they had caught sight of the enigmatical object they were in search of.

CHAPTER II.

A BREAKFAST FOR LOVE.

After Bratti had joined the knot of talkers, the young stranger, hopeless of learning what was the cause of the general agitation, and not much caring to know what was probably of little interest to any but born Florentines, soon became tired of waiting for Bratti's escort, and chose to stroll round the piazza, looking out for some vendor of eatables who might happen to have less than the average curiosity about public news. But as if at the suggestion of a sudden thought he thrust his hand into a purse or wallet that hung at his waist, and explored it again and again with a look of frustration.

"Not an obolus, by Jupiter!" he murmured, in a language which was not Tuscan or even Italian. "I thought I had one poor piece left. I must get my breakfast for love, then!"

He had not gone many steps farther before it seemed likely that he had found a quarter of the market where that medium of exchange might not be rejected.

In a corner, away from any group of talkers, two mules were standing, well adorned with red tassels and collars. One of them carried wooden milk-vessels, the other a pair of panniers filled with herbs and salads. Resting her elbow on the neck of the mule that carried the milk there leaned a young girl, apparently not more than sixteen, with a red hood surrounding her face, which was all the more baby-like in its pretti-

ness from the entire concealment of her hair. The poor child, perhaps, was weary after her labor in the morning twilight in preparation for her walk to market from some castello three or four miles off, for she scemed to have gone to sleep in that half-standing half-leaning posture. Nevertheless our stranger had no compunction in awaking her, but the means he chose were so gentle that it seemed to the damsel in her dream as if a little sprig of thyme had touched her lips while she was stooping to gather the herbs. The dream was broken, however, for she opened her blue baby-eyes, and started up with astonishment and confusion to see the young stranger standing close before her. She heard him speaking to her in a voice which scemed so strange and soft that, even if she had been more collected, she would have taken it for granted that he said something hopelessly unintelligible to her, and her first movement was to turn her head a little away, and lift up a corner of her green serge mantle as a screen. He repeated his words:

"Forgive me, pretty one, for waking you. I'm dying with hunger, and the scent of milk makes breakfast seem more desirable than ever."

He had chosen the words "muoio di fame," because he knew they would be familiar to her ears; and he had uttered them playfully, with the intonation of a mendicant. This time he was understood; the corner of the mantle was dropped, and in a few moments a large cup of fragrant milk was held out to him. He paid no further compliments before raising it to his lips, and while he was drinking the little maiden found courage to look up at the long brown curls of this singular-voiced stranger, who had asked for food in the tones of a beggar, but who—though his clothes were much damaged—was unlike any beggar she had ever seen.

While this process of survey was going on there was another current of feeling that carried her hand into a bag which hung by the side of the mule, and when the stranger set down his cup he saw a large piece of bread held out toward him, and caught a glance of the blue eyes that seemed intended as an encouragement to him to take this additional gift.

"But perhaps that is your own breakfast," he said. "No, I have had enough without payment. A thousand thanks, my gentle one!"

There was no rejoinder in words; but the piece of bread was pushed a little nearer to him, as if in impatience at his refusal; and as the long dark eyes of the stranger rested on the baby face it seemed to be gathering more and more courage to look up and meet them.

"Ah, then, if I must take the bread," he said, laying his hand on it, "I shall get bolder still, and beg for another kiss to make the bread sweeter."

His speech was getting wonderfully intelligible in spite of the strange voice, which had at first almost seemed a thing to make her cross herself. She blushed deeply, and lifted up a corner of her mantle to her mouth again. But just as the too-presumptuous stranger was lean-

ing forward, and had his fingers on the arm that held up the screening mantle, he was startled by

a harsh voice close upon his ear.

"Who are you-with a murrain to you? No honest buyer, I'll warrant, but a hanger-on of the dicers-or something worse. Go! dance off, and find fitter company, or I'll give you a tune to a little quicker time than you'll like."

The young stranger drew back and looked at the speaker with a glance provokingly free from alarm and deprecation, and his slight expression of saucy amusement broke into a broad beaming smile as he surveyed the figure of his threatener. She was a stout but brawny woman, with a man's jerkin slipped over her green serge gamurra or gown, and the peaked hood of some departed mantle fastened round her sunburned face, which, under all its coarseness and premature wrinkles, showed a half-sad half-ludicrous maternal resemblance to the tender baby face of the little maiden—the sort of resemblance which often seems a more croaking, shuddercreating prophecy than that of the death's-

There was something irresistibly propitiating in that bright young smile, but Monna Ghita was not a woman to betray any weakness, and she went on speaking, apparently with heightened exasperation:

"Yes, yes, you can grin as well as other monkeys in cap and jerkin. You're a minstrel or a mountebank, I'll be sworn! You look for all the world as silly as a tumbler when he's been upside-down and has got on his heels again. And what fool's tricks hast thou been after, Tessa?" she added, turning to her daughter, whose frightened face was more inviting to abuse. "Giving away the milk and victuals, it seems; ay, ay, thou'dst carry water in thy ears for any idle vagabond that didn't like to stoop for it, thou silly, staring rabbit! thy back and lift the herbs out of the panniers, else I'll make thee say a few Aves without counting!"

"Nay, Madonna," said the stranger, with a pleading smile, "don't be angry with your pretty Tessa for taking pity on a hungry traveler, who found himself unexpectedly without a quattrino. Your handsome face looks so well when it frowns, that I long to see it illuminated by a

smile."

"Va, va! I know what paste you are made of. You may tickle me with that straw a good long while before I shall laugh, I can tell you. Get along, with a bad Easter! else I'll make a beauty-spot or two on that face of yours that shall spoil your kissing on this side Advent."

As Monna Ghita lifted her formidable talons by way of complying with the first and last requisite of eloquence, Bratti, who had come up a minute or two before, had been saying to his companion, "What think you of this pappagallo, Nello? Doesn't his tongue smack of Venice?"

"Nay, Bratti," said the barber in an under tone, "thy wisdom has much of the ass in it, as the Piazza del Duomo.

I told thee just now; especially about the ears. This stranger is a Greek, else I'm not the barber who has had the sole and exclusive shaving of the excellent Demetrio, and drawn more than one sorry tooth from his learned jaw. And this youth might be taken to have come straight from Olympus—at least when he has had a touch of my razor."

"Orsù! Monna Ghita!" continued Nello, not sorry to see some sport; "what has happened to cause such a thunder-storm? Has this young

stranger been misbehaving himself?"

"By San Giovanni!" said the cautious Bratti, who had not shaken off his original suspicions concerning the shabbily-clad possessor of jewels, "he did right to run away from me, if he meant to get into mischief. I can swear that I found him under the Loggia de' Cerchi, with a ring on his finger such as I've seen worn by Bernardo Rucellai himself. Not another rusty nail's worth do I know about him."

"Che, che," said Nello, eying the stranger good-humoredly; "the fact is, this bello giovane has been a little too presumptuous in admiring the charms of Monna Ghita, and has attempted to kiss her while her daughter's back is turned; for I observe that the pretty Tessa is too busy to look this way at present. Was it not so, Messer?" Nello concluded, in a tone of courtesy.

"You have divined the offense like a sooth-"Only sayer," said the stranger, laughingly. that I had not had the good fortune to find Monna Ghita here at first. I begged a cup of milk from her daughter, and had accepted this gift of bread, for which I was making an humble offering of gratitude, before I had had the higher pleasure of being face to face with these ripecharms which I was perhaps too bold in admiring."

"Va, va! be off, every one of you, and stay in purgatory till I pay to get you out, will you?" said Monna Ghita, fiercely, elbowing Nello, and leading forward her mule so as to compel the stranger to jump aside. "Tessa, thou simpleton, bring forward thy mule a bit, the cart will

be upon us."

As Tessa turned to take the mule's bridle she cast one timid glance at the stranger, who was now moving with Nello out of the way of an approaching market-cart; and the glance was just long enough to seize the beckoning movement of his hand, which indicated that he had been watching for this opportunity of an adieu.

"Ebbene," said Bratti, raising his voice to speak across the cart; "I leave you with Nello, young man, for there's no pushing my bag and basket any farther, and I have business at home. But you'll remember our bargain, because if you found Tessa without me it was not my fault. Nello will show you my shop in the Ferravecchj,

and I'll not turn my back on you."

"A thousand thanks, friend!" said the stranger, laughing, and then turned away with Nello up the narrow street which led most directly to

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CHAPTER III.

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

"To tell you the truth," said the young stranger to Nello, as they got a little clearer of the entangled vehicles and mules, "I am not sorry to be handed over by that patron of mine to one who has a less barbarous accent, and a less enigmatical business. Is it a common thing among you Florentines for an itinerant trafficker in broken glass and rags to talk of a shop where he sells lutes and swords?"

"Common? No: our Bratti is not a common man. He has a theory, and lives up to it, which is more than I can say for any philosopher I have the honor of shaving," answered Nello, whose loquacity, like an overfull bottle, could never pour forth a small dose. means to extract the utmost possible amount of pleasure, that is to say, of hard bargaining, out of this life; winding it up with a bargain for the easiest possible passage through purgatory, by giving Holy Church his winnings when the game is over. He has had his will made to that effect on the cheapest terms a notary could be got for. But I have often said to him, 'Bratti, thy bargain is a limping one, and thou art on the lame side of it. Does it not make thee a little sad to look at the pictures of the Paradiso? Thou wilt never be able there to chaffer for rags and rusty nails; the saints and angels want neither pins nor tinder; and except with San Bartolommeo, who carries his skin about in an inconvenient manner, I see no chance of thy making a bargain for second-hand clothing.' But, Dio mi perdoni," added Nello, changing his tone, and crossing himself, "this light talk ill beseems a morning when Lorenzo lies dead, and the Muses are tearing their hair—always a painful thought to a barber; and you yourself, Messer, are probably under a cloud, for when a man of your speech and presence takes up with so sorry a night's lodging, it argues some misfortune to have befallen him."

"What Lorenzo is that whose death you speak of?" said the stranger, appearing to have dwelt with too anxious an interest on this point to have noticed the indirect inquiry that followed

"What Lorenzo? There is but one Lorenzo, I imagine, whose death could throw the Mercato into an uproar, set the lantern of the Duomo leaping in desperation, and cause the lions of the Republic to feel under an immediate necessity to devour one another. I mean Lorenzo de' Medici, the Pericles of our Athens—if I may make such a comparison in the ear of a Greek."

"Why not?" said the other, laughingly; "for I doubt whether Athens, even in the days of Pericles, could have produced so learned a bar-

ber."

"Yes, yes; I thought I could not be mistaken," said the rapid Nello, "else I have shaved the venerable Demetrio Calcondila to little purpose; but pardon me, I am lost in wonder: your Italian is better than his, though he has

been in Italy forty years—better even than that of the accomplished Marullo, who may be said to have married the Italic Muse in more senses than one, since he has married our learned and

lovely Alessandra Scala."

"It will lighten your wonder to know that I come of a Greek stock, planted in Italian soil much longer than the mulberry-trees which have taken so kindly to it. I was born at Bari, and my-I mean, I was brought up by an Italianand, in fact, may rather be called a Græculus than a Greek. The Greek dye was subdued in me, I suppose, till I had been dipped over again by long abode and much travel in the land of gods and heroes. And, to confess something of my private affairs to you, this same Greek dye, with a few ancient gems I have about me, is the only fortune shipwreck has left me. But-when the towers fall, you know, it is an ill-business for the small nest-builders—the death of your Pericles makes me wish I had rather turned my steps toward Rome, as I should have done, but for a fallacious Minerva in the shape of an Augustinian monk. 'At Rome,' he said, 'you will be lost in a crowd of hungry scholars; but at Florence, every corner is penetrated by the sunshine of Lorenzo's patronage: Florence is the best market in Italy for such commodities as yours."

"Gnaffè, and so it will remain, I hope," said "Lorenzo was not the only patron and Nello. judge of learning in our city—Heaven forbid! Because he was a large melon, every other Florentine is not a pumpkin, mi pare. Have we not Bernardo Rucellai, and Alamanno Rinuccini, and plenty more? And if you want to be informed on such matters, I, Nello, am your man. It seems to me a thousand years till I can be of service to a bel erudito like yourself. And, first of all, in the matter of your hair. That beard, my fine young man, must be parted with, were it as dear to you as the nymph of your dreams. Here at Florence we love not to see a man with his nose projecting over a cascade of hair. But, remember, you will have passed the Rubicon when once you have been shaven: if you repent, and let your beard grow after it has acquired stoutness by a struggle with the razor, your mouth will by-and-by show no longer what Messer Angelo calls the divine prerogative of lips, but will appear like a dark cavern fringed with horrent brambles."

"That is a terrible prophecy," said the Greek, "especially if your Florentine maidens are many of them as pretty as the little Tessa I stole a kiss

from this morning."

"Tessa? she is a rough-handed contadina: you will rise into the favor of dames who bring no scent of the mule-stables with them. But to that end you must not have the air of a sgherro, or a man of evil repute: you must look like a courtier, and a scholar of the more polished sort, such as our Pietro Crinito—like one who sins among well-bred, well-fed people, and not one who sucks down vile vino di sotto in a chance tavern."

"With all my heart," said the stranger. "Tf the Florentine Graces demand it, I am willing to give up this small matter of my beard, but-

"Yes, yes," interrupted Nello. "I know what you would say. It is the bella zazzerathe hyacinthine locks, you do not choose to part with; and there is no need. Just a little pruning-ecco!-and you will look not unlike the illustrious prince Pico di Mirandola in his prime. And here we are in good time in the Piazza San Giovanni, and at the door of my shop. But you are pausing, I see; naturally, you want to look at our wonder of the world, our Duomo, our Santa Maria del Fiore. Well, well, a mere glance; but I beseech you to leave a closer survey till you have been shaved: I am quivering with the inspiration of my art even to the very edge of my razor. Ah, then, come round this way."

The mercurial barber seized the arm of the stranger and led him to a point on the south side of the piazza, from which he could see at once the huge dark shell of the cupola, the slender soaring grace of Giotto's campanile, and the quaint octagon of San Giovanni in front of them, showing its unique gates of storied bronze, which still bore the somewhat dimmed glory of their original gilding. The inlaid marbles were then fresher in their pink, and white, and purple than they are now, when the winters of four centuries have turned their white to the rich ochre of well-mellowed meerschaum; the façade of the eathedral did not stand ignominious in faded stucco, but had upon it the magnificent promise of the half-completed marble inlaying and statued niches, which Giotto had devised a hundred and fifty years before; and as the campanile in all its harmonious variety of color and form led the eyes upward, high into the pure air of that April morning, it seemed a prophetic symbol, telling that human life must somehow and some time shape itself into accord with that pure aspiring beauty.

But this was not the impression it appeared to produce on the Greek. His eyes were irresistibly led upward, but as he stood with his arms folded and his curls falling backward there was a slight touch of scorn on his lip, and when his eyes fell again, they glanced round with a scanning coolness which was rather piquing to

Nello's Florentine spirit.

"Ebbene, bel giovane," he said, with some impatience, "you seem to make as little of our cathedral as if you were the angel Gabriel come straight from Paradise. I should like to know if you have ever seen finer work than our Giotto's tower, or any cupola that would not look a mere mushroom by the side of Brunelleschi's there, or any marbles finer or more cunningly wrought than these that our Signoria got from far-off quarries, at a price that would buy a dukedom. Come, now, have you ever seen any thing to equal them?"

"If you asked me that question with a cimeter at my throat, after the Turkish fashion, or even your own razor," said the young Greek,

smiling gayly, and moving on toward the gates of the Baptistery, "I dare say you might get a eonfession of the true faith from me. But with my throat free from peril, I venture to tell you that your buildings smack too much of Christian barbarism for my taste. I have a shuddering sense of what there is inside-hideous smoked Madonnas; fleshless saints in mosaic, staring down idiotic astonishment and rebuke from the apse; skin-clad skeletons hanging on crosses, or stuck all over with arrows, or stretched on gridirons; women and monks with heads aside in perpetual lamentation. I have seen enough of those wry-necked favorites of heaven at Constantinople. But what is this bronze door rough with imagery? These women's figures seem moulded in a different spirit from those starved and staring saints I spoke of: these heads in high relief speak of a human mind within them, instead of looking like an index to perpetual spasms and colic.

"Yes, yes," said Nello, with some triumph. "I think we shall show you by-and-by that our Florentine art is not in a state of barbarism. These gates, my fine young man, were moulded, half a century ago, by our Lorenzo Ghiberti, when he counted hardly so many years as you

"Ah, I remember," said the stranger, turning away like one whose appetite for contemplation was soon satisfied. "I have heard that your Tuscan sculptors and painters have been studying the antique a little. But with monks for models, and the legends of mad hermits and martyrs for subjects, the vision of Olympus itself would be of small usc to them."

"I understand," said Nello, with a significant shrug, as they walked along. "You are of the same mind as Michele Marullo, ay, and as Angelo Poliziano himself, in spite of his canonicate, when he relaxes himself a little in my shop, after his lectures, and talks of the gods awaking from their long sleep and making the woods and streams vital once more. But he rails against the Roman scholars who want to make us all talk Latin again: 'My ears,' he says, 'are sufficiently flayed by the barbarisms of the learned, and if the vulgar are to talk Latin I would as soon have been in Florence the day they took to beating all the kettles in the eity because the bells were not enough to stay the wrath of the saints.' Ah, Messer Greco, if you want to know the flavor of our scholarship, you must frequent my shop: it is the focus of Florentine intellect, and in that sense the navel of the earth—as my great predecessor, Burchiello, said of his shop, on the more frivolous pretension that his street of the Calimara was the centre of our city. And here we are at the sign of 'Apollo and the Razor.' Apollo, you see, is bestowing the razor on the Triptolemus of our craft, the first reaper of beards, the sublime Anonimo, whose mysterious identity is indicated by a shadowy hand."

"I see thou hast had custom already, Sandro," continued Nello, addressing a solemn-looking, dark-eyed youth who made way for them on the threshold. "And now make all clear for this signor to sit down. And prepare the finest scented lather, for he has a learned and a handsome chin."

"You have a pleasant little adytum there, I see," said the stranger, looking through a latticed screen which divided the shop from a room of about equal size, opening into a still smaller walled inclosure, where a few bays and laurels surrounded a stone Hermes. "I suppose your conclave of *eruditi* meets there?"

"There, and not less in my shop," said Nello, leading the way into the inner room, in which were some benches, a table, with one book in manuscript and one printed in capitals lying open upon it, a lute, a few oil-sketches, and a model or two of hands and ancient masks. "For my shop is a no less fitting haunt of the Muses, as you will acknowledge when you feel the sudden illumination of understanding and the serene vigor of inspiration that will come to you with a clear chin. Ah! you can make that lute discourse, I perceive. I too have some skill that way, though the serenata is useless when daylight discloses a visage like mine, looking no fresher than an apple that has stood the winter. But look at that sketch—it is a fancy of Piero di Cosimo's, a strange freakish painter, who says he saw it by long looking at a mouldy wall."

The sketch Nello pointed to represented three masks—one a drunken, laughing Satyr, another a sorrowing Magdalen, and the third, which lay between them, the rigid, cold face of a Stoic: the masks rested obliquely on the lap of a little child, whose cherub features rose above them with something of the supernal promise in the gaze which painters had by that time learned to give to the Divine Infant.

"A symbolical picture, I see," said the young Greek, touching the lute while he spoke, so as to bring out a slight musical murmur. "The child, perhaps, is the Golden Age, wanting neither worship nor philosophy. And the Golden Age can always come back as long as men are born in the form of babies, and don't come into the world in cassock or furred mantle. Or the child may mean the wise philosophy of Epicurus, removed alike from the gross, the sad, and the severe."

"Ah! every body has his own interpretation for that picture," said Nello; "and if you ask Piero himself what he meant by it, he says his pictures are an appendix which Messer Domeneddio has been pleased to make to the universe, and if any man is in doubt what they mean, he had better inquire of Holy Church. He has been asked to paint a picture after the sketch, but he puts his fingers to his ears and shakes his head at that: the fancy is passed, he says—a strange animal, our Piero. But now all is ready for your initiation into the mysteries of the razor.

"Mysteries they may well be called," continued the barber, with rising spirits at the prospect of a long monologue, as he imprisoned the young Greek in the shroud-like shaving-cloth;

"mysteries of Minerva and the Graces. I get the flower of men's thoughts, because I seize them in the first moment after shaving. you wince a little at the lather: it tickles the outlying limits of the nose, I admit.) And that is what makes the peculiar fitness of a barber's shop to become a resort of wit and learning. For look now at a druggist's shop: there is a dull conclave at the sign of Il Moro, that pretends to rival mine; but what sort of inspiration, I beseech you, can be got from the scent of nauseous vegetable decoctions?-to say nothing of the fact that you no sooner pass the threshold than you see a doctor of physic, like a gigantic spider, disguised in fur and scarlet, waiting for his prey; or even see him blocking up the door-way seated on a bony hack, inspecting saliva. (Your chin a little elevated, if it please you: contemplate that angel who is blowing the trumpet at you from the ceiling. I had it painted expressly for the regulation of my clients' chins.) Besides, your druggist, who herborizes and decocts, is a man of prejudices: he has poisoned people according to a system, and is obliged to stand up for his system to justify the consequences. Now a barber can be dispassionate; the only thing he necessarily stands by is the razor, always providing he is not an author. That was the flaw in my great predecessor Burchiello: he was a poet, and had consequently a prejudice about his own poetry. I have escaped that; I saw very early that authorship is a narrowing business, in conflict with the liberal art of the razor, which demands an impartial affection for all men's chins. Ecco, Messer! the outline of your chin and lip are as clear as a maiden's; and now fix your mind on a knotty question-ask yourself whether you are bound to spell Virgil with an i or an e, and say if you do not feel an unwonted clearness on the point. Only, if you decide for the i, keep it to yourself till your fortune is made, for the e hath the stronger following in Florence. Ah! I think I see a gleam of still quicker wit in your eye. I have it on the authority of our young Niccolò Machiavelli, himself keen enough to discern il pelo nell' uovo, as we say, and a great lover of delicate shaving, though his beard is hardly of two years' date, that no sooner do the hairs begin to push themselves than he perceives a certain grossness of apprehension creeping over him."

"Suppose you let me look at myself," said the stranger, laughing. "The happy effect on my intellect is perhaps obstructed by a little doubt as to the effect on my appearance."

"Behold yourself in this mirror, then; it is a Venetian mirror from Murano, the true nosce teipsum, as I have named it, compared with which the finest mirror of steel or silver is mere darkness. See now how by diligent shaving the nether region of your face may preserve its human outline, instead of presenting no distinction from the physiognomy of a bearded owl or a Barbary ape. I have seen men whose beards have so invaded their cheeks that one might have pitied them as the victims of a sad, brutalizing

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"SUPPOSE YOU LET ME LOOK AT MYSELF."

chastisement befitting our Dante's *Inferno*, if they had not seemed to strut with a strange triumph in their extravagant hairiness."

"It seems to me," said the Greek, still looking into the mirror, "that you have taken away some of my capital with your razor—I mean a year or two of age, which might have won me more ready credit for my learning. Under the inspection of a patron whose vision has grown somewhat dim, I shall have a perilous resem-

blance to a maiden of eighteen in the disguise of hose and jerkin."

"Not at all," said Nello, proceeding to clip the too extravagant curls; "your proportions are not those of a maiden. And for your age, I myself remember seeing Angelo Poliziano begin his lectures on the Latin language when he had a younger beard than yours; and between ourselves, his juvenile ugliness was not less signal than his precocious scholarship. Whereas ROMOLA. 395

between ourselves, let me hint to you that your being a Greek, though it be only an Apulian Greek, is not in your favor. Certain of our scholars hold that your Greek learning is but a wayside degenerate plant until it has been transplanted into Italian brains, and that now there is such a plentiful crop of the superior quality, your native teachers are mere propagators of degeneracy. Ecco! your curls are now of the right proportion to neck and shoulders; rise, Messer, and I will free you from the incumbrance of this cloth. Gnaffè! I almost advise you to retain the faded jerkin and hose a little longer; they give you the air of a fallen prince."

"But the question is," said the young Greek, leaning against the high back of a chair, and returning Nello's contemplative admiration with a look of inquiring anxiety-"the question is, in what quarter I am to carry my princely air, so as to rise from the said fallen condition. If your Florentine patrons of learning share this scholarly hostility to the Greeks, I see not how your city can be a hospitable refuge for me, as you

seemed to say just now.'

"Pian piano-not so fast," said Nello, sticking his thumbs into his belt, and nodding to Sandro to restore order. "I will not conceal from you that there is a prejudice against Greeks among us; and though, as a barber, unsnared by authorship, I share no prejudices, I must admit that the Greeks are not always such pretty youngsters as yourself: their erudition is often of an uncombed, unmannerly aspect, and incrusted with a barbarous utterance of Italian, that makes their converse hardly more euphonious than that of a Tedesco in a state of vinous loquacity. And then, again, excuse me-we Florentines have liberal ideas about speech, and consider that an instrument which can flatter and promise so cleverly as the tongue must have been partly made for those purposes; and that truth is a riddle for eyes and wit to discover which it were a mere spoiling of sport for the tongue to betray. Still we have our limits bevond which we call dissimulation treachery. But it is said of the Greeks that their honesty begins at what is the hanging-point with us, and that since the old Furies went to sleep your Christian Greek is of so easy a conscience that he would make a stepping-stone of his father's corpse."

The flush on the stranger's face indicated what seemed so natural a movement of resentment that the good-natured Nello hastened to atone for his want of reticence.

"Be not offended, bel giovane; I am but repeating what I hear in my shop; as you may perceive, my eloquence is simply the cream which I skim off my clients' talk. Heaven forbid I should fetter my impartiality by entertaining an opinion. And for that same scholarly objection to the Greeks," added Nello, in a more mocking tone, and with a significant grimace, "the fact is, you are heretics, Messer; jealousy has nothing to do with it: if you would just

you-no, no, your age is not against you; but change your opinion about Leaven, and alter your Doxology a little, our Italian scholars would think it a thousand years till they could give up their chairs to you. Yes, yes; it is chiefly religious scruple, and partly also the authority of a great classic-Juvenal, is it not? He, I gather, had his bile as much stirred by the swarm of Greeks as our Messer Angelo, who is fond of quoting some passage about their incorrigible impudence-audacia perdita."

"Pooh! the passage is a compliment," said the Greek, who had recovered himself, and seemed wise enough to take the matter gayly-

"Ingenium volex, audacia perdita, sermo Promptus, et Isæo torrentior.

A rapid intellect and ready eloquence may carry off a little impudence."

"Assuredly," said Nello. "And since, as I see, you know Latin literature as well as Greek, you will not fall into the mistake of Giovanni Argiropulo, who ran full tilt against Cicero, and pronounced him all but a pumpkin-head. For, let me give you one bit of advice, young mantrust a barber who has shaved the best chins, and kept his eyes and ears open for twenty years -oil your tongue well when you talk of the ancient Latin writers, and give it an extra dip when you talk of the modern. A wise Greek may win favor among us; witness our excellent Demetrio, who is loved by many, and not hated immoderately even by the most renowned scholars."

"I discern the wisdom of your advice so clearly," said the Greek, with the bright smile which was continually lighting up the fine form and color of his young face, "that I will ask you for a little more. Who now, for example, would be the most likely patron for me? Is there a son of Lorenzo who inherits his tastes? Or is there any other wealthy Florentine specially addicted to purchasing antique gems? I have a fine Cleopatra cut in sardonyx, and one or two other intagli and camei, both curious and beautiful, worthy of being added to the cabinet of a prince. Happily, I had taken the precaution of fastening them within the lining of my doublet before I set out on my voyage. Moreover, I should like to raise a small sum for my present need on this ring of mine" (here he took out the ring and replaced it on his finger), "if you could recommend me to any honest trafficker."

"Let us see, let us see," said Nello, perusing the floor, and walking up and down the length of his shop. "This is no time to apply to Piero de' Medici, though he has the will to make such purchases if he could always spare the money; but I think it is another sort of Cleopatra that he covets most......Yes, yes, I have it. What you want is a man of wealth, and influence, and scholarly tastes-not one of your learned porcupines, bristling all over with critical tests, but one whose Greek and Latin are of a comfortable laxity. And that man is Bartolommeo Scala, the secretary of our republic. He came to Florence as a poor adventurer himself-a miller's son -a 'branny monster,' as he has been nick-

named by our honey-lipped Poliziano, who agrees with him as well as my teeth agree with lemonjuice. And, by-the-by, that may be a reason why the secretary may be the more ready to do a good turn to a strange scholar. For, between you and me, bel giovane-trust a barber who has shaved the best scholars-friendliness is much such a steed as Ser Benghi's: it will hardly show much alacrity unless it has got the thistle of However, the secretary hatred under its tail. is a man who'll keep his word to you, even to the halving of a fennel seed; and he is not unlikely to buy some of your gems."

"But how am I to get at this great man?"

said the Greek, rather impatiently.

"I was coming to that," said Nello. now every body of any public importance will be full of Lorenzo's death, and a stranger may find it difficult to get any notice. But in the mean time I could take you to a man who, if he has a mind, can help you to a chance of a favorable interview with Scala sooner than any body else in Florence-worth seeing, for his own sake too, to say nothing of his collections, or of his daughter Romola, who is as fair as the Florentine lily before it got quarrelsome, and turned red."

"But if this father of the beautiful Romola makes collections, why should he not like to buy some of my gems himself?"

Nello shrugged his shoulders. "For two good reasons—want of sight to look at the gems, and want of money to pay for them. Our old Bardo de' Bardi is so blind that he can see no more of his daughter than, as he says, a glimmering of something bright when she comes very near him: doubtless her golden hair, which, as Messer Luigi Pulci says of his Meridiana's, 'raggia come stella per sereno.' Ah, here come some clients of mine, and I shouldn't wonder if one of them could serve your turn about that ring."

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"GOOD-DAY, Messer Domenico," said Nello to the foremost of the two visitors who entered the shop, while he nodded silently to the other. "You come as opportunely as cheese on macaroni. Ah! you are in haste-wish to be shaved without delay-ecco! And this is a morning when every one has grave matter on his mind. Florence orphaned - the very pivot of Italy snatched away-heaven itself at a loss what to Lasso! Well, well; the sun is nevertheless traveling on toward dinner-time again; and, as I was saying, you come like cacio alla lasagna. For this young stranger was wishing for an honorable trader who would advance him a sum on a certain ring of value, and if I had counted every goldsmith and money-lender in Florence on my fingers I couldn't have found a better name than Menico Cennini. Besides, he hath other ware in which you deal—Greek learn-

ing and young eyes-a double implement which you printers are always in need of."

The grave, elderly man, son of that Bernardo Cennini who, twenty years before, having heard of the new process of printing carried on by Germans, had cast his own types in Florence, remained necessarily in lathered silence and passivity while Nello showered this talk in his ears, but turned a slow, sideway gaze on the stranger.

"This fine young man has unlimited Greek. Latin, or Italian at your service," continued Nello, fond of interpreting by very ample paraphrase. "He is as great a wonder of juvenile learning as Francesco Filelfo or our own incomparable Poliziano. A second Guarino, too, for he has had the misfortune to be shipwrecked. and has doubtless lost a store of precious manuscripts that might have contributed some correctness even to your correct editions, Domenico. Fortunately he has rescued a few gems of rare value. His name is - you said your name, Messer, was-?"

"Tito Melema," said the stranger, slipping the ring from his finger and presenting it to Cennini, whom Nello, not less rapid with his razor than with his tongue, had now released from the shaving-cloth.

Meanwhile the man who had entered the shop in company with the goldsmith—a tall figure, about fifty, with a short-trimmed beard, wearing an old felt hat and a thread-bare mantlehad kept his eye fixed on the Greek, and now said, abruptly,

"Young man, I am painting a picture of Sinon deceiving old Priam, and I should be glad of your face for my Sinon, if you'd give me a

sitting.'

Tito Melema started and looked round with a pale astonishment in his face, as if at a sudden accusation; but Nello left him no time to feel at a loss for an answer: "Piero," said the barber, "thou art the most extraordinary compound of humors and fancies ever packed into a human skin. What trick wilt thou play with the fine visage of this young scholar to make it suit thy traitor? Ask him rather to turn his eyes upward, and thou mayst make a Saint Sebastian of him that will draw troops of devout women; or, if thou art in a classical vein, put myrtle about his curls and make him a young Bacchus, or say rather a Phœbus Apollo, for his face is as warm and bright as a summer morning; it made me his friend in the space of a credo.

"Ay, Nello," said the painter, speaking with abrupt pauses; "and if thy tongue can leave off its everlasting chirping long enough for thy understanding to consider the matter, thou mayst see that thou hast just shown the reason why the face of Messer will suit my traitor. A perfect traitor should have a face which vice can write no marks on-lips that will lie with a dimpled smile-eyes of such agate-like brightness and depth that no infamy can dull them-cheeks that will rise from a murder and not look haggard. I say not this young man is a traitor: I

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mean, he has a face that would make him the more perfect traitor if he had the heart of one, which is saying neither more nor less than that he has a beautiful face, informed with rich young blood, that will be nourished enough by food, and keep its color without much help of virtue. He may have the heart of a hero along with it; I aver nothing to the contrary. Ask Domenico there if the lapidaries can always tell a gem by the sight alone. And now I'm going to put the tow in my ears, for thy chatter and the bells together are more than I can endure; so say no more to me, but trim my beard."

With these last words Piero (called "di Cosimo," from his master, Cosimo Rosselli) drew out two bits of tow, stuffed them in his ears, and placed himself in the chair before Nello, who shrugged his shoulders and cast a grimacing look of intelligence at the Greek, as much as to say, "A whimsical fellow, you perceive! Every body holds his speeches as mere jokes!"

Tito, who had stood transfixed, with his long dark eyes resting on the unknown man who had addressed him so equivocally, seemed recalled to his self-command by Piero's change of position, and, apparently satisfied with his explanation, was again giving his attention to Cennini, who presently said.

who presently said,
"This is a curious and a valuable ring, young
man. This intaglio of the fish with the crested
serpent above it, in the black stratum of the onyx,
or rather nicolo, is well shown by the surrounding blue of the upper stratum. The ring has
doubtless a history?" added Cennini, looking

up keenly at the young stranger.

"Yes, indeed," said Tito, meeting the scrutiny very frankly. "The ring was found in Sicily, and I have understood from those who busy themselves with gems and sigils, that both the stone and intaglio are of virtue to make the wearer fortunate, especially at sea, and also to restore to him whatever he may have lost. But," he continued, smiling, "though I have worn it constantly since I quitted Greece, it has not made me altogether fortunate at sea, you perceive, unless I am to count escape from drowning as a sufficient proof of its virtue. It remains to be seen whether my lost chests will come to light; but to lose no chance of such a result, Messer, I will pray you only to hold the ring for a short space as pledge for a small sum far beneath its value, and I will redeem it as soon as I can dispose of certain other gems which are secured within my doublet, or indeed as soon as I can earn something by any scholarly employment, if I may be so fortunate as to meet with such."

"That may be seen, young man, if you will come with me," said Cennini. "My brother Pietro, who is a better judge of scholarship than I, will perhaps be able to supply you with a task that may test your capabilities. Meanwhile, take back your ring until I can hand you the necessary florins, and, if it please you, come along with

"Yes, yes," said Nello, "go with Messer Domenico; you can not go in better company;

he was born under the constellation that gives a man skill, riches, and integrity, whatever that constellation may be, which is of the less consequence because babies can't choose their own horoscopes, and indeed, if they could, there might be an inconvenient rush of babies at particular epochs. Besides, our Phœnix, the incomparable Pico, has shown that your horoscopes are all a nonsensical dream—which is the less troublesome opinion. Addio, bel giovane! don't forget to come back to me."

"No fear of that," said Tito, beckoning a farewell, as he turned round his bright face at the door. "You are to do me a great service—that is the most positive security for your see-

ing me again."

"Say what thou wilt, Piero," said Nello, as the young stranger disappeared, "I shall never look at such an outside as that without taking it as a sign of a lovable nature. Suffocation! why, thou wilt say next that Lionardo, whom thou art always raving about, ought to have made his Judas as beautiful as St. John! But thou art as deaf as the top of Mount Morello with that accursed tow in thy ears. Well, well: I'll get a little more of this young man's history from him before I take him to Bardo Bardi."

CHAPTER V.

THE BLIND SCHOLAR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

THE Via de' Bardi, a street noted in the history of Florence, lies in Oltrarno, or that portion of the city which clothes the southern bank of the river. It extends from the Ponte Vecchio to the Piazza de' Mozzi at the head of the Ponte alle Grazie; its right-hand line of houses and walls being backed by the rather steep ascent which in the fifteenth century was known as the Hill of Bogoli, the famous stone-quarry whence the city got its pavement-of dangerously unstable consistence when penetrated by rains; its left-hand buildings flanking the river and making on their northern side a length of quaint, irregularly-pierced façade, of which the waters give a softened loving reflection as the sun begins to decline toward the western heights. But quaint as these buildings are, some of them seem to the historical memory a too modern substitute for the famous houses of the Bardi family, destroyed by popular rage in the middle of the fourteenth century.

They were a proud and energetic stock, these Bardi: conspicuous among those who clutched the sword in the earliest world-famous quarrels of Florentines with Florentines, when the narrow streets were darkened with the high towers of the nobles, and when the old tutelar god Mars, as he saw the gutters reddened with neighbors' blood, might well have smiled at the centuries of lip-service paid to his rival, the Baptist. But the Bardi hands were of the sort that not only clutch the sword-hilt with vigor, but love the more delicate pleasure of fingering minted metal; they

were matched, too, with true Florentine eyes, | capable of discerning that power was to be won by other means than by rending and riving, and by the middle of the fourteenth century we find them risen from their original condition of popolani to be possessors, by purchase, of lands and strongholds, and the feudal dignity of Counts of Vernio, disturbing to the jealousy of their republican fellow-citizens. These lordly purchases are explained by our seeing the Bardi disastrously signalized only a few years later as standing in the very front of European commerce—the Christian Rothschilds of that time-undertaking to furnish specie for the wars of our Edward the Third, and having revenues "in kind" made over to them; especially in wool, most precious of freights for Florentine galleys. Their august debtor left them with an august deficit, and alarmed Sicilian creditors made a too sudden demand for the payment of deposits, causing a ruinous shock to the credit of the Bardi and that of associated houses, which was felt as a commercial calamity along all the coasts of the Mediterranean. But, like more modern bankrupts, they did not, for all that, hide their heads in humiliation; on the contrary, they seem to have held them higher than ever, and to have been among the most arrogant of those grandi, who under certain noteworthy circumstances, open to all who will read the honest pages of Giovanni Villani, drew upon themselves the exasperation of the armed people in 1343. The Bardi, who had made themselves fast in their street between the two bridges, kept these narrow inlets, like panthers at bay, against the oncoming gonfalons of the people, and were only made to give way by an assault from the hill behind them. Their houses by the river, to the number of twenty-two (palagi e case grandi), were sacked and burned, and many among the chief of those who bore the Bardi name were driven from the city. But an old Florentine family was many-rooted, and we find the Bardi maintaining importance and rising again and again to the surface of Florentine affairs in a more or less creditable manner, implying an untold family history that would have included even more vicissitudes and contrasts of dignity and disgrace, of wealth and poverty, than are usually seen on the back-ground of wide kinship.* But the Bardi never resumed their proprietorship in the old street on the banks of the river, which in 1492 had long been associated with other names of mark, and especially with the Neri, who possessed a considerable range of houses on the side toward the hill. In one of

these Neri houses there lived, however, a descendant of the Bardi, and of that very branch which a century and a half before had become Counts of Vernio: a descendant who had inherited the old family pride and energy, the old love of pre-eminence, the old desire to leave a lasting track of his footsteps on the fast-whirling earth. But the family passions lived on in him under altered conditions: this descendant of the Bardi was not a man swift in street warfare, or one who loved to play the signor, fortifying strongholds and asserting the right to hang vassals, or a merchant and usurer of keen daring, who delighted in the generalship of wide commercial schemes: he was a man with a deepveined hand cramped by much copying of manuscripts, who ate sparing dinners, and wore threadbare clothes, at first from choice and at last from necessity; who sat among his books and his marble fragments of the past, and saw them only by the light of those far-off younger days which still shone in his memory: he was a moneyless, blind old scholar-the Bardo de' Bardi to whom Nello, the barber, had promised to introduce the young Greek, Tito Melema.

The house in which Bardo lived was situated on the side of the street nearest the hill, and was one of those large sombre masses of stone building pierced by comparatively small windows, and surmounted by what may be called a roofed terrace or loggia, of which there are many examples still to be seen in the venerable city. Grim doors, with conspicuous scrolled hinges, having high up on each side of them a small window defended by iron bars, opened on a groined entrance court, empty of every thing but a massive lamp-iron suspended from the centre of the groin. A smaller grim door on the left hand admitted to the stone staircase and the rooms on the ground-floor. These last were used as a warehouse by the proprietor; so was the first floor; and both were fitted with precious stores, destined to be carried, some perhaps to the banks of the Scheldt, some to the shores of Africa, some to the isles of the Ægean, or to the banks of the Euxine. Maso, the old serving-man, who returned from the Mercato with the stock of cheap vegetables, had to make his slow way up to the second story before he reached the door of his master, Bardo, through which we are about to enter only a few mornings after Nello's conversation with the Greek.

We follow Maso across the ante-chamber to the door on the left hand, through which we pass as he opens it. He merely looks in and nods, while a clear young voice says, "Ah, you are come back, Maso. It is well. We have wanted nothing."

The voice came from the farther end of a long, spacious room, surrounded with shelves, on which books and antiquities were arranged in scrupulous order. Here and there, on separate stands in front of the shelves, were placed a beautiful feminine torso; a headless statue, with an uplifted muscular arm wielding a bladeless sword; rounded, dimpled, infantine limbs sev-

^{*} A sign that such contrasts were peculiarly frequent in Florence is the fact that Saint Antonine, Prior of San Marco, and afterward archbishop, in the first half of this fifteenth century, founded the society of Buonuomini di San Martino (Good Men of St. Martin) with the main object of succoring the poveri vergognosi—in other words, paupers of good family. In the records of the famous Panciatichi family we find a certain Girolamo in this century who was reduced to such a state of poverty that he was obliged to seek charity for the mere means of sustaining life, though other members of his family were enormously wealthy.

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cold marble; some well-preserved Roman busts; and two or three vases of Magna Grecia. A large table in the centre was covered with antique bronze lamps and small vessels in dark pottery. The color of these objects was chiefly pale or sombre; the vellum bindings, with their deep-ridged backs, gave little relief to the marble livid with long burial; the once splendid patch of carpet at the farther end of the room leggio, or reading-desk, such as is often seen in

ered from the trunk, inviting the lips to kiss the | had long been worn to dimness; the dark bronzes wanted sunlight upon them to bring out their tinge of green, and the sun was not yet high enough to send gleams of brightness through the narrow windows that looked on the Via de' Bardi.

The only spot of bright color in the room was made by the hair of a tall maiden of seventeen or eighteen, who was standing before a carved

the choirs of Italian churches. The hair was of a reddish gold color, enriched by an unbroken small ripple, such as may be seen in the sunset clouds on grandest autumnal evenings. It was confined by a black fillet above her small ears, from which it rippled forward again, and made a natural veil for her neck above her square-cut gown of black rascia, or serge. Her eyes were bent on a large volume placed before her: one long, white hand rested on the reading-desk, and the other clasped the back of her father's chair.

The blind father sat with head uplifted and turned a little aside toward his daughter, as if he were looking at her. His delicate paleness, set off by the black velvet cap which surmounted his drooping white hair, made all the more perceptible the likeness between his aged features and those of the young maiden, whose cheeks were also without any tinge of the rose. There was the same refinement of brow and nostril in both, counterbalanced by a full though firm mouth and powerful chin, which gave an expression of proud tenacity and latent impetuousness: an expression carried out in the backward poise of the girl's head, and the grand line of her neck and shoulders. It was a type of face of which one could not venture to say whether it would inspire love or only that unwilling admiration which is mixed with dread; the question must be decided by the eyes, which often seem charged with a more direct message from the soul. But the eyes of the father had long been silent, and the eyes of the daughter were bent on the Latin pages of Politian's Miscellanea, from which she was reading aloud at the eightieth chapter, to the following effect.

"There was a certain nymph of Thebes named Chariclo, especially dear to Pallas; and this nymph was the mother of Teiresias. But once when in the heat of summer, Pallas, in company with Chariclo, was bathing her disrobed limbs in the Heliconian Hippocrene, it happened that Teiresias coming as a hunter to quench his thirst at the same fountain, inadvertently beheld Minerva unveiled, and immediately became For it is declared in the Saturnian laws that he who beholds the gods against their will shall atone for it by a heavy penalty.....When Teiresias had fallen into this calamity, Pallas, moved by the tears of Chariclo, endowed him with prophecy and length of days, and even caused his prudence and wisdom to continue after he had entered among the shades, so that an oracle spake from his tomb; and she gave him a staff, wherewith, as by a guide, he might walk without stumbling And hence Nonnus, in the fifth book of the Dionysiaca, introduces Actæon exclaiming that he calls Teiresias happy, since, without dying, and with the loss of his eyesight merely, he had beheld Minerva unveiled, and thus, though blind, could for evermore carry her image in his soul."

At this point in the reading the daughter's hand slipped from the back of the chair and met but she had not looked round, and was going on, though with a voice a little altered by some suppressed feeling, to read the Greek quotation from Nonnus, when the old man said:

"Stay, Romola; reach me my own copy of Nonnus. It is a more correct copy than any in Poliziano's hands, for I made emendations in it which have not yet been communicated to any man. I finished it in 1477, when my sight was fast failing me."

Romola walked to the farther end of the room. with the queenly step which was the simple action of her tall, finely-wrought frame, without the slightest conscious adjustment of herself.

"Is it in the right place, Romola?" asked Bardo, who was perpetually seeking the assurance that the outward fact continued to correspond with the image which lived to the minutest detail in his mind.

"Yes, father; at the west end of the room, on the third shelf from the bottom, behind the bust of Hadrian, above Apollonius Rhodius and Callimachus, and below Lucan and Silius Italicus."

As Romola said this a fine ear would have detected in her clear voice and distinct utterance a faint suggestion of weariness struggling with habitual patience. But as she approached her father, and saw his arms stretched out a little with nervous excitement to seize the volume, her hazel eyes filled with pity; she hastened to lay the book on his lap, and kneeled down by him, looking up at him as if she believed that the love in her face must surely make its way through the dark obstruction that shut out every thing else. At that moment the doubtful attractiveness of Romola's face, in which pride and passion seemed to be quivering in the balance with native refinement and intelligence, was transfigured to the most lovable womanliness by mingled pity and affection: it was evident that the deepest fount of feeling within her had not yet wrought its way to the less changeful features, and only found its outlet through her eyes.

But the father, unconscious of that soft radiance, looked flushed and agitated as his hand explored the edges and back of the large book.

"The vellum is yellowed in these thirteen years, Romola."

"Yes, father," said Romola, gently; "but your letters at the back are dark and plain still -fine Roman letters; and the Greek character," she continued, laying the book open on her father's knee, "is more beautiful than that of any of your bought manuscripts."

"Assuredly, child," said Bardo, passing his finger across the page as if he hoped to discriminate line and margin. "What hired amanuensis can be equal to the scribe who loves the words that grow under his hand, and to whom an error or indistinctness in the text is more painful than a sudden darkness or obstacle across his path? And even these mechanical printers who threaten to make learning a base and vulgar thing-even they must depend on the manher father's, which he had that moment uplifted; uscript over which we scholars have bent with

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that insight into the poet's meaning which is closely akin to the mens divinior of the poet himself-unless they would flood the world with grammatical falsities and inexplicable anomalies that would turn the very fountains of Parnassus into a deluge of poisonous mud. But find the passage in the fifth book to which Poliziano refers. I know it very well."

Seating herself on a low stool close to her father's knee, Romola took the book on her lap and read the four verses containing the exclama-

tion of Actæon.

"It is true, Romola," said Bardo, when she had finished; "it is a true conception of the poet; for what is that grosser, narrower light by which men behold merely the petty scene around them, compared with that far-stretching, lasting light which spreads over centuries of thought, and over the life of nations, and makes clear to us the minds of the immortals who have reaped the great harvest and left us to glean in their furrows? For me, Romola, even when I could see, it was with the great dead that I lived; while the living often seemed to me mere spectres-shadows dispossessed of true feeling and intelligence; and unlike those Lamiæ to whom Poliziano, with that superficial ingenuity which I do not deny to him, compares our inquisitive Florentines, because they put on their eyes when they went abroad, and took them off when they got home again, I have returned from the converse of the streets as from a forgotten dream, and have sat down among my books, saying with Petrarca, the modern who is least unworthy to be named after the ancients, 'Libri medullitus delectant, colloquuntur, consulunt, et viva quadam nobis atque arguta familiaritate junguntur."

"And in one thing you are happier than your favorite Petrarca, father," said Romola, affectionately humoring the old man's disposition to dilate in this way; "for he used to look at his copy of Homer and think sadly that the Greek was a dead letter to him: so far, he had the inward blindness that you feel is worse than your

outward."

"True, child; for I carry within me the fruits of that fervid study which I gave to the Greek tongue under the teaching of the younger Crisolora, and Filelfo, and Argiropulo, though that great work in which I had desired to gather, as into a firm web, all the threads that my research had laboriously disentangled, and which would have been the vintage of my life, was cut off by the failure of my sight and my want of a fitting coadjutor; for the sustained zeal and unconquerable patience demanded from those who would tread the unbeaten paths of knowledge are still less reconcilable with the wandering, vagrant propensity of the feminine mind than with the feeble powers of the feminine body."

"Father," said Romola, with a sudden flush and an injured tone, "I read any thing you wish me to read; and I will look out any passages for you, and make whatever notes you

want."

Bardo shook his head and smiled with a bit-

"As well try to be a pentathter sort of pity. los and perform all the five feats of the palæstra with the limbs of a nymph. Have I forgotten thy fainting in the mere search for the references I needed to explain a single passage of Callimachus?"

"But, father, it was the weight of the books, and Maso can help me-it was not want of at-

tention and patience."

"It is not Bardo shook his head again. mere bodily organs that I want: it is the sharp edge of a young mind to pierce the way for my somewhat blunted faculties. For blindness acts like a dam, sending the streams of thought backward along the already-traveled channels and hindering the course onward. If my son had not forsaken me, deluded by debasing fanatical dreams, worthy only of an energumen whose dwelling is among tombs, I might have gone on and seen my path broadening to the end of my life; for he was a youth of great promise...... But it has closed in now," the old man continued, after a short pause; "it has closed in now -all but the narrow track he has left me to tread -alone, in my blindness."

Romola started from her seat and carried away the large volume to its place again, stung too acutely by her father's last words to remain motionless as well as silent; and when she turned away from the shelf again, she remained standing at some distance from him, stretching her arms downward and clasping her fingers tightly as she looked with a sad dreariness in her young face at the lifeless objects around her-the parchment backs, the unchanging mutilated marble, the bits of obsolete bronze and clay.

Bardo, though usually susceptible to Romola's movements and eager to trace them, was now too entirely preoccupied by the pain of rankling memories to notice her departure from his side.

"Yes," he went on, "with my son to aid me, I might have had my due share in the triumphs of this century: the names of the Bardi, father and son, might have been held reverently on the lips of scholars in the ages to come; not on account of frivolous verses or philosophic treatises, which are superfluous and presumptuous attempts to imitate the inimitable, such as allure vain men like Panhormita, and from which even the admirable Poggio did not keep himself sufficiently free; but because we should have given a lamp whereby men might have studied the supreme productions of the past. For why is a young man like Poliziano, who was not yet born when I was already held worthy to maintain a discussion with Thomas of Sarzana, to have a glorious memory as a commentator on the Pandects-why is Ficino, whose Latin is an offense to me, and who wanders purblind among the superstitious fancies that marked the decline at once of art, literature, and philosophy, to descend to posterity as the very high priest of Platonism, while I, who am more than their equal, have not effected any thing but scattered work, which will be appropriated by other men? Why? but because my son, whom I had brought up to replenish my

ripe learning with young enterprise, left me and all liberal pursuits that he might lash himself and howl at midnight with besotted friars-that he might go wandering on pilgrimages befitting men who know of no past older than the missal and the crucifix?—left me when the night was already beginning to fall on me."

In these last words the old man's voice, which had risen high in indignant protest, fell into a tone of reproach so tremulous and plaintive that Romola, turning her eyes again toward the blind aged face, felt her heart swell with forgiving pity. She seated herself by her father again, and placed her hand on his knee-too proud to obtrude consolation in words that might seem like a vindication of her own value, yet wishing to comfort him by some sign of her presence.

"Yes, Romola," said Bardo, automatically letting his left hand, with its massive prophylactic rings, fall a little too heavily on the delicate blue-veined back of the girl's right, so that she bit her lip to prevent herself from starting. "If even Florence only is to remember me, it can but be on the same ground that it will remember Niccolò Niccoli-because I forsook the vulgar pursuit of wealth in commerce that I might devote myself to collecting the precious remains of ancient art and wisdom, and leave them, after the example of the munificent Romans, for an everlasting possession to my fellowcitizens. But why do I say Florence only? If Florence remembers me, will not the world remember me?..... Yet," added Bardo, after a short pause, his voice falling again into a saddened key, "Lorenzo's untimely death has raised a new difficulty. I had his promise-I should have had his bond—that my collection should always bear my name and should never be sold, though the harpies might clutch every thing else; but there is enough for them-there is more than enough-and for thee, too, Romola, there will be enough. Besides, thou wilt marry; Bernardo reproaches me that I do not seek a fitting parentado for thee, and we will delay no longer, we will think about it."

"No, no, father; what could you do? besides, it is useless: wait till some one seeks me,"

said Romola, hastily.

"Nay, my child, that is not the paternal duty. It was not so held by the ancients, and in this respect Florentines have not degenerated from their ancestral customs."

"But I will study diligently," said Romola, her eyes dilating with anxiety. "I will become as learned as Cassandra Fedele: I will try and be as useful to you as if I had been a boy, and then perhaps some great scholar will want to marry me, and will not mind about a dowry; and he will like to come and live with you, and he will be to you in place of my brother.....and you will not be sorry that I was a daughter."

There was a rising sob in Romola's voice as she said the last words, which touched the fatherly fibre in Bardo. He stretched his hand upward a little in search of her golden hair, and as she placed her head under his hand, he gen- ry down my name as a member of the great re-

tly stroked it, leaning toward her as if his eyes discerned some glimmer there.

"Nay, Romola mia, I said not so: if I have pronounced an anathema on a degenerate and ungrateful son, I said not that I could wish thee other than the sweet daughter thou hast been to me. For what son could have tended me so gently in the frequent sickness I have had of late? And even in learning thou art not, according to thy measure, contemptible. Something perhaps were to be wished in thy capacity of attention and memory, not incompatible even with the feminine mind. But as Calcondila bore testimony when he aided me to teach thee, thou hast a ready apprehension, and even a wideglancing intelligence. And thou hast a man's nobility of soul: thou hast never fretted me with thy petty desires as thy mother did. It is true, I have been careful to keep thee aloof from the debasing influence of thy own sex, with their sparrow-like frivolity and their enslaving superstition, except, indeed, from that of our cousin Brigida, who may well serve as a scarecrow and a warning. And though—since I agree with the divine Petrarca, when he declares, quoting the Aulularia of Plautus, who again was indebted for the truth to the supreme Greek intellect, 'Optimam fœminam nullam esse, alia licet alia pejor sit'-I can not boast that thou art entirely lifted out of that lower category to which Nature assigned thee, nor even that in erudition thou art on a par with the more learned women of this age; thou art nevertheless—yes, Romola mia," said the old man, his pedantry again melting into tenderness, "thou art my sweet daughter, and thy voice is as the lower notes of the flute, 'dulcis, durabilis, clara, pura, secans aëra et auribus sedens,' according to the choice words of Quintilian; and Bernardo tells me thou art fair, and thy hair is like the brightness of the morning, and indeed it seems to me that I discern some radiance from thee. Ah! I know how all else looks in this room, but thy form I Thou art no longer the little only guess at. woman six years old, that faded for me into darkness: thou art tall, and thy arm is but little below mine. Let us walk together.'

The old man rose, and Romola, soothed by these beams of tenderness, looked happy again as she drew his arm within hers, and placed in his right hand the stick which rested at the side While Bardo had been sitting, he of his chair. had seemed hardly more than sixty: his face, though pale, had that refined texture in which wrinkles and lines are never deep; but now that he began to walk he looked as old as he really was - rather more than seventy; for his tall, spare frame had the student's stoop of the shoulders, and he stepped with the undecided gait of the blind.

"No, Romola," he said, pausing against the bust of Hadrian, and passing his stick from the right to the left that he might explore the familiar outline with a "seeing hand." "There will be nothing else to preserve my memory and carROMOLA. 403

public of letters-nothing but my library and my collection of antiquities. And they are choice," continued Bardo, pressing the bust and speaking in a tone of insistence. "The collections of Niccolò I know were larger: but take any collection which is the work of a single man—that of the great Boccaccio even, which Niccolò bought—mine will surpass it. That of Poggio was contemptible compared with mine. It will be a great gift to unborn scholars. And there is nothing else. For even if I were to yield to the wish of Aldo Manuzio when he sets up his press at Venice, and give him the aid of my annotated manuscripts, I know well what would be the result: some other scholar's name would stand on the title-page of the edition—some scholar who would have fed on my honey and then declared in his preface that he had gathered it all himself fresh from Hymettus. why have I refused the loan of many an annotated codex? why have I refused to make public any of my translations? why, but because scholarship is a system of licensed robbery, and your man in scarlet and furred robe who sits in judgment on thieves, is himself a thicf of the thoughts and the fame that belong to his fellows. But against that robbery Bardo de' Bardi shall struggle-though blind and forsaken, he shall struggle. I too have a right to be remembered —as great a right as Pontanus or Merula, whose names will be foremost on the lips of posterity, because they sought patronage and found it; because they had tongues that could flatter, and blood that was used to be nourished from the client's basket. I have a right to be remembered."

The old man's voice had become at once loud and tremulous, and a pink flush overspread his proud, delicately-cut features, while the habitually raised attitude of his head gave the idea that behind the curtain of his blindness he saw some imaginary high tribunal to which he was appealing against the injustice of Fame.

Romola was moved with sympathetic indignation, for in her nature too there lay the same large claims, and the same spirit of struggle against their denial. She tried to calm her fa-

ther by a still prouder word than his.

"Nevertheless, father, it is a great gift of the gods to be born with a hatred and contempt of all injustice and meanness. Yours is a higher lot, never to have lied and truckled, than to have shared honors won by dishonor. There is strength in scorn, as there was in the martial fury by which men became insensible to wounds."

"It is well said, Romola. It is a Promethean word thou hast uttered," answered Bardo, after a little interval, in which he had begun to lean on his stick again, and to walk on. "And I indeed am not to be pierced by the shafts of Fortune. My armor is the æs triplex of a clear conscience, and a mind nourished by the precepts of philosophy. 'For men,' says Epictetus, 'are disturbed not by things themselves, but by their opinions or thoughts concerning those things.' And again, 'whosoever will be free, let him not

desire or dread that which it is in the power of others either to deny or inflict: otherwise, he is a slave.' And of all such gifts as are dependent on the caprice of fortune or of men, I have long ago learned to say, with Horace—who, however, is too wavering in his philosophy, vacillating between the precepts of Zeno and the less worthy maxims of Epicurus, and attempting, as we say, 'duabus sellis sedere'—concerning such accidents, I say, with the pregnant brevity of the poet,

'Sunt qui non habeant, est qui non curat habere.'
He is referring to gems, and purple, and other insignia of wealth; but I may apply his words not less justly to the tributes men pay us with their lips and their pens, which are also matters of purchase, and often with base coin. Yes, 'inanis'—hollow, empty—is the epithet justly bestowed on Fame."

They made the tour of the room in silence after this; but Bardo's lip-born maxims were as powerless over the passion which had been moving him as if they had been written on parchment and hung round his neck in a sealed bag; and he presently broke forth again in a new tone of insistence.

"Inanis? yes, if it is a lying fame; but not if it is the just meed of labor and a great purpose. I claim my right: it is not fair that the work of my brain and my hands should not be a monument to me-it is not just that my labor should bear the name of another man. It is but little to ask," the old man went on, bitterly, "that my name should be over the door-that men should own themselves debtors to the Bardi Library in Florence. They will speak coldly of me, perhaps: 'a diligent collector and transcriber,' they will say, 'and also of some critical ingenuity, but one who could hardly be conspicuous in an age so fruitful in illustrious scholars. Yet he merits our pity, for in the latter years of his life he was blind, and his only son, to whose education he had devoted his best years—' Nevertheless my name will be remembered, and men will honor me; not with the breath of flattery, purchased by mean bribes, but because I have labored, and because my labor will remain. Debts! I know there are debts; and there is thy dowry, Romola, to be paid. But there must be enough-or, at least, there can lack but a small sum, such as the Signoria might well provide. And if Lorenzo had not died, all would have been secured and settled. But now....."

At this moment Maso opened the door, and advancing to his master, announced that Nello, the barber, has desired him to say that he was come with the Greek scholar whom he had asked leave to introduce.

"It is well," said the old man. "Bring them in."

science, and a mind nourished by the precepts of philosophy. 'For men,' says Epictetus, 'are disturbed not by things themselves, but by their opinions or thoughts concerning those things.' And again, 'whosoever will be free, let him not his chair. She was standing by him at her full

the visitors entered; and the most penetrating observer would hardly have divined that this proud pale face, at the slightest touch on the norance concerning the world outside her fafibres of affection or pity, could become passion- ther's books.

height, in quiet, majestic self-possession when ate with tenderness, or that this woman, who imposed a certain awe on those who approached her, was in a state of girlish simplicity and ig-

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN WHICH SEVERAL PEOPLE HAVE THEIR TRIALS.

F Philip and his friend had happened to pass through High Street, Marylebone, on their way to Thornhaugh Street to reconnoitre the Little Sister's house, they would have seen the Reverend Mr. Hunt, in a very dirty, battered, crest-fallen, and unsatisfactory state, marching to Marylebone from the station, where the reverend gentleman had passed the night, and under the custody of the police. A convoy of street boys followed the prisoner and his guard, making sarcastic remarks on both. Hunt's appearance was not improved since we had the pleasure of meeting him on the previous evening. With a grizzled beard and hair, a dingy face, a dingy shirt, and a countenance mottled with dirt and drink, we may fancy the reverend man passing in tattered raiment through the street to make his appearance before the magistrate.

You have no doubt forgotten the narrative which appeared in the morning papers two days after the Thornhaugh Street incident, but my desert him. He forgave Philip, nevertheless.

clerk has been at the pains to hunt up and copy the police report, in which events connected with our history are briefly recorded.

"MARYLEBONE, Wednesday. — Thomas Tufton Hunt, professing to be a clergyman, but wearing an appearance of extreme squalor, was brought before Mr. Beaksby at this office, charged by Z 24 with being drunk and very disorderly on Tuesday se'nnight, and endeavoring by force and threats to effect his re-entrance into a house in Thornhaugh Street, from which he had been previously ejected in a most unclerical and inebriated state.

"On being taken to the station-house the reverend gentleman lodged a complaint on his own side, and averred that he had been stupefied and hocussed in the house in Thornhaugh Street by means of some drug, and that while in this state he had been robbed of a bill for £383, drawn by a person in New York, and accepted by Mr. P. Firmin,

barrister, of Parchment Buildings, Temple.
"Mrs. Brandon, the landlady of the house, No. —
Thornhaugh Street, has been in the habit of letting lodgings for many years past, and several of her friends, including Mr. Firmin, Mr. Ridley, the Rl. Acad., and other gentlemen, were in attendance to speak to her character, which is most respectable. After Z 24 had given evidence the servant deposed that Hunt had been more than once disorderly and drunk before that house, and had been forcibly ejected from it. On the night when the alleged robbery was said to have taken place he had visited the house in Thornhaugh Street, had left it in an inebriated state, and returned some hours afterward vowing that he had been robbed of the document in question.

"Mr. P. Firmin said: 'I am a barrister, and have chambers at Parchment Buildings, Temple, and know the person calling himself Hunt. I have not accepted any bill of exchange, nor is my signature affixed to any such

document.

"At this stage the worthy magistrate interposed, and said that this only went to prove that the bill was not completed by Mr. F.'s acceptance, and would by no means conclude the case set up before him. Dealing with it, however, on the merits, and looking at the way in which the charge had been preferred, and the entire absence of sufficient testimony to warrant him in deciding that even a piece of paper had been abstracted in that house, or by the person accused, and believing that if he were to commit a conviction would be impossible, he dismissed the

charge.
"The lady left the court with her friends, and the accuser, when called upon to pay a fine for drunkenness, broke out into very unclerical language, in the midst of

which he was forcibly removed."

Philip Firmin's statement that he had given no bill of exchange was made not without hesitation on his part, and indeed at his friends' strong entreaty. It was addressed not so much to the sitting magistrate as to that elderly individual at New York, who was warned no more to forge his son's name. I fear a coolness ensued between Philip and his parent in consequence of the younger man's behavior. doctor had thought better of his boy than to suppose that, at a moment of necessity, Philip would PHILIP. 405

Perhaps since his marriage other influences were at work upon him, etc. The parent made further remarks in this strain. A man who takes your money is naturally offended if you remonstrate; you wound his sense of delicacy by protesting against his putting his hand in your pocket. The elegant doctor in New York continued to speak of his unhappy son with a mournful shake of the head; he said, perhaps believed, that Philip's imprudence was in part the cause of his own exile. "This is not the kind of entertainment to which I would have invited you at my own house in England," he would say. "I thought to have ended my days there, and to have left my son in comfort, nay splendor. I am an exile in poverty: and he-but I will use no hard words." And to his female patients he would say: "No, my dcar madam! syllable of reproach shall escape these lips regarding that misguided boy! But you can feel for me; I know you can feel for me." In the old days a high-spirited highwayman, who took a coach-passenger's purse, thought himself injured, and the traveler a shabby fellow, if he secreted a guinea or two under the cushions. In the doctor's now rare letters he breathed a manly sigh here and there, to think that he had lost the confidence of his boy. I do believe that certain ladies of our acquaintance were inclined to think that the elder Firmin had been not altogether well used, however much they loved and admired the Little Sister for her lawless act in her boy's defense. But this main point we had won. The doctor at New York took the warning, and wrote his son's signature upon no more bills of exchange. The good Goodenough's loan was carried back to him in the very coin which he had supplied. He said that his little nurse Brandon was splendide mendax, and that her robbery was a sublime and courageous act of war.

In so far, since his marriage, Mr. Philip had been pretty fortunate. At need, friends had come to him. In moments of peril he had had succor and relief. Though he had married without money, fate had sent him a sufficiency. His flask had never been empty, and there was always meal in his bin. But now hard trials were in store for him: hard trials which we have said were endurable, and which he has long since lived through. Any man who has played the game of life or whist, knows how for one while he will have a series of good cards dealt him, and again will get no trumps at all. got into his house in Milman Street and quitted the Little Sister's kind roof, our friend's good fortune secmed to descrt him. "Perhaps it was a punishment for my pride, because I was haughty with her, and—and jealous of that dear good little creature," poor Charlotte afterward owned in conversation with other friends: "but our fortune seemed to change when we were away from her, and that I must own."

Perhaps, when she was yet under Mrs. Brandon's roof, the Little Sister's provident care had done a great deal more for Charlotte than Char-

lotte knew. Mrs. Philip had the most simple tastes in the world, and upon herself never spent an unnecessary shilling. Indeed, it was a wonder, considering her small expenses, how neat and nice Mrs. Philip ever looked. But she never could deny herself when the children were in question; and had them arrayed in all sorts of fine clothes; and stitched, and hemmed all day and night to decorate their little persons; and in reply to the remonstrances of the matrons her friends, showed how it was impossible children could be dressed for less cost. If any thing ailed them, quick, the doctor must be sent for. Not worthy Goodenough, who came without a fee, and pooh-poohed her alarms and anxietics; but dear Mr. Bland, who had a feeling heart, and was himself a father of children, and who supported those children by the produce of the pills, draughts, powders, visits, which he bestowed on all families into whose doors he entered. Bland's sympathy was very consolatory; but it was found to be very costly at the end of the year. "And, what then?" says Charlotte, with kindling cheeks. "Do you suppose we should grudge that money which was to give health to our dearest, dearest babies? No. You can't have such a bad opinion of me as that!" And accordingly Mr. Bland received a nice little annuity from our friends. Philip had a joke about his wife's housekeeping which perhaps may apply to other young women who are kept by overwatchful mothers too much in statu pupillari. When they were married, or about to be married, Philip asked Charlotte what she would order for dinner? She promptly said she would order leg of mutton. "And after leg of mutton?" "Leg of becf, to be sure!" says Mrs. Charlotte, looking very pleased and knowing. And the fact is, as this little housekeeper was obliged demurely to admit, their household bills increased prodigiously after they left Thornhaugh Street. "And I can't understand, my dear, how the grocer's book should mount up so; and the butterman's, and the beer," etc., etc. We have often seen the pretty little head bent over the dingy volumes, puzzling, puzzling: and the eldest child would hold up a warning finger to ours, and tell them to be very quiet, as mamma was at her "atounts."

And now, I grieve to say, money became scarce for the payment of these accounts; and though Philip fancied he hid his anxieties from his wife, be sure she loved him too much to be deceived by one of the clumsiest hypocrites in the world. Only, being a much cleverer hypocrite than her husband, she pretended to be deceived, and acted her part so well that poor Philip was mortified with her gayety, and chose to fancy his wife was indifferent to their misfortunes. She ought not to be so smiling and happy, he thought; and, as usual, bemoaned his lot to his friends. "I come home racked with care, and thinking of those inevitable bills; I shudder, Sir, at every note that lies on the hall table, and would tremble as I dashed them open as they do on the stage. But I laugh and put

on a jaunty air, and humbug Char. And I hear | her singing about the house and laughing and cooing with the children, by Jove. She's not aware of any thing. She does not know how dreadfully the res domi is squeezing me. before marriage she did, I tell you. Then, if any thing annoyed me, she divined it. If I felt ever so little unwell, you should have seen the alarm in her face! It was 'Philip, dear, how pale you are!' or, 'Philip, how flushed you are!' or, 'I am sure you have had a letter from your father. Why do you conceal any thing from me, Sir? You never should—never!' now when the fox is gnawing at my side under my cloak, I laugh and grin so naturally that she believes I am all right, and she comes to meet me flouncing the children about in my face, and wearing an air of consummate happiness! I would not deceive her for the world, you know. But it's mortifying. Don't tell me! It is mortifying to be tossing awake all night, and racked with care all day, and have the wife of your bosom chattering and singing and laughing, as if there were no cares, or doubts, or duns in the world. If I had the gout, and she were to laugh and sing, I should not call that sympathy. If I were arrested for debt, and she were to come grinning and laughing to the sponging-house, I should not call that consolation. Why doesn't she feel? She ought to feel. There's Betsy, our parlor-maid. There's the old fellow who comes to clean the boots and knives. know how hard up I am. And my wife sings and dances while I am on the verge of ruin, by Jove; and giggles and laughs as if life was a pantomime!

Then the man and woman into whose ears poor Philip roared out his confessions and griefs hung down their blushing heads in humbled si-They are tolerably prosperous in life, and, I fear, are pretty well satisfied with themselves and each other. A woman who scarcely ever does any wrong, and rules and governs her own house and family, as my ----, as the wife of the reader's humble servant most notoriously does, often becomes-must it be said?-too certain of her own virtue, and is too sure of the correctness of her own opinion. We virtuous people give advice a good deal, and set a considerable value upon that advice. We meet a certain man who has fallen among thieves, let us say. We succor him readily enough. take him kindly to the inn and pay his score there; but we say to the landlord, "You must give this poor man his bed; his medicine at such a time, and his broth at such another. But, mind you, he must have that physic, and no other; that broth when we order it. We take his case in hand, you understand. Don't listen to him or any body else. We know all about every thing. Good-by. Take care of him. Mind the medicine and the broth!" and Mr. Benefactor or Lady Bountiful goes away perfectly self-satisfied.

Do you take this allegory? When Philip

ety; when he bitterly contrasted her levity and carelessness with his own despondency and doubt, Charlotte's two principal friends were smitten by shame. "Oh, Philip! dear Philip!" his female adviser said (having looked at her husband once or twice as Firmin spoke, and in vain endeavored to keep her guilty eyes down on her work), "Charlotte has done this because she is humble, and because she takes the advice of friends who are not. She knows every thing, and more than every thing; for her dear, tender heart is filled with apprehension. But we told her to show no sign of care, lest her husband should be disturbed. And she trusted in us; and she puts her trust elsewhere, Philip; and she has hidden her own anxieties, lest yours should be increased; and has met you gayly when her heart was full of dread. We think she has done wrong now; but she did so because she was so simple, and trusted in us who advised her wrongly. Now we see that there ought to have been perfect confidence always between you, and that it is her simplicity and faith in us which have misled her."

Philip hung down his head for a moment and hid his eyes; and we knew, during that minute when his face was concealed from us, how his grateful heart was employed.

"And you know, dear Philip-" says Laura, looking at her husband, and nodding to that person, who certainly understood the hint.

"And I say, Firmin," breaks in the lady's husband, "you understand, if you are at all-

that is, if you—that is, if we can—"
"Hold your tongue!" shouts Firmin, with a face beaming over with happiness. "I know what you mean. You beggar, you are going to offer me money! I see it in your face; bless you both! But we'll try and do without, please Heaven. And—and it's worth feeling a pinch of poverty to find such friends as I have had, and to share it with such a-such a-dash-dear little thing as I have at home. And I won't try and humbug Char any more. I'm bad at that sort of business. And good-night, and I'll never forget your kindness-never!" is off a moment afterward, and jumping down the steps of our door, and so into the park. And though there were not five pounds in the poor little house in Milman Street, there were not two happier people in London that night than Charlotte and Philip Firmin. If he had his troubles, our friend had his immense consolations. Fortunate he, however poor, who has friends to help, and love to console him in his trials.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH THE LUCK GOES VERY MUCH AGAINST US.

EVERY man and woman among us has made his voyage to Liliput, and his tour in the kingdom of Brobdingnag. When I go to my native complained to us of his wife's friskiness and gay- country town the local paper announces our arPHILIP. 407



rival; the laborers touch their hats as the ponychaise passes; the girls and old women drop courtesies; Mr. Hicks, the grocer and hatter, comes to his door, and makes a bow, and smirks and smiles. When our neighbor Sir John arrives at the hall he is a still greater personage; the bell-ringers greet the hall family with a peal; the rector walks over on an early day and pays his visit; and the farmers at market press round for a nod of recognition. Sir John at home is in Liliput: in Belgrave Square he is in Brobdingnag, where almost every body we meet is ever so much taller than ourselves. do you like best, to be a giant among the pigmies, or a pigmy among the giants?" I know what sort of company I prefer myself; but that is not the point. What I would hint is, that we possibly give ourselves patronizing airs before small people, as folks higher placed than ourselves give themselves airs before us. Patronizing airs? Old Miss Mumbles, the half-pay lieutenant's daughter, who lives over the plumber's, with her maid, gives herself in her degree more airs than any duchess in Belgravia, and would leave the room if a tradesman's wife sat down in it.

Now it has been said that few men in this city of London are so simple in their manners as Philip Firmin, and that he treated the patron whose bread he ate, and the wealthy relative who condescended to visit him, with a like freedom. He is blunt but not familiar, and is not a whit more polite to my lord than to Jack or Tom at the coffee-house. He resents familiarity from vulgar persons, and those who venture on it retire maimed and mortified after coming into col-

lision with him. As for the people he loves, he grovels before them, worships their boot-tips and their gown-hems. But he submits to them, not for their wealth or rank, but for love's sake. He submitted very magnanimously at first to the kindnesses and caresses of Lady Ringwood and her daughters, being softened and won by the regard which they showed for his wife and children.

Although Sir John was for the Rights of Man every where all over the world, and had pictures of Franklin, Lafayette, and Washington in his library, he likewise had portraits of his own ancestors in that apartment, and entertained a very high opinion of the present representative of the Ringwood family. The character of the late chief of the house was notorious. Lord Ringwood's life had been irregular and his morals loose. His talents were considerable, no doubt, but they had not been devoted to serious study or directed to useful ends. A wild man in early life, he had only changed his practices in later life in consequence of ill health, and became a hermit as a Certain Person became a monk. He was a frivolous person to the end, and was not to be considered as a public man and statesman; and this light-minded man of pleasure had been advanced to the third rank of the peerage, while his successor, his superior in intellect and morality, remained a Baronet still. How blind the Ministry was which refused to recognize so much talent and worth! Had there been public virtue or common sense in the governors of the nation, merits like Sir John's never could have been overlooked. But Ministers were notoriously a family clique, and only helped each oth-Promotion and patronage were disgracefully monopolized by the members of a very few families who were not better men of business, men of better character, men of more ancient lineage (though birth, of course, was a mere accident) than Sir John himself. In a word, until they gave him a peerage, he saw very little hope for the cabinet or the country.

In a very early page of this history mention was made of a certain Philip Ringwood, to whose protection Philip Firmin's mother confided her boy when he was first sent to school. Philip Ringwood was Firmin's senior by seven years; he came to Old Parr Street twice or thrice during his stay at school, condescended to take the "tips," of which the poor doctor was liberal enough, but never deigned to take any notice of young Firmin, who looked up to his kinsman with awe and trembling. From school Philip Ringwood speedily departed to college, and then entered upon public life. He was the eldest son of Sir John Ringwood, with whom our friend has of late made acquaintance.

Mr. Ringwood was a much greater personage than the baronet his father. Even when the latter succeeded to Lord Ringwood's estates and came to London, he could scarcely be said to equal his son in social rank; and the younger patronized his parent. What is the secret of great social success? It is not to be gained by

beauty, or wealth, or birth, or wit, or valor, or eminence of any kind. It is a gift of Fortune, bestowed, like that goddess's favors, capricious-Look, dear madam, at the most fashionable ladies at present reigning in London. Are they better bred, or more amiable, or richer, or more beautiful than yourself? See, good Sir, the men who lead the fashion, and stand in the bow-window at Black's; are they wiser, or wittier, or more agreeable people than you? yet you know what your fate would be if you were put up at that club. Sir John Ringwood never dared to be proposed there, even after his great accession of fortune on the earl's death. His son did not encourage him. People even said that Ringwood would blackball his father if he dared to offer himself as a candidate.

I never, I say, could understand the reason of Philip Ringwood's success in life, though you must acknowledge that he is one of our most eminent dandies. He is affable to dukes. patronizes marquises. He is not witty. He is not clever. He does not give good dinners. How many baronets are there in the British empire? Look to your book and see. I tell you there are many of these whom Philip Ringwood would scarcely admit to wait at one of his bad dinners. By calmly asserting himself in life, this man has achieved his social eminence. We may hate him; but we acknowledge his superiority. For instance, I should as soon think of asking him to dine with me as I should of slapping the Archbishop of Canterbury on the back.

Mr. Ringwood has a meagre little house in May Fair, and belongs to a public office, where he patronizes his chef. His own family bow down before him; his mother is humble in his company; his sisters are respectful; his father does not brag of his own liberal principles, and never alludes to the rights of man in the son's presence. He is called "Mr. Ringwood" in the family. The person who is least in awe of him is his younger brother, who has been known to make faces behind the elder's back. But he is a dreadfully headstrong and ignorant child, and respects nothing. Lady Ringwood, by-the-way, is Mr. Ringwood's step-mother. His own mother was the daughter of a noble house, and died in

giving birth to this paragon.

Philip Firmin, who had not set eyes upon his kinsman since they were at school together, remembered some stories which were current about Ringwood, and by no means to that eminent dandy's credit—stories of intrigue, of play, of various libertine exploits on Mr. Ringwood's part. One day Philip and Charlotte dined with Sir John, who was talking, and chirping, and laying down the law, and bragging away according to his wont, when his son entered and asked for dinner. He had accepted an invitation to dine at Garterton House. The duke had one of his attacks of gout just before dinner. The dinner was off. If Lady Ringwood would give him a slice of mutton he would be very much obliged to her. A place was soon found for him. "And, Philip, this is your namesake and our who are not good? Is it by instinct? How do

cousin, Mr. Philip Firmin," said the baronet, presenting his son to his kinsman.

"Your father used to give me sovereigns when I was at school. I have a faint recollection of you, too. Little white-headed boy, weren't you? How is the doctor and Mrs. Firmin? All right?"

"Why, don't you know his father ran away?" calls out the youngest member of the family. "Don't kick me, Emily. He did run away!"

Then Mr. Ringwood remembered, and a faint "Lapse of time. blush tinged his, face. know. Shouldn't have asked after such a lapse of time." And he mentioned a case in which a duke, who was very forgetful, had asked a marquis about his wife, who had run away with an earl, and made inquiries about the duke's son, who, as every body knew, was not on terms with his father.

"This is Mrs. Firmin—Mrs. Philip Firmin!" cried Lady Ringwood, rather nervously; and I suppose Mrs. Philip blushed, and the blush became her; for Mr. Ringwood afterward condescended to say to one of his sisters that their new-found relative seemed one of your roughand-ready sort of gentlemen, but his wife was really very well bred, and quite a pretty young woman, and presentable any where-really any where. Charlotte was asked to sing one or two of her little songs after dinner. Mr. Ringwood was delighted. Her voice was perfectly true. What she sang she sang admirably. was good enough to hum over one of her songs (during which performance he showed that his voice was not exempt from little frailties), and to say he had heard Lady Philomela Shakerley sing that very song at Glenmavis last autumn; and it was such a favorite that the duchess asked for it every night-actually every night. When our friends were going home Mr. Ringwood gave Philip almost the whole of one finger to shake; and while Philip was inwardly raging at his impertinence, believed that he had entirely fascinated his humble relatives, and that he had been most good-natured and friendly.

I can not tell why this man's patronage chafed and goaded our worthy friend so as to drive him beyond the bounds of all politeness-and reason. The artless remarks of the little boy, and the occasional simple speeches of the young ladies, had only tickled Philip's humor and served to amuse him when he met his relatives. I suspect it was a certain free-and-easy manner which Mr. Ringwood chose to adopt toward Mrs. Philip which annoyed her husband. He had said nothing at which offense could be taken: perhaps he was quite unconscious of offending; nay, thought himself eminently pleasing: perhaps he was not more impertinent toward her than toward other women: but in talking about him Mr. Firmin's eyes flashed very fiercely, and he spoke of his new acquaintance and relative, with his usual extreme candor, as an upstart, and an arrogant conceited puppy whose ears he would like to pull.

How do good women learn to discover men

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they learn those stories about men? I protest I never told my wife any thing good or bad regarding this Mr. Ringwood, though of course, as a man about town, I have heard—who has not? -little anecdotes regarding his career. His conduct in that affair with Miss Willowby was heartless and cruel; his behavior to that unhappy Blanche Painter nobody can defend. My wife conveys her opinion regarding Philip Ringwood, his life, principles, and morality, by looks and silences which are more awful and killing than the bitterest words of sarcasm or reproof. Philip Firmin, who knows her ways, watches her features, and, as I have said, humbles himself at her feet, marked the lady's awful looks when he came to describe to us his meeting with his cousin, and the magnificent patronizing airs which Mr. Ringwood assumed.

"What?" he said, "you don't like him any more than I do? I thought you would not;

and I am so glad."

Philip's friend said she did not know Mr. Ringwood, and had never spoken a word to him in her life.

"Yes; but you know of him," cries the impetuous Firmin. "What do you know of him, with his monstrous puppyism and arrogance?" Oh, Mrs. Laura knew very little of him. did not believe-she had much rather not believe—what the world said about Mr. Ringwood.

"Suppose we were to ask the Woolcombes their opinion of your character, Philip?" cries that gentleman's biographer, with a laugh.

"My dear!" says Laura, with a yet severer look, the severity of which glance I must explain. The differences of Woolcombe and his wife were Their unhappiness was known to all notorious. Society was beginning to look with the world. a very, very cold face upon Mrs. Woolcombe. After quarrels, jealousies, battles, reconciliations, scenes of renewed violence and furious language, had come indifference, and the most reckless gayety on the woman's part. home was splendid, but mean and miserable; all sorts of stories were rife regarding her husband's brutal treatment of poor Agnes, and her own imprudent behavior. Mrs. Laura was indignant when this unhappy woman's name was ever mentioned, except when she thought how our warm true-hearted Philip had escaped from "What a blessing it the heartless creature. was that you were ruined, Philip, and that she deserted you!" Laura would say. "What fortune would repay you for marrying such a wo-

"Indeed it was worth all I had to lose her," says Philip, "and so the doctor and I are quits. If he had not spent my fortune, Agnes would have married me. If she had married me, I might have turned Othello, and have been hung for smothering her. Why, if I had not been poor, I should never have been married to little Char-and fancy not being married to Char!" The worthy fellow here lapses into silence, and indulges in an inward rapture at the idea of his

again at the thought which his own imagination has raised.

"I say! Fancy being without the kids and Char!" he cries, with a blank look.

"That horrible father-that dreadful mother -pardon me, Philip; but when I think of the worldliness of those unhappy people, and how that poor unhappy woman has been bred in it, and ruined by it-I am so, so, so-enraged, that I can't keep my temper!" cries the lady. "Is the woman answerable, or the parents, who hardened her heart, and sold her-sold her to that-O!" Our illustrious friend Woolcombe was signified by "that O," and the lady once more paused, choked with wrath as she thought about that O, and that O's wife.

"I wonder he has not Othello'd her," remarks Philip, with his hands in his pockets. "I should, if she had been mine, and gone on

as they say she is going on."

"It is dreadful, dreadful to contemplate!" continues the lady. "To think she was sold by her own parents, poor thing, poor thing!" The guilt is with them who led her wrong.

"Nay," says one of the three interlocutors. "Why stop at poor Mr. and Mrs. Twysden? Why not let them off, and accuse their parents? who lived worldly too in their generation. Or, stay; they descend from William the Conquer-Let us absolve poor Weldone Twysden, and his heartless wife, and have the Norman into court."

"Ah, Arthur! Did not our sin begin with the beginning," cries the lady, "and have we not its remedy? Oh, this poor creature, this poor creature! May she know where to take refuge from it, and learn to repent in time!"

The Georgian and Circassian girls, they say, used to submit to their lot very complacently, and were quite eager to get to market at Constantinople and be sold. Mrs. Woolcombe wanted nobody to tempt her away from poor Philip. She hopped away from the old love as soon as ever the new one appeared with his bag of She knew quite well to whom she was money. selling herself, and for what. The tempter needed no skill, or artifice, or eloquence. He had none. But he showed her a purse, and three fine houses — and she came. child, forsooth! She knew quite as much about the world as papa and mamma; and the lawyers did not look to her settlement more warily and coolly than she herself did. Did she not live on it afterward? I do not say she lived reputably, but most comfortably: as Paris, and Rome, and Naples, and Florence can tell you, where she is well known; where she receives a great deal of a certain kind of company; where she is scorned and flattered, and splendid, and lonely, and miserable. She is not miserable when she sees children: she does not care for other persons' children, as she never did for her own, even when they were taken from her. She is, of course, hurt and angry, when quite common, vulgar people, not in society, you underown excessive happiness. Then he is scared stand, turn away from her, and avoid her, and

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won't come to her parties. She gives excellent dinners which jolly fogys, rattling bachelors, and doubtful ladies frequent; but she is alone and unhappy-unhappy because she does not see parents, sister, or brother? Allons, mon bon Monsieur! She never cared for parents, sister, or brother; or for baby; or for man (except once for Philip a little, little bit, when her pulse would sometimes go up two beats in a minute at his appearance). But she is unhappy, because she is losing her figure, and from tight lacing her nose has become very red, and the pearl powder won't lie on it somehow. And though you may have thought Woolcombe an odious, ignorant, and underbred little wretch, you must own that at least he had red blood in his veins. Did he not spend a great part of his fortune for the possession of this cold wife? whom did she ever make a sacrifice, or feel a pang? I am sure a greater misfortune than any which has befallen friend Philip might have happened to him, and so congratulate him on his escape.

Having vented his wrath upon the arrogance and impertinence of this solemn puppy of a Philip Ringwood, our friend went away somewhat soothed to his club in St. James's Street. Megatherium Club is only a very few doors from the much more aristocratic establishment of Black's. Mr. Philip Ringwood and Mr. Woolcombe were standing on the steps of Black's. Mr. Ringwood waved a graceful little kid-gloved hand to Philip and smiled on him. Mr. Woolcombe glared at our friend out of his opal eye-Philip had once proposed to kick Woolcombe into the sea. He somehow felt as if he would like to treat Ringwood to the same bath. Meanwhile Mr. Ringwood labored under the notion that he and his new-found acquaintance were on the very best possible terms.

At one time poor little Woolcombe loved to be seen with Philip Ringwood. He thought he acquired distinction from the companionship of that man of fashion, and would hang on Ringwood as they walked the Pall Mall pavement.

"Do you know that great hulking, overbearing brute?" says Woolcombe to his companion on the steps of Black's. Perhaps somebody overheard them from the bow-window. (I tell you every thing is overheard in London, and a great deal more too.)

"Brute, is he?" says Ringwood; "seems a

rough, overbearing sort of chap."

"Blackguard doctor's son. Bankrupt. Father ran away," says the dusky man with the opal eyeballs.

"I have heard he was a rogue—the doctor; but I like him. Remember he gave me three sovereigns when I was at school. Always like a fellow who tips you when you are at school." And here Ringwood beckoned his brougham which was in waiting.

"Shall we see you at dinner? Where are you going?" asked Mr. Woolcombe. "If you are going toward—"

"Toward Gray's Inn, to see my lawyer; have in!"

an appointment there; be with you at eight!" And Mr. Ringwood skipped into his little brougham and was gone.

Tom Eaves belongs Tom Eaves told Philip. to Black's Club, to Bays's, to the Megatherium. I don't know to how many clubs in St. James's Tom Eaves knows every body's business, and all the scandal of all the clubs for the last forty years. He knows who has lost money, and to whom; what is the talk of the opera-box, and what the scandal of the coulisses; who is making love to whose daughter. Whatever men and women are doing in May Fair is the farrago of Tom's libel. He knows so many stories that, of course, he makes mistakes in names sometimes, and says that Jones is on the verge of ruin when he is thriving and prosperous, and it is poor Brown who is in difficulties; or informs us that Mrs. Fanny is flirting with Captain Ogle when both are as innocent of a flirtation as you and I are. Tom certainly is mischievous, and often is wrong; but when he speaks of our neighbors he is amusing.

"It is as good as a play to see Ringwood and Othello together," says Tom to Philip. "How proud the black man is to be seen with him! Heard him abuse you to Ringwood. Ringwood stuck up for you and for your poor governor—spoke up like a man—like a man who sticks up for a fellow who is down. How the black man brags about having Ringwood to dinner! Always having him to dinner. You should have seen Ringwood shake him off! Said he was going to Gray's Inn. Heard him say Gray's Inn Lane to his man. Don't believe a word of it."

Now I dare say you are much too fashionable to know that Milman Street is a little cul-de-sac of a street which leads into Guildford Street, which leads into Gray's Inn Lane. Philip went his way homeward, shaking off Tom Eaves, who, for his part, trolled off to his other clubs, telling people how he had just been talking with that bankrupt doctor's son, and wondering how Philip should get money enough to pay his club subscription. Philip then went on his way, striding homeward at his usual manly pace.

Whose black brougham was that?—the black brougham with the chestnut horse walking up and down Guildford Street. Mr. Ringwood's crest was on the brougham. When Philip entered his drawing-room, having opened the door with his own key, there sat Mr. Ringwood, talking to Mrs. Charlotte, who was taking a cup of tea at five o'clock. She and the children liked that cup of tea. Sometimes it served Mrs. Charfor dinner when Philip dined from home.

"If I had known you were coming here, you might have brought me home and saved me a long walk," said Philip, wiping a burning forehead.

"So I might—so I might!" said the other.
"I never thought of it. I had to see my lawyer in Gray's Inn; and it was then I thought
of coming on to see you, as I was telling Mrs.
Firmin; and a very nice quiet place you live
in!"

PHILIP. 411



MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

This was very well. But for the first and only time of his life Philip was jealous.

"Don't drub so with your feet! Don't like to ride when you jog so on the floor," said Philip's eldest darling, who had clambered on papa's knee. "Why do you look so? Don't squeeze my arm, papa!"

Mamma was utterly unaware that Philip had any cause for agitation. "You have walked all the way from Westminster and the club, and you are quite hot and tired!" she said. "Some tea, my dear?"

Philip nearly choked with the tea. From under his hair, which fell over his forehead, he

looked into his wife's face. It wore such a sweet look of innocence and wonder that, as he regarded her, the spasm of jealousy passed off. No: there was no look of guilt in those tender eyes. Philip could only read in them the wife's tender love and anxiety for himself.

But what of Mr. Ringwood's face? When the first little blush and hesitation had passed away Mr. Ringwood's pale countenance reassumed that calm, self-satisfied smile which it customarily wore. "The coolness of the man maddened me," said Philip, talking about the little occurrence afterward, and to his usual confidant.

"Gracious powers!" cries the other. "If I went to see Charlotte and the children would you be jealous of me, you bearded Turk? Are you prepared with sack and bow-string for every man who visits Mrs. Firmin? If you are to come out in this character you will lead yourself and your wife pretty lives. Of course you quarreled with Lovelace then and there, and threatened to throw him out of window then and there? Your custom is to strike when you are hot; witness—"

"Oh dear, no!" cried Philip, interrupting "I have not quarreled with him yet." And he ground his teeth, and gave a very fierce glare with his eyes. "I sate him out quite civilly. I went with him to the door; and I have left directions that he is never to pass it again-that's all. But I have not quarreled with him in the least. Two men never behaved more politely than we did. We bowed and grinned at each other quite amiably. But I own, when he held out his hand I was obliged to keep mine behind my back, for they felt very mischievous, and inclined to- Well, never mind. Perhaps it is as you say, and he means no sort of harm."

Where, I say again, do women learn all the mischief they know? Why should my wife have such a mistrust and horror of this gentleman? She took Philip's side entirely. She said she thought he was quite right in keeping that person out of his house. What did she know about that person? Did I not know myself? He was a libertine, and led a bad life. He had led young men astray, and taught them to gamble, and helped them to ruin themselves. We have all heard stories about the late Sir Philip Ringwood; that last scandal in which he was engaged three years ago, and which brought his career to an end at Naples, I need not, of course, allude to. But fourteen or fifteen years ago, about which time this present portion of our little story is enacted, what did she know about Ringwood's misdoings?

No: Philip Firmin did not quarrel with Philip Ringwood on this occasion. But he shut his door on Mr. Ringwood. He refused all invitations to Sir John's house, which, of course, came less frequently, and which then ceased to come at all. Rich folks do not like to be so treated by the poor. Had Lady Ringwood a notion of the reason why Philip kept away from her house? I think it is more than possible. Some of Philip

ip's friends knew her; and she seemed only pained, not surprised or angry, at a quarrel which somehow did take place between the two gentlemen not very long after that visit of Mr. Ringwood to his kinsman in Milman Street.

"Your friend seems very hot-headed and violent-tempered," Lady Ringwood said, speaking of that very quarrel. "I am sorry he keeps that kind of company. I am sure it must be too expensive for him."

As luck would have it, Philip's old schoolfriend, Lord Ascot, met us a very few days after the meeting and parting of Philip and his cousin in Milman Street, and invited us to a bachelor's dinner on the river. Our wives (without whose sanction no good man would surely ever look a whitebait in the face) gave us permission to attend this entertainment, and remained at home, and partook of a tea-dinner (blessings on them!) with the dear children. Men grow young again when they meet at these parties. We talk of flogging, proctors, old cronies; we recite old school and college jokes. I hope that some of us may carry on these pleasant entertainments until we are fourscore, and that our toothless old gums will mumble the old stories, and will laugh over the old jokes with ever-renewed gusto. Does the kind reader remember the account of such a dinner at the commencement of this history? On this afternoon, Ascot, Maynard, Burroughs (several of the men formerly mentioned), reassembled. I think we actually like each other well enough to be pleased to hear of each other's successes. I know that one or two good fellows, upon whom fortune has frowned, have found other good fellows in that company to help and aid them; and that all are better for that kindly free-masonry.

Before the dinner was served the guests met on the green of the hotel, and examined that fair landscape, which surely does not lose its charm in our eyes because it is commonly seen before a good dinner. The crested elms, the shining river, the emerald meadows, the painted parterres of flowers around, all wafting an agreeable smell of *friture*, of flowers and flounders exquisitely commingled. Who has not enjoyed these delights? May some of us, I say, live to drink the '58 claret in the year 1900! I have no doubt that the survivors of our society will still laugh at the jokes which we used to relish when the present century was still only middleaged. Ascot was going to be married. Would he be allowed to dine next year? Frank Ber-Do you rery's wife would not let him come. member his tremendous fight with Biggs? Remember? who didn't? Marston was Berry's bottle-holder; poor Marston, who was killed in And Biggs and Berry were the closest friends in life ever after. Who would ever have thought of Brackley becoming serious, and being made an archdeacon? Do you remember his fight with Ringwood? What an infernal bully he was, and how glad we all were when Brackley thrashed him! What different fates await men! Who would ever have imagPHILIP.

ined Nosey Brackley a curate in the mining districts, and ending by wearing a rosette in his Who would ever have thought of Ringwood becoming such a prodigious swell and leader of fashion? He was a very shy fellow; not at all a good-looking fellow: and what a wild fellow he had become, and what a lady-killer! Isn't he some connection of yours, Firmin? Philip said yes, but that he had scareely met Ringwood at all. And one man after another told anecdotes of Ringwood; how he had young men to play in his house; how he had played in that very "Star and Garter;" and how he always won. You must please to remember that our story dates back some sixteen years, when the dice-box still rattled oecasionally, and the king was turned.

As this old sehool-gossip is going on, Lord Ascot arrives, and with him this very Ringwood about whom the old sehool-fellows had just been talking. He eame down in Aseot's phaeton. Of eourse, the greatest man of the party always waits for Ringwood: "If we had had a duke at Greyfriars," says some grumbler, "Ring-wood would have made the duke bring him

down."

Philip's friend, when he beheld the arrival of Mr. Ringwood, seized Firmin's big arm and whispered-

"Hold your tongue. No fighting. No quar-Let by-gones be by-gones. Remember, there can be no earthly use in a scandal."

"Leave me alone," says Philip, "and don't be afraid."

I thought Ringwood seemed to start back for a moment, and perhaps fancied that he looked a little pale; but he advanced with a gracious smile toward Philip, and remarked, "It is a long time since we have seen you at my father's."

"It was a Philip grinned and smiled too. long time since he had been in Hill Street." But Philip's smile was not at all pleasing to behold. Indeed, a worse performer of comedy than our friend does not walk the stage of this life.

On this the other gayly remarked he was glad Philip had leave to join the bachelor's party. Meeting of old school-fellows very pleasant. Hadn't been to one of them for a long time: though the "Friars" was an abominable hole: that was the truth. Who was that in the shovel-

hat? a bishop? what bishop?"

It was Brackley, the Archdeaeon, who turned very red on seeing Ringwood. For the fact is, Brackley was talking to Pennystone, the little boy about whom the quarrel and fight had taken place at school, when Ringwood had proposed forcibly to take Pennystone's money from him. "I think, Mr. Ringwood, that Pennystone is big enough to hold his own now, don't you?" said the Archdeaeon; and with this the Venerable man turned on his heel, leaving Ringwood to face the little Pennystone of former years, now a gigantic country squire, with health ringing in his voice, and a pair of great arms and fists that would have demolished six Ringwoods in the field.

The sight of these quoudam enemies rather disturbed Mr. Ringwood's tranquillity.

"I was dreadfully bullied at that school," he said, in an appealing manner, to Mr. Penny-"I did as others did. It was a horrible place, and I hate the name of it. I say, Ascot, don't you think that Barnaby's motion last night was very ill-timed, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer answered him very neatly?"

This became a cant phrase among some of us wags afterward. Whenever we wished to change a conversation, it was, "I say, Ascot, don't you think Barnaby's motion was very ill-timed, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer answered him very neatly?" You know Mr. Ringwood would scarcely have thought of eoming among such common people as his old sehool-fellows, but seeing Lord Ascot's phaeton at Black's, he condescended to drive down to Riehmond with his lordship, and I hope a great number of his friends in St. James's Street saw him in that

noble company.

Windham was the chairman of the eveningelected to that post because he is very fond of making speeches to which he does not in the least expect you to listen. All men of sense are glad to hand over this office to him: and I hope, for my part, a day will soon arrive (but I own, mind you, that I do not carve well) when we shall have the speeches done by a skilled waiter at the side-table, as we now have the earving. Don't you find that you splash the gravy, that you mangle the meat, that you can't nick the joint in helping the company to a dinner-speech? I, for my part, own that I am in a state of tremor and absence of mind before the operation; in a condition of imbecility during the business; and that I am sure of a headache and indigestion the next morning. What then? Have I not seen one of the bravest men in the world, at a city-dinner last year, in a state of equal panie?.....I feel that I am wandering from Philip's adventures to his biographers, and confess I am thinking of the dismal fiasco I myself made on this occasion at the Riehmond dinner.

You see, the order of the day at these meetings is to joke at every thing-to joke at the ehairman, at all the speakers, at the army and navy, at the venerable the legislature, at the bar and bench, and so forth. If we toast a barrister we show how admirably he would have figured in the dock: of a sailor, how lamentably sea-siek he was: if a soldier, how nimbly he ran For example, we drank the Venerable Archdeacon Brackley and the army. plored the perverseness which had led him to adopt a black coat instead of a red. War had evidently been his vocation, as he had shown by the frequent battles in which he had been engaged at school. For what was the other great warrior of the age famous? for that Roman feature in his face, which distinguished, which gave a name to, our Brackley-a name by which we fondly elung. (Cries of "Nosey, Nosey!") Might

that feature ornament ere long the face of-of one of the chiefs of that army of which he was a distinguished field-officer! Might- Here I confess I fairly broke down, lost the thread of my joke-at which Brackley seemed to look rather severe-and finished the speech with a gobble about regard, esteem, every body respect you, and good health, old boy-which answered quite as well as a finished oration, however the author might be discontented with it.

The Archdeacon's little sermon was very brief, as the discourses of sensible divines sometimes will be. He was glad to meet old friends -to make friends with old foes. (Loud cries of "Bravo, Nosey!") In the battle of life, every man must meet with a blow or two; and every brave one would take his facer with good-humor. Had he quarreled with any old school-fellow in old times? He wore peace not only on his coat but in his heart. Peace and good-will were the words of the day in the army to which he belonged; and he hoped that all officers in it were animated by one esprit de corps.

A silence ensued, during which men looked toward Mr. Ringwood as the "old foe" toward whom the Archdeacon had held out the hand of amity: but Ringwood, who had listened to the Archdeacon's speech with an expression of great disgust, did not rise from his chair-only remarking to his neighbor Ascot, "Why should I get up? Hang him, I have nothing to say. I say, Ascot, why did you induce me to come into this

kind of thing?"

Fearing that a collision might take place between Philip and his kinsman, I had drawn Philip away from the place in the room to which Lord Ascot beckoned him, saying, "Never mind, Philip, about sitting by the Lord," by whose side I knew perfectly well that Mr. Ringwood would find a place. But it was our lot to be separated from his lordship by merely the table's breadth, and some intervening vases of flowers and fruits through which we could see and hear our oppo-When Ringwood spoke "of site neighbors. this kind of thing" Philip glared across the table, and started as if he was going to speak; but his neighbor pinched him on the knee, and whispered to him, "Silence-no scandal. Remember!" The other fell back, swallowed a glass of wine, and made me far from comfortable by performing a tatoo on my chair.

The speeches went on. If they were not more eloquent they were more noisy and lively than before. Then the aid of song was called in to enliven the banquet. The Archdeacon, who had looked a little uneasy for the last half hour, rose up at the call for a song, and quitted the room. "Let us go too, Philip," said Philip's neighbor. "You don't want to hear those dreadful old college songs over again?" But Philip sulkily said,

"You go; I should like to stay."

Lord Ascot was seeing the last of his bachelor life. He liked those last evenings to be merry; he lingered over them, and did not wish them to end too quickly. His neighbor was long since tired of the entertainment, and sick of our com-

Mr. Ringwood had lived of late in a world of such fashion that ordinary mortals were despicable to him. He had no affectionate remembrance of his early days, or of any body belonging to them. While Philip was singing his song of Doctor Luther I was glad that he could not see the face of surprise and disgust which his kinsman bore. Other vocal performances followed, including a song by Lord Ascot, which, I am bound to say, was hideously out of tune; but was received by his near neighbor complacently enough.

The noise now began to increase, the choruses were fuller, the speeches were louder and more incoherent. I don't think the company heard a speech by little Mr. Vanjohn, whose health was drunk as representative of the British Turf, and who said that he had never known any thing about the turf or about play, until their old school-fellow, his dear friend-his swell friend, if he might be permitted the expression-Mr. Ringwood, taught him the use of cards; and once. in his own house, in May Fair, and once in this very house, the "Star and Garter," showed him how to play the noble game of Blind Hookey. "The men are drunk. Let us go away, Ascot. I didn't come for this kind of thing!" cried Ringwood, furious, by Lord Ascot's side.

This was the expression which Mr. Ringwood had used a short time before, when Philip wasabout to interrupt him. He had lifted his gun to fire then, but his hand had been held back. The bird passed him once more, and he could not help taking aim. "This kind of thing is very dull, isn't it, Ringwood?" he called across the table, pulling away a flower, and glaring at the other through the little open space.

"Dull, old boy? I call it doosed good fun," cries Lord Ascot, in the height of good-humor.

"Dull? What do you mean?" asked my

lord's neighbor.

"I mean, you would prefer having a couple of packs of cards, and a little room, where you could win three or four hundred from a young fellow? It's more profitable and more quiet than 'this kind of thing."

"I say, I don't know what you mean!" cries

"What! You have forgotten already? Has not Vanjohn just told you, how you and Mr. Deuceace brought him down here, and won his money from him; and then how you gave him his revenge at your own house in-"

"Did I come here to be insulted by that fellow?" cries Mr. Ringwood, appealing to his

neighbor.

"If that is an insult you may put it in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Ringwood!" cried Philip.

"Come away, come away, Ascot! Don't keep me here listening to this bla-"

"If you say another word," says Philip, "I'll send this decanter at your head!"

"Come, come—nonsense! No quarreling! Make it up! Every body has had too much! Get the bill, and order the omnibus round!" A crowd was on one side of the table and the other.

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One of the cousins had not the least wish that the quarrel should proceed any farther.

When, being in a quarrel, Philip Firmin assumes the calm and stately manner he is perhaps in his most dangerous state. Lord Ascot's phaeton (in which Mr. Ringwood showed a great unwillingness to take a seat by the driver) was at the hotel gate, an omnibus and a private carriage or two were in readiness to take home the other guests of the feast. Ascot went into the hotel to light a final cigar, and now Philip, springing forward, caught by the arm the gentleman sitting on the front seat of the phaeton.

"Stop!" he said. "You used a word just now-"

"What word? I don't know any thing about words!" cries the other, in a loud voice.

"You said 'insulted,'" murmured Philip, in the gentlest tone.

"I don't know what I said," said Ringwood,

"I said, in reply to the words which you forget, 'that I would knock you down,' or words to that effect. If you feel in the least aggrieved, you know where my chambers are—with Mr. Vanjohn, whom you and your mistress inveigled to play cards when he was a boy. You are not fit to come into an honest man's house. It was only because I wished to spare a lady's feelings that I refrained from turning you out of mine. Good-night, Ascot!" and with great majesty Mr. Philip returned to his companion and the Hansom cab which was in waiting to convey these

two gentlemen to London.

I was quite correct in my surmise that Philip's antagonist would take no further notice of the quarrel to Philip, personally. Indeed, he affected to treat it as a drunken brawl, regarding which no man of sense would allow himself to be seriously disturbed. A quarrel between two men of the same family-between Philip and his own relative who had only wished him well? It was absurd and impossible. What Mr. Ringwood deplored was the obstinate ill-temper and known violence of Philip, which were forever leading him into these brawls, and estranging his family from him. A man seized by the coat, insulted, threatened with a decanter! A man of station so treated by a person whose own position was most questionable, whose father was a fugitive, and who himself was struggling for precarious subsistence! The arrogance was too great. With the best wishes for the unhappy young man, and his amiable (but empty-headed) little wife, it was impossible to take further notice of them. Let the visits cease. Let the carriage no more drive from Berkeley Square to Milman Street. Let there be no presents of game, poultry, legs of mutton, old clothes, and what not. Henceforth, therefore, the Ringwood carriage was unknown in the neighborhood of the Foundling, and the Ringwood footmen no more scented with their powdered heads the Firmins' little hall-ceiling. Sir John said to the end that he was about to procure a comfortable place for Philip when his deplorable violence

obliged Sir John to break off all relations with the most misguided young man.

Nor was the end of the mischief here. We have all read how the gods never appear alone the gods bringing good or evil fortune. When two or three little pieces of good luck had befallen our poor friend, my wife triumphantly cried out, "I told you so! Did I not always say that Heaven would befriend that dear, innocent wife and children; that brave, generous, imprudent father?" And now when the evil days came, this monstrous logician insisted that poverty, sickness, dreadful doubt and terror, hunger and want almost, were all equally intended for Philip's advantage, and would work for good in the end. So that rain was good, and sunshine was good; so that sickness was good, and health was good; that Philip ill was to be as happy as Philip well, and as thankful for a sick house and an empty pocket as for a warm fireside and a comfortable larder. Mind, I ask no Christian philosopher to revile at his ill-fortunes, or to despair. I will accept a toothache (or any evil of life) and bear it without too much grumbling. But I can not say that to have a tooth pulled out is a blessing, or fondle the hand which wrenches at my jaw.

"They can live without their fine relations, and their donations of mutton and turnips," cries my wife, with a toss of her head. "The way in which those people patronized Philip and dear Charlotte was perfectly intolerable. Lady Ringwood knows how dreadful the conduct of that Mr. Ringwood is, and—and I have no patience with her!" How, I repeat, do women know about men? How do they telegraph to each other their notices of alarm and mistrust? and fly as birds rise up with a rush and a skurry when danger appears to be near? All this was very well. But Mr. Tregarvan heard some account of the dispute between Philip and Mr. Ringwood, and applied to Sir John for further particulars; and Sir John-liberal man as he was and ever had been, and priding himself little, Heaven knew, at the privilege of rank, which was merely adventitious—was constrained to confess that this young man's conduct showed a great deal too much laissez aller. He had constantly, at Sir John's own house, manifested an independence which had bordered on rudeness; he was always notorious for his quarrelsome disposition, and lately had so disgraced himself in a scene with Sir John's eldest son, Mr. Ringwood—had exhibited such brutality, ingratitude, and—and inebriation, that Sir John was free to confess he had forbidden the gentle-

"An insubordinate, ill-conditioned fellow, certainly!" thinks Tregarvan. (And I do not say, though Philip is my friend, that Tregarvan and Sir John were altogether wrong regarding their protégé.) Twice Tregarvan had invited him to breakfast, and Philip had not appeared. More than once he had contradicted Tregarvan about the Review. He had said that the Review was not getting on, and if you asked Philip

man his door.

his candid opinion, it would not get on. Six numbers had appeared, and it did not meet with that attention which the public ought to pay to it. The public was careless as to the designs of that Great Power which it was Tregarvan's aim to defy and confound. He took council with himself. He walked over to the publisher's and inspected the books; and the result of that inspection was so disagreeable that he went home straightway and wrote a letter to Philip Firmin, Esq., New Milman Street, Guildford Street, which that poor fellow brought to his usual advisers.

That letter contained a check for a quarter's salary, and bade adieu to Mr. Firmin. writer would not recapitulate the causes of dissatisfaction which he felt respecting the conduct of the Review. He was much disappointed in its progress, and dissatisfied with its general management. He thought an opportunity was lost which never could be recovered for exposing the designs of a Power which menaced the liberty and tranquillity of Europe. Had it been directed with proper energy that Review might have been an ægis to that threatened liberty, a lamp to lighten the darkness of that menaced freedom. It might have pointed the way to the cultivation bonarum literarum; it might have fostered rising talent; it might have chastised the arrogance of so-called critics; it might have served the cause of truth. Tregarvan's hopes were disappointed: he would not say by whose remissness or fault. He had done his utmost in the good work, and, finally, would thank Mr. Firmin to print off the articles already purchased and paid for, and to prepare a brief notice for the next number, announcing the discontinuance of the Review; and Tregarvan showed my wife a cold shoulder for a considerable time afterward, nor were we asked to his tea-parties, I forget for how many seasons.

This to us was no great loss or subject of annoyance: but to poor Philip? It was a matter of life and almost death to him. He never could save much out of his little pittance. Here were fifty pounds in his hand, it is true; but bills, taxes, rent, the hundred little obligations of a house, were due and pressing upon him; and in the midst of his anxiety our dear little Mrs. Philip was about to present him with a third ornament to his nursery. Poor little Tertius arrived duly enough; and, such hypocrites were we, that the poor mother was absolutely thinking of calling the child Tregarvan Firmin, as a compliment to Mr. Tregarvan, who had been so kind to them, and Tregarvan Firmin would be such a pretty name, she thought. imagined the Little Sister knew nothing about Philip's anxieties. Of course, she attended Mrs. Philip through her troubles, and we vow that we never said a word to her regarding Philip's own. But Mrs. Brandon went into Philip one day, as he was sitting very grave and sad with his two first-born children, and she took both his hands

so much: and I always intended it for—you know who." And here she loosened one hand from him, and felt in her pocket for a purse, and put it into Philip's hand, and wept on his shoulder. And Philip kissed her, and thanked God for sending him such a dear friend, and gave her back her purse, though indeed he had but five pounds left in his own when this benefactress came to him.

Yes; but there were debts owing to him. There was his wife's little portion of fifty pounds a year, which had never been paid since the second quarter after their marriage, which had happened now more than three years ago. As Philip had scarce a guinea in the world, he wrote to Mrs. Baynes, his wife's mother, to explain his extreme want, and to remind her that this money was due. Mrs. General Baynes was living at Jersey at this time in a choice society of half-pay ladies, clergymen, captains, and the like, among whom I have no doubt she moved as a great lady. She wore a large medallion of the deceased General on her neck. She wept dry tears over that interesting cameo at frequent tea-parties. She never could forgive Philip for taking away her child from her, and if any one would take away others of her girls she would be equally unfor-Endowed with that wonderful logic giving. with which women are blessed, I believe she never admitted, or has been able to admit in her own mind, that she did Philip and her daughter In the tea-parties of her acquaintance a wrong. she groaned over the extravagance of her son-inlaw and his brutal treatment of her blessed child. Many good people agreed with her and shook their respectable noddles when the name of that prodigal Philip was mentioned over her muffins and Bohea. He was prayed for; his dear widowed mother-in-law was pitied, and blessed with all the comfort reverend gentlemen could supply on the spot. "Upon my honor, Firmin, Emily and I were made to believe that you were a monster, Sir-with cloven feet and a forked tail, by George !- and now I have heard your story, by Jove, I think it is you and not Eliza Baynes who were wronged. She has a deuce of a tongue, Eliza has: and a temper—poor Charles knew what that was!" In fine, when Philip, reduced to his last guinea, asked Charlotte's mother to pay her debts to her sick daughter, Mrs. General B. sent Philip a ten-pound note, open, by Captain Swang, of the Indian army, who happened to be coming to England. And that, Philip says, of all the hard knocks of fate, has been the very hardest which he has had to endure.

But the poor little wife knew nothing of this cruelty, nor, indeed, of the poverty which was hemming round her curtain; and in the midst of his griefs Philip Firmin was immensely consoled by the tender fidelity of the friends whom God had sent him. Their griefs were drawing to an end now. Kind readers all, may your sorfirst-born children, and she took both his hands and said, "You know, dear, I have saved ever"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

UR Record closes on the 2d of July, while the issue of the operations before Richmond, to which all eyes have been so long turned, remains undecided. The official returns from the army have been so carefully withheld by Government that we can only give a bare outline of the leading events which have occurred during the month :- After the bloody but undecisive battle of Fairoaks, fought on the 31st of May and the 1st of June, nothing of decisive importance took place until the 26th, though there was continual skirmishing and firing at different portions of the line. At this time the right wing of our army had extended to the north of Richmond, covering an extent of many miles, the general dépôt for stores and munitions being at the White House, on the Pamunky River, some twenty miles in the rear; three army corps had crossed the Chickahominy, and were posted between that stream and Richmond. It became apparent that the enemy had been largely reinforced from various quarters, and that our forces were not sufficiently numerous to maintain their long line, much less to assail the Confederate capital from that direction.

It would seem that some days before General M'Clellan, now that the destruction of the Merrimac had put the James River under our control, had determined to make that his base of operations, and had made preparations to withdraw his right wing from its position. The supplies at the White House were accordingly moved down the Pamunky and York rivers, to be sent up the James, upon which the army, commencing with the left wing, was to be moved, crossing the Chickahominy, to be followed by the right wing. On the 26th the enemy made an attack in force upon our extreme right, at Mechanicsville; our troops, according to orders, falling back. Severe fighting took place on the three following days, the details of which, from official sources, will be published before this number of the Magazine reaches our readers; we do not therefore reproduce the isolated accounts furnished by various newspaper correspondents. By Monday our army had taken up its new position, resting on the James River, within the support of our gun-boats. their rear was assailed by forces from Richmond; and at the close of Monday, June 30, the date of our latest intelligence, it was presumed that the action would be renewed on the following day. have said, the official reports have not been published, and as we close it is impossible to say whether these operations of our army are to be considered a retreat or a strategic movement to secure a more

favorable assailing position.

An unsuccessful demonstration was made upon Charleston on the 16th of June. The whole available force of this Department had been concentrated upon James Island, and the enemy were in force near the centre of the island to prevent the advance upon Charleston. At Secessionville they had erected a strong intrenchment. General Benham, who was temporarily in command-General Hunter having left for the head-quarters at Hilton Head—undertook to carry these works, in order to open a passage for direct operations against Fort Johnson and Charleston. The assault was bravely made, but was wholly unsuccessful; after a severe fight of five hours our forces were repulsed, and driven back with a loss estimated at about 700 in killed, wounded, and missing. James Island was subsequently abandoned by us, and our troops withdrawn to the head-quarters of the Southern Division at Hilton Head.

General Pope having been appointed by the President to the chief command in the Shenandoah Valley, including the corps under Frémont, Banks, and M'Dowell, General Frémont asked to be relieved from the command of his corps, on the ground that "the position assigned to him, by the appointment of Major-General Pope as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Virginia, was subordinate and inferior to that heretofore held by him, and to remain in the subordinate command now assigned would largely reduce his rank and consideration in the service." His request was immediately granted.

On the 1st of July the President, in response to the official request of the Governors of eighteen States, issued a call for 300,000 additional men for

the army.

From the extreme South and Southwest the intelligence is of comparatively slight importance. New Orleans is perfectly quiet under the government of General Butler, and General Shepley, the military commander; but neither there nor in Memphis is there apparent any considerable Union feeling. The report that Governor Stanly, of North Carolina, had closed the schools for colored people, adverted to in our last Record, proves to have been erroneous. The position of the body of the army of Beauregard is not yet ascertained; the reports of the large numbers of prisoners taken during their retreat turn out to be unfounded .- It is reported that our gunboats from up and down the Mississippi have met at Vicksburg, and that the attack upon that place has commenced. — The Cumberland Gap, the main avenue of communication between the Southwest and Virginia, was seized by our forces under General Morgan on the 18th of June, it having been evacuated by the enemy. ---- A gun-boat expedition sent from Memphis up the White River, in Arkansas, had an action, on the 18th, at Fort Charles, 85 miles from the mouth of the river. The fort was taken, with considerable loss; ours was also severe, a shot penetrating the boiler of the Mound City, one of our gun-boats, and a large part of her crew were killed or disabled by the escaping steam.—On the 25th the first train from Memphis to Corinth was attacked, twelve miles from the former place, by a body of the enemy's cavalry. On it were a company of Ohio soldiers, of whom ten were killed and a number made prisoners.

The Tax-bill has finally passed both Houses of Congress. Its special provisions are so numerous that our space will not permit us to give an abstract. We note only a few of the most important general features: They include direct imposts, averaging 3 per cent. upon manufactured articles, most of which. however, are specially enumerated; of those enumerated distilled spirits pay 20 cents per gallon, ales 1 dollar per barrel; licenses, varying from 5 to 200 dollars, upon almost every profession; stamps, from 3 cents to 1 dollar upon the paper used for bills of exchange, and from 1 to 20 dollars upon conveyances of real estate; the income-tax is 3 per cent. on the excess over \$600 of all incomes up to \$10,000, and 5 per cent. on those greater. To collect these taxes a Commissioner of Internal Revenue is to be appointed, at a salary of \$4000, and various district collectors and assessors, as specified in the bill. Every

person liable to taxation must—on or before August 1, 1862, and before the first Monday of May thereafter—make a return to the district collector of his district of his income, manufactures, etc., according to forms to be prepared by the Commissioner. The assessors are then to proceed throughout their respective districts and make strict inquiry in relation to all matters belonging to the taxation; if any person neglects to make out the required list, it is to be made out by the officer; any attempt at fraud is punishable by a fine not exceeding \$500; if any person, after being notified so to do, neglects or refuses to make out the list, the assessor is to add 50 per cent. to the amount. The bill contains minute provisions for the collection of all the taxes imposed by the bill.

EUROPE.

In both France and Great Britain reports are again rife of an intention on the part of these Governments to interfere directly, by mediation or otherwise, in the affairs of America. Nothing, however, has as yet transpired which warrants the belief that such a determination has actually been formed. Parliament, on the 13th, Earl Russell, in reply to a question, said: "No proposals of this kind have been made either on the part of her Majesty's Government to the Government of France, or from the French Government to ours. The French Embassador in London has received no instructions from his Government on the subject, and there certainly has been no communication upon the part of her Majesty's Government to the French Government. There was certainly no intention on the part of her Majesty's Government to interfere at the present moment."—On the 17th Mr. Lindsay, who had given notice that he should on that day offer a resolution for the recognition of the Southern States, said that he should postpone it until the 11th of July; before that time he trusted that her Majesty's Government would see the necessity of taking in hand a question so grave and important, for it must be apparent to all men that before long those States must become an independent nation. -Mr. Hopwood gave notice that on the 1st of July he should offer a resolution, "That it was the duty of her Majesty's Government to use every means consistent with the maintenance of peace, either in concert with the Great Powers or otherwise, as they may think it expedient, to endeavor to terminate the civil war now raging in America."—General Butler's proclamation concerning women who insult our flag or soldiers in the streets has been sharply condemned in Parliament and by the press. It was pronounced absolutely without precedent. Lord Palmerston said that it was "infamous, and, as an Englishman, he blushed to think that in our age such an act has been committed by a man belonging to the Anglo-Saxon race." The purport of the order seems to have been wholly misunderstood by all except Earl Russell, who said he had been informed that "there being in New Orleans a local regulation that women of the town creating a disturbance in the streets should be liable to be sent to prison, the meaning of the order was, that all women who should treat the American officers with contumely in the public streets should be held to be women creating a dis-turbance in the streets, and be sent to prison." Even on this interpretation he thought the order liable to lead to great brutalities, and wholly without justifi-The news of the reverse to the French arms in Mexico caused great excitement in France, and it was at once resolved to dispatch considerable

reinforcements to that country; 12,000 men are to be dispatched forthwith. The French Government have also officially announced the blockade of the Mexican ports.

Editor's Casy Chair.

ISTENING the other evening to Gottschalk's playing at the Academy, the Easy Chair naturally remembered and contrasted the various great players he has heard. Such recollections make a garden of the memory, and it is not easy to say which flower is the fairest. One thing is clear enough—that when you hear a fine player in a huge opera-house you are merely looking at a cabinet picture too far off to estimate it correctly. But do not hasten to say that nowhere else would such a thing be thought of as a pianist in a theatre, for Thalberg used constantly to play at matinées in Her Majesty's Opera-house in London; and there, in the gairish gaslight reflected from yellow silk hangings, the Easy Chair first heard him on one of the softest and brightest of English June days.

The performance was much the same that we all heard afterward in this country. The well-dressed, smooth-shaven, quiet man came on without pretension, seated himself, and played, without a single grimace. His manner was perfectly cool; his most wonderful effects were produced with the utmost repose. The one word which described the impression was "Gentlemanly." As was said of Wordsworth's poetry, "This is the kind that every educated gentleman ought to be able to write," so it seemed of Thalberg's playing that it was what should naturally be expected of every gentleman. Correctness was apparently an instinct, not a result of training. There was the same kind of sensuous delight in listening to the smooth, flowing, trickling, trilling, gurgling, yet broad and massive and firm playing, that there is in tasting a delicious fruit or a perfectly made soup.

And it was characteristic of Thalberg that he accurately understood the capacity of the instrument. He did not try to make the piano an orchestra, nor yet a flute, or a voice, or a violoncello. He respected its limitations, and therefore you did not say, "What a pity that it is only a piano!" There are other exquisite and excellent players who treat the instrument as if it were something else. Their temperaments are sensitive, aspiring, discontented; and the discontent betrays itself subtly in the very style of their playing. But that is bad art. The artist would throw it all into the playing itself, and express it through that, not through the method of manipulation.

Some of the most charming pieces that Thalberg played were his fantasias from operas, and especially one from Don Giovanni, including the music of the ball and the trio. The parts and selections were so exquisitely blended that the effect was hardly less delightful than hearing it from the orchestra. But that regulated propriety of behavior, that well-bred coolness of the man permeated the music. It was polished and smooth and delicious, but it was also cold. It might be symbolized by a perfect marble statue, not by a breathing, palpitating human being. For you feel that if Thalberg were an artist of another kind he would be a sculptor, not a painter; and a sculptor of Graces and Nymphs, not of Niobes and Clyties.

Gottschalk's playing is very difficult to charac-

terize, except as the most marvelous mechanical mastery of the piano ever known. His legerdemain is perfect. Each finger is a positive power; and the clearness and symmetry of the effects he produces are not less striking than the precision and force. In the Academy the instrument itself sounds thin and rattling; and the size of the hall, the character of the audience, and the paralysis of the characters of the piano, prevent his being heard except as a sensation player who astounds by tours de force. If he does not despise the audience there his expression does his real fecling great injustice.

Yet some years ago, upon his first visit to New York, the Easy Chair was one of a party one Saturday evening at Gottschalk's room in the old Irving House, now Delmonico's, at the corner of Chambers Street. There were but a few persons present, all fond of music, many skilled and learned in it. On that evening Gottschalk was truly pleasing. was young, and simple, and modest. His face had that glazed vagueness which it still has, and was in-That is, it was impossible to tell if it wore a natural mask which it was in vain to study, or if it were merely dullness. The general impression was of a boy who had been kept very constantly at severe practice of the piano, and knew little else. He seated himself at the instrument. The room was small; the company discriminating and interested; and we sat comfortably in chairs, or lounged upon sofas. After running his hands about the kevboard he struck into a grand polonaise of Chopin's, and delivered it with masterly precision and vigor. It was a thoroughly appreciative and respectful performance, without niggling or affectation of any He followed it with a rapid series of selections from Chopin-mazurkas, études, preludes, waltzes, sonatas, fantasias, nocturnes - and they were all so delicately discriminated and so exquisitely "interpreted," that those who had supposed that in Gottschalk they were to hear only a prodigious athletc were entirely surprised.

He played then one or two merely bravura compositions which revealed his unsurpassed skill, and glided into his own Bamboula, full of rocking tropical languor and warmth. There scemed nothing to be asked. The Chopin performances were as simple and rich and honest as any one could ask; and the others were as glittering and magnificent as they could be. It was clear that the player must be personally known before his performance could be accurately appreciated. The technical details were perfect. But there was an after-taste of the want of You heard Chopin, for instance, as imagination. exactly as Chopin's self could have played; but there is an atmosphere in his music, as there doubtless was in his playing, which separated his own rendering from that of any one else in the world. could not have changed a note of Gottschalk's; but from his own finger it would have dropped with an indefinable and unapproachable grace.

Since that evening Gottschalk has presented his claims to the world as one of the chief living pianists. He has also composed music, which is graceful and intricate and agreeable, but which does not indicate a marked or original power. Merely as a pianist he is doubtless unrivaled. If he pleases less than Thalberg, it is only because he is younger and cruder, and shows too constantly a kind of power which should be reserved. The horse that charms most is not the one that trots at his utmost all the time, but the one that decorates his quiet pace with the impression of a possibility of infinite speed.

Thalberg and Gottschalk are virtuosos like Paganini and Ernst. Of course all such men, interesting and admirable as they may be, are to great musicians what actors are to dramatists, what Kean and Kcinble were to Shakespeare. So when we hear Gottschalk play a fantasia of Chopin's, we do not indeed hear the master himself, but we hear the best living performer of his work.

There was a great deal of lively sarcasm in the opera-house and the newspapers because Gottschalk played between some of the acts of the opera, and Hermann juggled between others. But certainly, so far as the hearing of the opera is in question, the unity of interest is no more destroyed by listening to exquisite piano-playing during the interval than in attending to the tattle of a dull neighbor or staring at the audience. The entr'acte itself is the absurdity, not the occupation of the listener, while it con-The best use to which it could be put upon any evening when Lucrezia Borgia is played, for instance, would be the playing of Venetian music, barcaroles and dances, by the orchestra. imagination would still unconsciously linger in Venice, and not drop suddenly back into Irving Place.

The constant crowds certainly showed that it was worth while for a manager to give the best he could for the lowest sum. To be sure it is sharply said that the director charged fifty cents to enter and fifty more to sit down, and then called it an entertainment for fifty cents, which was a juggle. Still he is technically correct; "admission to all parts of the house" was given for fifty cents. Yet managers do not win love and troops of friends by such conduct. But if you should offer them love or money, which do you think they would take?

A NEW hero has suddenly appeared, and we have seen him in New York. His name is Prim. He is a Spanish General and the Count de Reus. He came as commander of the Spanish contingent in the combined forces of England, France, and Spain, to insure the payment of the annual interest upon the Mexican debt. But when the French Admiral said, "Nous autres, Frenchmen, can not possibly see how our interest is to be paid unless we make the Archduke Maximilian of Austria King or Emperor of Mexico," then Sir Charles Wyke and the English, and General Prim and the Spaniards, wished the French Admiral good-morning.

As he went General Prim received a letter from Louis Napoleon and answered it. His reply is one of the best political letters that has been lately made public. The Count de Reus says that, with many thanks, and fervent prayers for his Majesty's greatness and glory, Spain will decline to pull the hot chestnuts out of the ashes for his Majesty's luncheon. If Majesty must eat chestnuts-Amen! But how about a burned mouth? It may be easy enough for France to seat the young Austrian in Mexico-for what can not France do? but how are you going to hold him there? When your Majesty removes your hand your Majesty's puppet will tumble down. There is no taste for puppet-shows in Mexico; and if there were, some of the neighbors are dreadfully annoyed by them.

A franker or politer letter it would be hard to imagine. The truth was never more plainly told to a monarch, or in a more convincing and unexceptionable manner. Spain, hints the Count, has the most natural and warmest interest in Mexico. We are here to fight, if it must be; but I have no fear that Mexico will refuse to do justice. If you choose

to undertake a war against Mexico, to compel the people to receive a man they detest, and to change the Government to a monarchy, by a pretended election under the sanction of the imposed emigrant, it is your affair; what can not France do? while, I beg a thousand pardons of your Majesty, but the English have withdrawn. It is an important fact. And we are going. Modesty forbids that I should call that important. Let it count for what it is worth. Yet not only do England and Spain withdraw, but the United States dearly love republicanism upon this continent. It is not for me to insinuate. I testify my profound devotion, and hope Madame and the infant portent themselves excessively bien.

Louis Napoleon is not the shrewd man he is believed to be if he does not value that letter as he values few he has ever received. The case is not so complicated that the hangers-on of the Easy Chair may not readily comprehend it, and we are all sure to talk of it a great deal before it is ended.

Two years ago this summer a neighbor used to drop in upon the Easy Chair and say to him, "You are mistaken in two things. If Mr. Lincoln is elected there will be a civil war, though you disbelieve it; and the great question of this country is not Slavery—that is done for—but it is Mexico. I can not persuade any statesman to see it, but it is so. Mexico is in trouble, but there is a way out of it. The Juarez party is truly the people's party. They can secure and maintain peace if the national debt could be guaranteed for a certain time. It ought to be guaranteed, and by this country. If we do not do it there will be a foreign intervention in Mexico.

He was perfectly sure of it. He had lived long in the country. He knew the leaders. He knew also the feeling in the South of this country; believed that Mr. Lincoln would be elected; that the war would follow, and that Europe would at once trample the Monroe doctrine into the mud of Mexico. Events have proved his sagacity; and it is through Mexico that we are now most seriously threatened with foreign complications. For, taking advantage of our domestic troubles, the three great Powers appeared in Mexico for the express and only purpose of securing the regular payment of the interest on their debt. Satisfactory arrangements were making; but in the midst of the negotiations arrives French reinforcements, beyond the stipulated number, and with them a party of people hateful to the Mexicans, identified only with the Church or despotic party, one of whom some of the French soldiers elect President of Mexico, with the acknowledged intention of subverting the republic and erecting a monarchy. England and Spain thereupon retire, and France remains. The Mexicans rise; a battle is fought and the French defeated. What will your Majesty do next?

Just as this question is asking General Prim steams into the harbor of New York. His position is so manly and honorable that his welcome is truly hearty. He goes to Washington, and penetrates the peninsula far enough to see our army before Richmond. It is sure to conquer, he says; and we all like General Prim. Then he returns to New York and sits for his photograph—for we must all have a likeness of General Prim. The Spanish residents invite him to a banquet at Delmonico's new restaurant, the house of Moses H. Grinnell, at the corner of Fourteenth Street and the Fifth Avenue. The feast is sumptuous, brilliant, and elegant. There are colored lanterns at the doors, and ranges of gor- odes were flown from the gallery. Flowers were cast

geous flowers within; while the guests are the Spanish Minister and a swarthy crowd of Dons representing all the Spanish American governments. Don William H. Seward, our Secretary of State, is strongly urged to come. He writes from Auburn that he is "at home but three days in the year," and begs to be excused; but also desires to salute General Prim as a worthy representative of renovated Spain. The feast is an exchange of congratulations between Spain and Spanish America. Even Yankee America is not absent, for among the guests we read the names of Señor Don Sidney Mason and Señor Don Frederico Grund.

The Spanish Minister, Señor Don Tassara, makes a glowing speech. Every Señor Don Minister makes a glowing speech; and General Prim says that not only does Spain respect the independence of Mexico, but it shall yet be her duty to make the liberty of America respected every where. It is a brilliant and happy banquet. Spain clasps hands with her sometime children; and that all may share the delight General Prim, in sitting down, drinks to the prosperity of the United States and the success of

The next day the Count de Reus sailed away, and of all Spaniards who have recently written or spoken none has written more wisely or spoken more frankly than he. In the agitation of the Mexican Question he is sure to appear again; and surely every loyal American will hail his appearance with pleasure, and reciprocate all his kind wishes of prosperity to General Prim.

DURING the month there has been a summer season of opera. In times past the June season has been very gay with the guests from Southern cities and from Cuba upon the wing to the watering-places of the North. But this year they have been absent; although had they been here, where could they have been placed in the crowds that have filled the Academy? Elsewhere the Easy Chair has spoken of Gottschalk's playing; but a word is due in these columns to Madame Borchard, an unheralded prima donna, and the most finished and excellent singer we have had since La Grange.

She came upon the town, as the old theatre chroniclers used to say, as Lucrezia Borgia, and she gave the music and the drama in so broad and satisfactory a manner that her future success is sure. Her style is French; that is to say, peculiarly polished and ladylike. Her method of singing is strictly Italian. Her success shows the wisdom of not blowing loud trumpets in advance.

After Jenny Lind came to this country, and indeed sometimes before, the advent of each new singer, or pianist, or violinist, was announced by a flourish of puffs on satin paper in the guise of biographies. A serenade upon the arrival was found a good advertisement. But after Parodi, whose coming was managed so as to parody Jenny Lind's throughout, this puff system was much discontinued. It was revived a little in the case of Musard, but his sad failure slew it utterly. Parodi had sung in London as a pupil of Pasta. She had made her "hit" as Trinculo, in a musical olio from the "Tempest" by Halevy; and as Trinculo she was chiefly remarked for a saucy drinking song. Suddenly translated to New York she was manipulated into a famous prima donna, and after the arrival and serenade she appeared at the Astor Place Opera-house as Norma. The house was crowded. White doves with Italian upon the stage. The machinery was in full play—and Parodi failed. She was an ordinary singer, and doves and serenades could not conceal it.

Ullman has not made the mistakes of Maretzek. But in every country the opera is a game. It is a Rouge et Noir, a faro, more or less. The manager enjoys the excitement and literally "runs for luck." Like all gamblers he loses in the long-run. the Government helps him he repairs his losses and tries again. The remedy, of course, lies in more moderate salaries. The wages of a singer are Indicrously disproportioned to those of all other workers in the world. It is true that a fine voice is as seldom found as a fine pearl, and that the rivalry for its possession is intense. But it is a rivalry, after all, among poor men, or men of precarious fortunes, as all managers are. Were they more reasonable, singers and managers, the opera might be as permanent and secure as the theatre. As it is, it is only an intermittent fever.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S book upon North America is neither so profound as De Tocqueville's, nor so broadly amusing and exaggerated as Dickens's; but it is the work of a genial, observant Englishman, intensely English and honest, and doing us all the justice that he possibly can. He does not like our railroad cars, nor our hotel manners, nor our old children, nor the eternal rush, and row, and I'm-asgood-as-you of the Yankee nation. On the other hand, he does not quote an extravagant exception as a rule, nor suppose that what a passing stranger sees upon the outside is necessarily the only thing there is to see.

His journey in America fell at a time when we were more profoundly disturbed and excited than we have been for many years; when a wild, civil war was raging, and the public mind was turned exclusively to military affairs. It happened, also, when the growing sympathy between England and America had been suddenly and rudely checked by the course adopted by England, and which she persists, with amusing solemnity, in calling her "impartiality"-an impartiality which consisted in calling a furious faction, seeking the overthrow of the Government, an equal belligerent power with that Government, in the most incessant sneering at the loyal people of the country, in the active sympathy of the English colonies with the authors of our misfortunes, unchecked by a solitary word from the organs of British public opinion, and in the plain declaration of the English Foreign Minister that the faction was fighting for liberty and the Government for

This is the impartiality and neutrality upon which John Bull so complacently congratulates himself, which Mr. Trollope thinks is the most natural and reasonable position for Bull in the world, but which, with equal naturalness and reason, had disgusted and exasperated the nation through which his journey lay. Still, it is to the great credit of the traveler that he tries to hold a fair mind; and does so, enough to admit that, were he an American, he should doubtless take the American view, and object to the abject and utter destruction of his nation without a word of protest.

There is a great deal of droll sketching in the volume—sketching of circumstances and subjects very familiar to every American traveler. It does not, however, often occur to Mr. Trollope, nor does it to most foreign tourists here, that the key of society being entirely changed, the most familiar things

will necessarily make a different impression. For instance, railroad traveling is a daily commonplace both of England and America; but in England comparatively few persons travel, and here every body travels. Consequently you are very sure to see and hear a great many very funny things. But then Mr. Trollope's wonder that money will not buy in traveling what it buys every where else is the remark of every intelligent American. A railroad ticket-office is the only place where money loses its power. Upon any steamer you may buy a whole state-room if you wish to, but you can not buy a whole seat in a car. At a hotel you may have a room at any price; you may have silence, solitude, heat, cold, comfort. But in a car you are at the mercy of any drunken, dirty man who smells like a gutter and acts like a hog, and who chooses to seat himself next to you. The principle of choice is indeed conceded in the two classes of cars, but the practice is indefinitely postponed.

A book like this of Mr. Trollope's is of real service, because it shows us just what an intelligent, open-eyed man thinks of us. We are inevitably so used to our own ways that we can not estimate them impartially. In such a book we have the chance of looking at ourselves from the outside, and appreciating the impression we make. We shall all laugh at a great deal the author says. We shall differ with much, and we shall profit by much more. It is useless, when he makes a home-thrust, to cry, "You're another!" It does not follow that a man who squirts his tobacco-juice through his mouth and his words through his nose is an agreeable fellow That English wobecause John Bull is a snob. men are dowdy does not prove that pert and vulgar American women are elegant; and that the English are servile does not make it impossible for Americans to be insolent.

The book is well worth reading.

The death of Henry Thomas Buckle, who had scarcely reached the prime of life, is an event of the greatest interest and regret to every man who, believing in a divine purpose in human history, has faithfully studied Buckle's analysis of human progress.

The mere facts of his life were remarkable. health delayed his education until he was a grown boy. His early and chief occupation, as an invalid, was chess-playing, in which he became a master. When he was eighteen his father left him a fortune, and then, conceiving the vast plan of a history of human civilization—in other words, a complete Philosophy of Human Progress—he surrounded himself with books, devoted himself with unflagging intrepidity to every branch of knowledge; noted, collated, digested, and, at the age of thirty-five, after seventeen or eighteen years of such study as few men can imagine, he published his first volume, the mere erudition of which was so imposing that it was said, as a high praise of the Astor Library, that almost all of Mr. Buckle's quotations and allusions could be verified from its shelves.

The central idea of his doctrine was that civilization is a mental and not a moral result; and he subordinates all moral and religious to intellectual influences so broadly and vehemently that the superficial reader supposed he denied the existence, or excellence, or value of the moral nature of man; and the publication was followed by a tremendous clatter of "atheist!" "infidel!" "irreligion!" "irreverence!" and the usual tantamarra that explodes when-

ever a thinker announces a fundamental principle at variance with the received belief.

The whole controversy may be very simply stated. The general opinion of Christendom—it can not be called a faith so much as a tradition-is that religion or Christianity is the controlling influence of civilization. It is assumed, it is not debated. But a student and a thinker assumes nothing in questions that depends upon evidence. "It is so," said pub-"Is it so?" replied Buckle. His offense is first in asking the question, and then in an-"I have swering it accordingly to his conviction. looked into this question," he says, "as deeply as most people. I have studied it in all its facts and bearings. I can have no other object than the truth, and I don't think that your view is the truth. It is not enough to be moral, you must be intelligently moral."

That was his persuasion, and he wrote it down and the reasons for it in his remarkable work. There was no disguise in it, no deceit of any kind. "I have weak spots, doubtless," his very frankness said; "pierce them, and let me learn." Then as the loud and vague clamor rose around him, it is easy to fancy the look and tone of a man to whom every aspect of ignorance and bigotry in every age and nation was familiar, as he asked, "We all want truth, I suppose? We are not more interested in our own notions than in the truth, are we? We sincerely believe in moral liberty, do we not?"

In his second volume, published three years after the first, he expresses his convictions only the more strongly; and he speaks with warmth, yet with perfect dignity and pathos, of the barriers which tradition, ignorance, and superstition build in the path of Whoever, he says, will truly write history must be "prepared for that obliquy which always awaits, those who, by opening up new veins of thought, disturb the prejudices of their contempora-While ignorance, and worse than ignorance, is imputed to him; while his motives are misrepresented and his integrity impeached; while he is accused of denying the value of moral principles, and of attacking the foundation of all religion, as if he were some public enemy who made it his business to corrupt society, and whose delight it was to see what evil he could do; while these charges are brought forward and repeated from mouth to mouth, he must be capable of pursuing in silence the even tenor of his way, without swerving, without pausing, and without stepping from his path to notice the angry outcries which he can not but hear, and which he is more than human if he does not long to rebuke."

He goes on to confess that the plan of his work was too vast, that he had hoped too much, and that the task requires not only several minds but the successive experience of several generations. But his own ample and splendid contributions to that work will be his great monument, and an integral part of what is most valuable in English literature. work is not likely to be continued by other hands, for the necessary preparation would consume the lifetime of most men. Besides, it must be conceived as clearly and vigorously as he conceived it, or it could not be done. As with the statues of Michael Angelo upon the Medici tomb, its incompleteness is so much finer than much completion, that we will be grateful for what was actually accomplished rather than despondent for what was necessarily left undone. England herself has hardly counted Buckle among her memorable men of this time. Macaulay, a purveyor of history rather than a historian, is her

elected literary favorite of the age. But Buckle, with Carlyle, with John Stuart Mill, with all who belong to the truly catholic church of lovers of moral liberty, will mould the age which praises lesser men.

Mr. Buckle was scarcely forty-two years old and unmarried. He died at Damascus in May. It was only at the close of the winter that he was heard of in Egypt, the guest of our Consul General, Thayer. He then intended to come to this country, to enlighten himself by actual observation of our life and character. Had he done so the secret springs of our national significance and prosperity would have been contemplated as they have not yet been, with all of De Tocqueville's calmness, of Gurowski's perspicacity, with the shrewd eye of all our other critics, but also with the breadth and incisive universality with which he grasps the France of Louis XIV., and with a comprehensive exposition of the doctrine of Liberty that would have inspirited all our hearts.

THE war has now lasted more than a year. The wild amazement and excitement of its beginning are past. The national incredulity that any party or faction would actually take up arms has changed into the calm conviction that our rights and liberties, like those of every nation, are held only by our courage and self-sacrifice. There is no amulet which will protect national life but the hearty devotion of the citizens. There is no charm against selfishness and crime: no talisman that will dispense with personal heroism.

Meanwhile the aspect of the city is almost unchanged. There is no less thronging and moving along the streets: no less crowding in brilliant theatres: no less swarming to the Central Park on Saturday afternoons when the band plays. Broadway is as full as ever: the shops are not less gay; and if you roll slowly down in an omnibus at five o'clock in the afternoon you would be amazed to see how a great war may be raging only two days' journey off, and yet the city be as apparently unconcerned as in the most halcyon hour of peace.

Now and then, however, in strolling about the streets you are suddenly arrested by what is indeed an unwonted spectacle to us. Yesterday, for instance, as I was—not strolling, but hastening along Cortlandt Street, I met a little wagon rolled rapidly along, and in it sat a man in uniform, both of whose legs had been shot away. His face was cheerful. The wagon was pushed by some friendly hand, the crowd parted silently before it, and every eye fell wistfully upon the melancholy sight.

A little farther on and I met a pale, emaciated youth, also in uniform and leaning heavily upon a cane, while he dragged himself slowly along. His sallow, wasted face showed the victim of fever. His rusty uniform was the credential of honorable service. I lifted my hat involuntarily. "I bow instinctively to a wounded soldier," said a friend at

ıny side.

These are the not infrequent spectacles which now meet the eye of the loiterer or rapid passenger in the great city, whose only previous impression for two or three generations had been that of too fervent and exhaustive life. These wounded and forever disabled soldiers stop a man's thoughts as they arrest his steps, and remind him of the entirely changed aspects of the future. Peace, even after a just war, comes so sadly. It comes so shrouded in sorrow and poignant regret! The woes of war are so material and obvious, its advantages so spiritual

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and often remote, that it requires a strong, sweet faith not to think peace desirable at any cost.

Yet it is no paradox, though it seems so, that it is the lovers of peace who are generally obliged to make war. Men who respect their own rights and those of others, and who wish that the rights of all shall be maintained, are by nature in direct opposition to those who acknowledge no rights whatever but their own wills. When the laws which defend those rights are violated, or when the laws themselves violate those rights, there is no alternative but acquiescence or resistance. But acquiescence is merely the forging of the first link of the chain of submission; and unless slavery, and torpidity, and degradation, and death are peace, the lovers of peace must withstand their first assaults.

These wounded soldiers, too, solitary, as it were, among the crowd, remind us how few the soldiers of the army are when measured by the great population of the country. And of those soldiers, too, how many are filled full with ardent conviction? How many know clearly what they are fighting for? More, doubtless, than the soldiers of any other army ever marshaled. But if their convictions were commensurate with their numbers, how irresistible they would be! They are combating now, God bless them! But if all men could see and feel what a few do a thousand would be terrible, and ten thousand invincible.

Good reader, think of these soldiers who have given their limbs, their health, and would willingly have given their lives for your security and com-Think of them wounded, wasted, weary: unfitted henceforth, perhaps, for their ordinary business; with wives and children to provide for, with old parents and sisters-think of them, and of the cause for which they have suffered, and ask yourself what you can do. Can you help this man to get a wooden leg: or give that one a lift in learning a new trade? Can you pay this one's rent for a little while, until he gets upon his pius again; or have you some clothes, books, magazines, newspapers, to send to the hospital where so many lie listless in the warm summer days? Can you go and sit with them, read to them, nurse them? Can you send fruit, or delicate food? Can you do something, or don't you care—and think they were great fools not to stay at home and mind their own business?

Yes, but what was their business? To let things go as they would? Well, it was no more their business to do that than it was Luther's, or John Wesley's, or Washington's, or Jefferson's? Why didn't Washington stay at home, and mind his business at Mount Vernon, and keep his feet warm and his head cool, instead of camping at Valley Forge in a frightfully bleak winter? Why didn't John Wesley preach comfortably in the comfortable churches, and let things slide as he found them? Who the dickens was John Wesley that he must find fault with his betters, and discover that the world was not good enough for him? It was good enough for the kings and the bishops; it was good enough for other people; but an obscure student must needs try to upset the settled order of things with his enthusiasms, and fanaticisms, and extravagances of every kind.

Poor miserable sinners that we are! It is these men, and men like them, who make the world worth living in. They purify the air of human life. They keep society sweet and decent, that otherwise, left to you and me and our kind, would stagnate and rot. These are the soldiers who fight the battles of the holy war; sometimes with spiritual, sometimes with car-

nal weapons. Oftentimes they are wounded, often wasted, but never weary. They believe that God is worth living for, and man worth dying for. Mind their business! Oh yes, Cain, we have heard your voice before. Their brother is their business. His peace, ease, liberty, rights, general welfare, these are their affair. These are the soldiers whose every wound is sacred—of whom the Great Captain says, "Whoso doeth it unto the least of these my little ones, doeth it unto me."

THACKERAY has left the editorship of the Cornhill, and is finishing his "Philip," which has been a standing dish in the feast of this Magazine for many a month past. This story has all his characteristic excellences: simplicity, exquisite detail of delineation, thorough comprehension of his range of character, unsparing exposure of the most startling infamy.

It is still true of Thackeray that he is an unsurpassed painter of human life. Virtue and vice are never unmitigated in his pages. If it be not the business of a novelist to show people exactly as they are, then he is a poor novelist. But the usual criticism that is made of his works, that they are only portraits of ordinary people, is pointless, because the very substance of his literary morality is, that literature, to be of service, must hold the mirror up to nature. We are perhaps warned as much by the contemplation of our weakness as of our wisdom. And it is at least an open question whether the human family is not as sensibly stimulated by seeing how bad it is as how good it might be.

Of course it is not to be supposed that Thackeray proposes to himself a fine moral purpose when he begins a novel. It is a fine offer from the publisher which induces him to begin, and the moral follows. No man, indeed, can truly paint human life without being a great moralist. Victor Hugo is not a moralist, for instance, because he does not paint human life. He is a rhapsodist in sentiment and a caricaturist in delineation. Victor Hugo is like Doré. His works are grotesque and powerful, but they are all unreal. They are not men or women in his pages more than the figures are truly human or the houses actual brick and stone in Doré's sketches.

Thackeray's range is limited. His genius is not opulent, but it is profuse. He does not create many types, but he endlessly illustrates what he does create. In this he reminds a traveler of Ruysdael and Wouvermann, the old painters. There are plenty of their pictures in the German galleries, and there is no mistaking them. This is a Ruysdael, how rich and tranquil! this is a Wouvermann, how open and smiling! are the instinctive words with which you greet them. The scope, the method, almost the figures and the composition are the same in each Ruysdael, in each Wouvermann, but you are not Ruysdael's heavy tree, Wouvermann's troubled. white horse, are not less agreeable in Dresden than in Berlin, or Munich, or Vienna. And shall we not be as tolerant in literature as in painting? Why should we expect simple pastoral nature in Victor Hugo, or electrical bursts of passion in Scott, or the "ideal" in Thackeray?

The reading world has been going into factitious hysterics over "Les Miserables" of Victor Hugo, and will say that "Philip" is the same old story. No man is foolish enough, let us hope, to remonstrate with public opinion; but, speaking of old stories, what is "Les Miserables?" Its moral is that a bad man may have good traits. But the treatment is in

such excessive chiaroscuro, it so blazes and darkens that the figures glimmer and glower and reel off in fantastic diablerie. The bad man is so good that the influence is lost, and the story vanishes like a fairy tale. The moral of "Philip," what is that? Simply that motives are mixed, that people are not absolutely good nor irredeemably bad—substantially the moral is the same as in "Les Miserables," but the morality is wonderfully different. The goodness does not gloze the vice, nor is the reader confused in his perceptions. In short, the one book is moral, and the other is not. Yet the one has a great deal of talk about religion, a great deal of preaching, and the other has no more sermon than the ordinary John Bull has imagination.

Now that Thackeray has almost finished his novel, we wish he would undertake a work for which he is peculiarly fitted, and of which we have spoken before—a history of the reign of Queen Anne. It would take up Macaulay's story where the brilliant story-teller laid it down; and Thackeray's hearty sympathy with the bigwigs and hooped skirts and flowered waistcoats of the period—with his special studies in the manners, morals, and literature of the period, would give us a most sparkling and entertaining and veracious history. Moreover, he is evidently tired of story-telling, even if the public is not tired of listening. Let him begin the new work; for his mind is ripe, and his readers are ready.

Editor's Dramer.

A CHAPLAIN in the army of the Union writes to us from beyond the Mississippi River and says:

says:
"In a return to civilization the first outlay of green-back' is for 'Harper;' and the first leaves cut

are those that open the Drawer."

And another chaplain writing to his friends in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers, asks for *Harper's Magazine*, for the Drawer is full of medicine that does them a heap of good.

A NEW correspondent in Lebanon writes to the Drawer:

"A week or two ago there was a 'match' which 'took fire' rather romantically. The hero and heroine were from this place. The former knew of things which happened long ago, but the latter was but a half-fledged school-girl. Among the bride's schoolmates were some but half her age. Tillie was one of them. Tillie came running to her mother the other day, saying,

""Mother, is it true that Mary H—— is married?"

"Yes, my dear. Why?"

"'Why, she's only half through her botany!"

"When I was at college, not long ago, there was a young student fresh from the country there, whose verdancy made him subject to many persecutions by the 'more experienced.' Sometimes the fun came without the assistance of his persecutors—or 'imposers,' as he thought. One morning he came in great haste and excitement to his chum, crying, 'Chum! chum! somebody stole our keyhole!'

"He meant the escutcheon!

"ABOUT a year or two after that, at the beginning of one of the sessions of the same college, among the new students was a big boorish fellow, who might have claimed descent from the family of Goliah of Gath without fear of contradiction. He did not seem

to have had much experience without the limits of his father's fences. He was sent to room with a student whom he never saw before. As he was being introduced to his new domicile he asked his chum:

"'Are there not two keys to this room?"

"'Yes, of course,' answered his chum.

""Why, there's only one keyhole!" said the new-comer."

GRACE AND I.

GRACE came to my chair—the sweet little pet,
With the sunniest hair that ever was yet—
And asked, with her blue eyes wide opened and fixed
On a passing idea our faces betwixt,
"Dear Aunty, what makes all the meadow so white,
Through the trees without leaves, as I see it to-night?"
I said 'twas the snow; but she quickly said, "No;
'Tis lambs lying there, and each time the winds blow
I watch one little fleecy thing frisk up and go,"

Then quoth darling Grace, with her soft baby face Upturned to the south window's uncurtained space—
(The candle was dim, or not lighted mayhap)—
"What is it makes shadows run over your lap?"
"The clouds," I replied, "with the moon up above."
She shook her fair curls till they all interwove.
"Lambs too—spirit lambs—some of gray, some of gold;
The brightest my brother, of whom you've oft told,
And the moon is the shepherd that bears them to fold."

My head threw eclipse as a kiss from my heart I bent on her lips, rosy-hued and apart; Then I raised her to sit where the shadows had been, And told of the Lamb that was slain for our sin; Of a home he has promised, where winter and night Are eternally banished for gladness and light. Nor yet was I sure her faith simple and pure, Like the kiss I had given, those teachings mature, Instead of assuring, would only obscure.

Connecticut boasts of some great farmers. They have a curious way of doing things on shares, and the results of these operations sometimes offer a fine field for the display of logic. One of their farmers leased to his son-in-law three acres of land, to be planted with corn and cultivated by him 'at the halves." In the fall the lessee said that was the poorest land he ever worked on; for, said he, "I worked hard all summer, and at harvest-time, when we came to divide the crop, I not only had no corn left for myself, but I had to go and buy five bushels of shelled corn to make out my father-in-law's half."

Here is another case illustrating the workings of this "peculiar institution" of doing things on shares: Farmer A happened to have more pigs than he could keep, while his neighbor, B, had more milk than he could dispose of. One day A brought two pigs over and deposited them in B's pen, saying that he wished B to keep them on shares, and that he might keep them two months and have one of them as his share. B replied that, as he had plenty of feed, he would keep them four months and have them both, as, of course, that would amount to the same thing! A left, saying that he supposed it was all right; but guessed he wouldn't bring any more.

DOCTOR JEBB was once paid three guineas by a rich patient from whom he had a right to expect five. He dropped them on the floor, when a servant picked them up and restored them. The doctor, instead of walking off, continued his search on the carpet.

"Are all the guineas found?" asked the rich man.
"There must be two still on the floor," said the
Doctor, "for I have only three."

The hint was taken, and the two immediately handed over.

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"I HAVE fifty dollars in property," said an Irishman to a young lawyer; "but Bill Smead has got a judgment against me, and I should like you to advise how I can hide away my property so he shall not get one sint."

"Well," said the lawyer, "make it over to H-

your old employer."

"And faith I'll do that," said Pat, hurrying from the office. The next day our sprig of the law met Pat in the street and gently reminded him that he forgot to pay the small fee for the advice received.

"And didn't your Honor say I should give my property to Mr. H——, and so I have; and now you and Smead may get it from Mr. H—— if you can!"

Away Down East a wealthy old gentleman, who was especially fond of a glass of good brandy, had established a bank, and liking his own face better than any one's else, had the frankness to confess it by placing it on both ends of his bank-bills. One evening a bill of this description was offered at the village hotel, and was thought to be a counterfeit. "Put a glass of brandy to the picter," proposed a wag, "and if his mouth opens you may be sure it is one of old Vintner's."

"DEAR DRAWER,—I am now living on a vast prairie away West of the Mississippi; yet even here in this solitude my heart is made glad by the host of good things in the Drawer; and feeling that all who enjoy this feast should contribute, I send you

my offering:

"Several years ago the Rev. Mr. Cter of the Troy Conference, was in charge of Circuit. Father C- was eminently pious himself, and was truly anxious that his whole flock should be likewise pure; and his constant theme was for all the members of his church to seek 'holiness of heart,' or, in other words, 'entire sanctification.' But his congregation was in a wretchedly backslidden state, and his zeal was almost wholly unrewarded. There was one, however, who was ever ready with the earliest excitement to become converted and reconverted; and, I am sorry to add, quite as ready to go astray when all was over. But while the excitement lasted none labored more earnestly, or exhorted others more vehemently, than ... Yet even in his most pious moods Joseph H-Joseph had one great besetting sin; viz., profanity, with which he had battled for many years, but had never been able to entirely overcome; and often did poor Joe repent over some dreadful oath that had escaped him while off his guard. Joseph unfortunately had a great physical defect as well as a moral one-he was blind in one eye.

"Well, Joseph was the only one whose heart was melted under the ministrations of Father Cprofessed to have received the 'blessing.' Now it happened a few days after Joseph's last experience, that as he went into the field one warm day in June to plow a piece of tough and stony soil with a pair of very unhandy oxen he completely lost his temper, and with it the 'blessing,' and was lashing his steers, not only with his whip, but also with his tongue, and in language the most wicked, wherein the name of his Maker was oft repeated in vain; when suddenly, as he turned the corner, what should meet his astonished eye but Father C--, who had come up to within a short distance of him, on the blind side, and had listened to his unlucky tirade.

"Joe's presence of mind was wonderful in cases of emergency; and hoping to deceive the good man,

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he instantly resolved to sing, and thus have it appear that he had been engaged in that innocent pleasure all the while. Accordingly, with infinite tact, he commenced in his loudest strain. Then, as though he had just discovered Father C——, he stopped short, and with extended hand walked up to him, saying, 'Father C——, I am glad to see you here. Them steers jerk me about so among the stones that I can scarcely sing a tune.'

"'Stop that, you profane wretch! Don't add a

lie to the sin you have already committed.'

"Poor Joe was fairly caught, and had to own up, and submitted for a long time to the indignant reproof of Father C—— without a murmur. Then, after explaining the many vexations to which he had been subjected in the way of the heat, unruly cattle, and a hard and stony soil, and making a solemn promise to never sin in like manner again, he was dismissed with the following reply by Father C——: 'Joseph, you have committed a very grave sin; but if God can forgive you I can too.'

"A few weeks after Joe, in great confidence, related to me his unlucky visit from Father C—— in the field; and slyly added that if it had not been for his blind eye Father C—— would never have caught

him at that dodge."

STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

In '56 and '57 (the glory days of Minnesota) one Olldritch made some investments in town lots in F-, then one of the most flourishing towns in the State, but since the "crisis," like the balance, somewhat under a cloud. Olldritch was a fussy, crotchety old fellow, with a great many old maidish notions in his head, especially in regard to the management of his property. After remaining in Fa year or so, and long enough to erect three or four buildings on his lots, he was obliged to return to his former home in Indiana, where he had left his fam-This was in the spring of '57, and just before the winter of our financial discontent had fairly set Of course he went away with the somewhat romantic notions of the prospects of the town, and the value of his property, common to the country at that time. As agent to look after his business here he selected a young man by the name of Cthough he had never worn the judicial ermine, rejoiced in the sobriquet of Judge. The Judge was a man of good standing for honesty and capacity, but of all things he hated to be "bothered;" still, as he was always willing to oblige a friend, he consented to take charge of the property. One of the buildings which came under his oversight was a small, one-storied, unpainted bass-wood structure, built, as most of its neighbors were, on general principles, so as to be adapted to almost any purpose required in a new country. When it came into the Judge's hands it was occupied as a dwelling-house, but the tenant failing to recognize the obligation to pay rent was, after a good deal of argument on the Judge's part, brought to a realizing sense of the necessity of giving up possession; which he at length did, evidently regarding it as a favor on his part. The house remained vacant for a number of weeks, when the Judge, after a good deal of discussion as to terms and conditions, let it to an Irishman. Mr. Irishman took possession with his family, but finding his quarters rather more airy than is desirable even in a climate where the air is as pure and invigorating as it is here, he banked up the house nearly to the eaves with chips, and turf, and saw-dust, and gravel, and such other materials as were handy. The Judge,

supposing that the property was well let, did not enter to view until several weeks after his new tenant had gone into possession; but when he saw the banking he was very much offended, both because it injured the appearance of the premises, and because it was a reflection on himself and the landlord. But when, on applying for the first quarter's rent, he discovered that Mr. Irishman was not the "gintleman who paid the rint," his wrath rose to the boiling point, and he gave notice to quit forthwith. Mr. Irishman hadn't come across the stormy Atlantic to be "trated" in this summary manner by an overbearing landlord, so in spite of the Judge's threats he remained there till spring, rent free, under the shadow of the banking which his thoughtful care had shoveled up against the winter's cold.

The house was once more vacant and in the Judge's control, and, determined to profit by experience, the Judge resolved, inwardly and outwardly, that no man, woman, or child, should again enter it without bringing a good character, and paying rent To make this sure, he removed the in advance. window-sash and padlocked the door. And in his capacity of agent the Judge derived great inward satisfaction from the reflection that, under this line of policy, if his landlord and principal was not deriving any income from his property, he was not at least being defrauded out of his honest rents by dishonest tenants. Things remained in this condition for some time, when, one day in the month of August following, the Judge was sitting in his office (for, by-the-way, the Judge had been dabbling in politics, and had been recently elected to a position of responsibility in the county) smoking his meerschaum and digesting his dinner, when the door was opened by a middle-aged daughter of Erin, who inquired in a shrill voice, "Is the gintleman they call the 'Jooge' in?" The Judge replied that he supposed that meant him. "An' shure," said she, "we hadn't any boords to make a pen to put the little pigs in, and we was afraid they would rin away, and we couldn't affoord to lose the little pigs, and we thought it would be a good, dry, warrum place, and so last Thursday was a week we put the little pigs into your schmall house jist across the sthrate from our shanty, and very convanient it is for us and for the little pigs, and very kind of yez-God bless yez, Sir!-not to complain."

The Judge was completely upset. What with the habit of conciliating the good-will of the people into which he had fallen in his political career, and his recollection of the treatment which he had received from his tenants, and the resolution which he had formed, his mind was for a few moments agitated by a storm of contending emotions. At length recovering his self-possession, and recalling the duty which he owed to Olldritch, he denounced the conduct of his visitor in his best style, with some profanity, and wound up his philippic by bidding her take her pigs out of the house immediately. The take her pigs out of the house immediately. woman promised compliance, and left the office.

A few days after the Judge was sauntering leisurely down the street, and happened to have the curiosity to look into the house to see in what condition the pigs had left it. What was his surprise, on looking through the window, to see six or eight well-grown pigs comfortably quartered in the house, and apparently enjoying all the rights and privileges which the premises afforded. The Judge was thunder-struck; for not only had the rights of property a been wantonly invaded, but his own dignity and uthority most outrageously trampled upon. To

kick open the door and kick the pigs and their mother out into the street was but the work of a mo-But looking across the street after he had cleared the premises, the Judge saw the mistress of the pigs, swill-pail in hand, calling them together; and fearing the consequences to himself if he remained in the vicinity, he hastened to betake himself to a safe distance. Glancing back over his shoulder to see what course things were taking, and whether he was being pursued or not, he had barely time to see the Irish lady driving them all back into the house and fastening the door, and as she did so he saw her shaking her fist at him in defiance, and heard her saying something about the divil's taking the miserable spalpeen that dhrove poor people's pigs into the sthrate.

After this adventure the Judge was completely humbled, and made up his mind that the less he had to do with that house the less he should be bothered. Mr. Olldritch was surprised by a communication which the Judge sent him shortly after, containing the following statement of account:

	OLLDRITCH, Esq.	
1858.	To C Dr.	
Dec. 7.	To attempt to collect rent	\$2.00
1859.	•	
Sept. 12.	To letting house to Irishman	1.75
Dec. 14.	To attempt to collect rent of same	1.00
1860.		
May 17.	To taking out sash and padlock	.75
July 23.	To removing pigs	2.50
July 24.	To commission on sale, 20 per cent	.50
		\$8.50
1860.	CONTRA. Cr.	Ψ
July 24.	By proceeds house sold	2.50
-	Balance	\$6.00

The Judge closed his communication by hoping that the balance of \$6 would be remitted at early convenience, and resigned his agency.

"'Our baby,' Charlie Rand, is a comique. theological notions are of the most heterodox. When his mother first tried to impress upon him an idea of the Great Father to whom his prayers should be addressed he insisted upon knowing what He wore, and the size of His hand and His eyes, and the like. And when his attention was turned from these points to the exceeding love and care of his Heavenly Father, and he was asked if he did not love Him, he replied, with an eager clapping of his hands,

"'Yes; I'll get up in His lap and kiss him when

"When the first attempt was made to teach him the Lord's Prayer he went on very well until he came to the passage, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' when he added, 'and butter too.'

"'No,' said his mother; 'you must put in nothing but what I say. It is wrong to add your own words.'

"'No, my child,' said his mother; 'you must re-

peat it just as I do.'
"'Yes, yes,' cried he, obstinately; 'we want butter too, and drum-sticks, and bonfires!'-these last items being partially prohibited to him and his elder brother, but forming in his mind the highest pinnacle of boyish bliss.

"His mother deferred the teaching of the prayer till his understanding of the matter was a little further developed; and the next day she took him upon her knee, and attempted to make him understand the position of the First Great Cause in the universe. The spring was approaching, and she told him that God gave us the gentle showers, and that He would

soon cover the earth with fresh grass and the beautiful flowers of which he was so fond, and that He was the source of all good. Shortly after she heard him telling his sister that God was down in the gyound, making nice gyass and fowers for us. And the next morning, when the sleep was first washed out of his eyes and he had plunged out of doors, he found that a crocus had pushed its way out of the oozy bed beneath the newly-melted snow. Quivering with excitement he rushed back into the house, exclaiming,

"God has made a fower!"

"Has He, my child?' said his mother.

"'Yes, yes!' cried he, nodding vociferously with his head; 'He pushed it up yeal clean out of the mud.'

"His mother explained to him that though God wrought in the earth, and brought forth the beautiful flowers from thence, yet his dwelling-place was in the heavens.

"Soon after he came running into the house, his eyes sparkling with delight at having seen the first bird of spring.

"'I saw a yittle God-bird out of doors!' he cried.

""My child! said his mother, shocked at the mixture he seemed determined to make of every thing; and she made one more attempt at explanation, trying to make him understand that the air, where the birds were, was a part of our earth; but that the heaven, which was God's throne, was another thing. In this he seemed to acquiesce, and



YOUNG AMERICA.

C.ESAR.—"Young gentleman in the parlor, inquiring for you, Miss Sybil; are you at home?"

MISS SYBIL.—"Oh dear, no. I've got proofs to correct, and lots of correspondence to get through. Tell him gone to Agassiz's Lecture; that's a good boy."

called the birds 'the yittle air-birds' the rest of the

"When the streets began to be filled with soldiers he was full of excitement, and gave his mother no peace from morning till night with teasing for a suit of soldier clothes, and drums, and swords, and the like. Thinking this rather too much military spirit for a three-year-old, his mother took him up one day after the battle of Bull Run, and showed him the dark side of the soldier's fate, telling him of the wounded on the battle-field and in the hospitals of the trampling of horses over the slain-of the hard deaths and hasty burials. He looked very serious, and said nothing, but his military ardor was in nowise damped; he evidently thinking that being shot was a small matter compared with the glory of drums and soldier clothes.

"Some time after this he was sitting on the floor at his mother's feet, having dropped his playthings, and fallen apparently into a brown study. Finally he looked up, and said, in a whisper,

"'Mamma, if we are all cut to pieces when we go up to God's house, zen-zen' (very softly) 'God

will have somesing to eat, won't He?

"'Why!' said his mother, shocked at this supercannibal notion; and taking him in hand again, she told him that we should have a new body, that God would make us again, and showed him what a terrible idea he had taken up.

"'Will He put us togezzer again?' said he, earnestly.

"He sat looking into his mother's face for a few moments in childish wonder, and then, jumping off



a tuthoss Arabella.—"They talk of improvements in photography. I don't see it. This picture of me isn't half as y as one I had taken twenty-five years ago."

her lap, and drawing up his little dress to show where his knee and thigh joints were, he said,

"I know! Zere's a bent in my bones, zere and zere! Zat's where he will put us togezzer again.'

"At another time he asked where we should sleep when we went up to 'God's house'—a term which he persists in using. His mother told him that perhaps we should not sleep at all.

" 'But if we do?'

"'I don't think we shall."

"But if we do? Zen-zen zose clouds would be nice places to sleep on, wouldn't zey?' pointing to some white fleecy clouds that lay against the horizon.

"One day, stopping with his father at a grocery he took an orange from a basket, just as he would possess himself of any thing he wished. He was told that this was a theft—that if he had not money to pay the grocer for such things as he wanted, it was stealing to take them. Shortly after he was

teasing his father one morning to buy him some skates—the rest of the family having been supplied, and he persisting in the idea that he could skate as well as the rest. His father told him that he had no money to buy him skates with. That night a barrel of apples was sent home, and being rather better than usual, some of the family went into the kitchen to see them before they were stored away, When he returned to and Charlie with the rest. the parlor he walked about for a while in one of his thoughtful moods, and then, going close to one of the members of the family, he put his mouth to his ear, and said,

"'I want to tell you a secret."

""Well, what is it?"

"'Papa STOLE zose apples. Don't you tell any

body.' ""What makes you think so?' said the other, laughing.



ITINEERANT MERCHANT.—"I don't care about sellin' the fruit, Ma'am; but as for gettin' away, if you only kne I like to look on a pretty smilin' face, you'd let me stop and gaze a bit."

"'Cause he hadn't got any money. He told me

"The recipient of this weighty confidence was too much amused to keep the secret, and repeating the accusation with a laugh to the family ear, his father recalled what he had told him in the morning about the skates, concluding that it was best not to make vague statements to a child whose logic cut so close.

"A servant in the family had a cruel step-mother. He had been in the kitchen listening to an account of her ill-treatment one day, and coming thence to the nursery, he said,

"God didn't make Lizzie's naughty muzzer, did He?'

"'Yes,' said his mother. 'He made her to be good; she made herself bad.'

"With some further explanation he seemed satisfied, and went off; but after a time he came back, and asked who made the bears.

"" God made them, was the reply.

"'Did He? What did He make zem for? Did He make zem to be good?'

"He had taken the whooping-cough from a little girl in the neighborhood, and during one of his vio-lent spasms of coughing he asked, when he found

"' Where did I get it, mamma?"

"'From Katy Jones,' said she. 'Don't you know? She has it, and you took it from her.'

"Another paroxysm; and then, when he could breathe, he panted out, "When she gets well I'll whip her!""



AN EXPLANATION.

a. been ENDED BEAUTY.—"Such freedom with a Lady, Sir, is not to be excused on the plea of thoughtlessness."

a been ENDED BEAUTY.—"Such freedom with a Lady, Sir, is not to be excused on the plea of thoughtlessness."

a been ENDED BEAUTY.—"Well, Miss Clara, the fact is, I'd just been dining with a party at Delmonico's, and was a but higher than the pleasant of the

Foshious for August.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by Voigt from actual articles of Costume.





FIGURE 3.—PARDESSUS.

IN the Equestrian Costumes the hats are ornamented respectively with cocks' feathers and osa hite nankeen, or any other stuff of light color—der lante, or the like—trimmed with braid, in lines a seroll pattern. The jacket is kept close to a heen gure by a tab on the inside, which allows the suth to float free. In the figure which presents a

back view the garment is of lady's cloth, also braided, with full coat sleeves narrowing to the wrist. A strap, to hold up the skirt from trailing when the wearer is on foot, which may be ornamented with an "agrafe," is advantageously worn with riding-dresses. This strap is called a "page."

The PARDESSUS is of white barège. A narrow

black passamenterie edges the plaits.

LAHGARARGE BULLEY A. 照照便

CEDUCAUB UMB PEOPLE.

Vol. II.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1862.

[No. XI.

The "School and Family Readers."

Object Teaching, and Popular Education.

Our "Drawer" is not yet exhausted of testimonials, from leading educators, to the merits of these Readers; nor does the interest in these new books flag as they become better known. On the contrary, a trial of them in the school-room has, in all cases, so far as we have learned, more than justified the favorable opinions first formed of them; and, what is equally gratifying, from no quarter have we seen an adverse criticism. Teachers who at first doubted, as we know many did, the practicability of the plan on which these books were written, nevertheless acknowledged the great importance of the educational principles involved in them, and have been anxious to have the books fairly tested. No school-books have ever been more closely scrutinized than these; none have been treated with more candor and kindness by teachers; and perhaps no others have been so successful in winning favorable opinions from the outset. For this the books are indebted, chiefly, to their supposed adaptation to the furtherance of the most important of all educational objects -a more general, a better, and a higher degree of Popu-LAR EDUCATION.

It had long been known, and deplored by intelligent educators, that, upon the old system of school instruction, there was no way of bringing home to the masses the knowledge of a tithe of that great multitude of plain and simple facts in Nature, and principles in science, on which the arts and occupations of every-day life so greatly depend for all which benefits and interests mankind. In highly intelligent families, the children learn from the older members a thousand things of interest and worthvaluable both as discipline and as knowledge-which an ordinary country school, upon the old system of management, makes no attempt at furnishing in its course of instruction. Suppose the parents of a family to be thoroughly imbued with a love of knowledge for its own sake, of extensive attainments in the various departments of literature, science, and art; and, moreover, apt at instruction, and fond of imparting of their stores of learning and experience to those around them. What would be the intelligence of that family, as compared with one where the parents were not only ignorant, but wholly regardless of the education of their children? Who would not wish that all the children in the land should enjoy the advantages that are found in a highly intelligent family; and what educator would willingly exchange such for all the drill of the school-room, if he must choose between the two?

And now, can we, in any considerable degree, engraft the inestimable advantages of a good family education upon our system of school training? Can we bring into the school-room the ten thousand familiar objects, facts, and principles of science, that are of every-day applica-tion, show their value in contributing to the comfort and well-being of society, the beauty of some as objects of taste, and the evidences of wisdom and design which all display? Can the education of the school-room be made to combine with it that of the intelligent family, with all the varied charms which cluster around the latter?

We may do something-we may do much-in this direction. We may bring in the familiar objects from the fields and the wayside, and, in a course of "object" instruction, show that, however neglected or despised, they have value and beauty; and we may make our schoolbooks-those which all the pupils in every school must use—supply in part the place of the living teacher—of the intelligent head of a family. This is one of the aims and objects of the "School and Family Readers." While they instruct in the art of reading, they aim to make the reading lessons of the greatest possible value, both by the interest which is made to cluster around them by choice of subject and selection, and beauty of illustration, and by the useful knowledge which they impart.

Additional Testimonials not before published.

From SAMUEL C. JOHNSON, Professor of Golden Hill Public School, Bridgeport, Conn, April 26, 1862.

have introduced Willson's Series of Readers into all the departments of my school, and I cheerfully recommend them as worthy of immediate introduction into every school and family in the land. The mechanical execution, the regular gradation, the excellent miscellaneous selections, the number and beauty of the illustrations, and the fine arrangement to interest and instruct in the sciences, all combine to make these books superior to any other series of Readers extant.

From Alonzo Norton Lewis, Principal and Superintendent of Public Schools, Waterbury, Conn., June 9,

The Board of Education have just introduced the Fifth Reader of Willson's Series into the advanced classes of the High School. I have no doubt the full series will be adopted at the opening of a new school year in September. A careful examination of the Fourth and Fifth Readers

has satisfied me that there is no series extant so peculiarly adapted to awaken interest, and arouse thought, as Will-As a book of information, the Fifth Reader is invaluable.

valuable.

In our manufacturing towns, the children of the laboring classes, many of them, attend school less than four months in the year. Reading, writing, spelling, and a little arithmetic, are their only studies. The subjects of Zoology, Botany, Physiology, Natural Philosophy, Geology, Chemistry, &c., are sealed books to them. Willson's Readers, in a plain and familiar style, open a vast field of knowledge to all such. I have no doubt many a future Agassiz or Silliman will yet rise up to bless the author who first turned his thoughts toward "the hidden springs of Earth and Nature."

Should the series be universally adopted, as I hope it

Should the series be universally adopted, as I hope it may be, the next generation can not, if they would, be so ignorant of "Nature and her wondrous works," as are too many of the present.

From Frank R. C. Davis, Principal of Grammar School, Dorrville, R. I., June 9, 1862.

During an experience of seven years in teaching, I have never seen a series that, for neatness, simplicity of illustration, and beauty of typography, can excel Willson's Readers. My scholars devour them eagerly.

I was rather doubtful of the plan of scientific reading for our common schools, but am skeptical no longer. Mr. Willson deserves the thanks of teachers and pupils for this year with which.

valuable contribution.

From Hon. II. K. BAKER, Hallowell, Maine, May 6, 1862. Please send me five dozen of Willson's School and Family Primer, for introduction into the schools of Hallowell. It is the best Primer I have ever seen.

From Mr. Charles Lamb, Principal of Grammar School, Fitchburg, Mass., May 3, 1862.

I have examined a part of the series of Willson's Pour ers, and most heartily endorse all I have heard favor. From the "Elements of Elocution" to the tence in each volume, I find nothing to cond

J ea

much, very much, to admire and praise. In this series are found extracts from the best writers upon Natural History, Botany, Physiology, Architecture, Ancient and Mod-ern History, &c., with plates and explanations which give the pupil correct ideas of the various subjects discussed.

Parents who wish to give their children reading matter highly interesting as well as instructive, can find nothing better than these books. I have never before examined a series of Readers with so much interest and satisfac-

From Prof. E. M. Guffin, Principal of Preparatory Department of Iowa State University, Iowa City, May

Willson's Readers are rapidly and deservedly taking the places of other Readers, not only in our University, but also in the public and private schools of this city.

If "he who causes two blades of grass to grow, where but one grew before, is a public benefactor," in a much greater and higher degree is he a public benefactor who contributes so largely to the true and harmonious education of the right generation, and who multiplies and fation of the rising generation, and who multiplies and fa-cilitates that education to so great an extent, as has been done by the author of these Readers. An examination of these books must convince every intelligent mind of their marked and incomparable superiority, in mechanical execution, in imparting knowledge, in developing thought, and in implanting right thoughts and noble de-

From W. M. BURNETT, Professor of Mount Eden Seminary, Kentucky, May 20, 1862.

Having given Willson's Readers a careful examination, I can say, without hesitation, that they are vastly superior to any thing of the kind I have ever before met with. I design to introduce the series into my school as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements.

From J. B. PORTER, County Superintendent of Juniata Co., Pa., March 31, 1862.

I have given your series of School Readers an impartial and careful review, and consider them the best Reading books I have ever met with. The First, Second, and Third Books of the series are admirably adapted to build up young readers in the correct exercise of the voice, and up young readers in the correct exercise of the voice, and in the proper use of inflections, and to enable them to avoid falling into a monotonous habit of utterance. The series, taken as a whole, is just what our schools want; and, so far as I can effect their introduction into our schools, I shall consider that I am engaged in a worthy and laudable undertaking.

I have presented the subject to many of our trustees, several of whom have already introduced the books into their schools.

their schools.

From ISAAC B. BAKER, Principal of Public Schools, Marshalltown, Iowa, June 4, 1862.

We have now used Willson's Series of School Readers in our public schools six months, and I can cheerfully and honestly say, that in their use we have more than realized the high expectations raised by their first examina-

They prove to be just what our public schools have for years needed. The information they contain is eminently practical, the illustrations apt and superb. They have now a permanent place in our schools; and never before were "new books" introduced with so little trouble and so general satisfaction. I think they can be secured a place in Central Iowa with but little trouble, as our people are alive to any improvement so useful and timely. I shall do what I can for them.

From John C. Brooking, A.M., Principal of Trappe Classical School, Maryland, June, 1862.

Several months' trial of Willson's School and Family Readers has fully confirmed the favorable opinion I formed of them upon first examination. They not only please at first, owing to the attractiveness of their style and the beauty of their illustrations, but they work well; and further practical acquaintance with them in the class only serves to convince the teacher how admirably they are adapted to accomplish their purpose. Prof. Willson has a bacceded in a great and difficult undertaking, and both weacher and pupil have reason to thank him, not only for der a ring their respective tasks more agreable, but for a leen gure uld have been, in most cases, entirely beyond a with to flow. Several months' trial of Willson's School and Family

We have received the following, signed by G. S. GROVES, District Clerk, and also by the Treasurer and Director of the Public Schools of Sheboygan Falls, Wis., June 16, 1862,

After examining Willson's Readers last winter, we were so favorably impressed with their merits as to adopt them in our schools.

At first some objected to "Changing Books;" but after they were examined all opposition against them ceased; and for more than six months we have used them, with

and for more than six months we have used them, with perfect satisfaction to parents, teachers, and scholars.

The views of the Teachers of the Sheboygan schools are expressed in the following commendation, signed by Oliver Libber, the Principal, and by the Assistants in the Higher, Intermediate, and Primary Departments:

We have used Willson's Readers during the past winter with the greatest satisfaction, and consider them unrivaled in the following particulars:

rivaled in the following particulars

1st. In the great amount of useful information given in the Natural Sciences.

2d. In the number and accuracy of the illustrations explanatory of the subjects of which they treat.

3d. In the judicious selection of choice miscellaneous

atter.

4th. In the happy arrangement of the subjects, so as to keep up a lively and unfailing interest in the classes throughout every reading exercise.

Editorial Notices.

Although we have presented, from time to time, in the pages of the Bulletin, numerous extracts from Editorial Notices of the "School and Family Readers," we have NEARLY A HUNDRED of these notices still on hand, gathered from papers in all parts of the Union, and all of them, without an exception, highly commendatory. We should be glad to republish most of them, but our limits restrict us to a very small proportion of what we receive.

WILLSON'S FIFTH READER.—This is the fifth book in the series of Harper's School and Family Readers, prepared by Professor Marcius Willson, a gentleman who has before this done excellent service in compiling and writing educational text books. In preparing the present series of Readers, Professor Willson has stepped quite out of the beaten path, and furnished something so entirely unique that the plan at first excited the skepticism of many of the best teachers in the country. A careful examination of the books, or a practical test of their qualities in the school-room, has given such doubts to the wind, and left the conviction in most minds, of their superiority over all other school readers.

The speciality of the plan has been to interweave with the elecutionary exercises a large amount of practical in-

periority over all other school readers.

The speciality of the plan has been to interweave with the elocutionary exercises a large amount of practical instruction in science. The author has acted upon the conviction that good reading lessons could be made out of the ten thousand interesting subjects in natural history, and other departments of human knowledge. His conviction has now become a moral demonstration; for the books, even in their elocutionary character, possess a charm of variety and adaptedness to the purpose, equal, if not superior to any other series. The amount of practical information, exact and reliable, and in the most attractive form, contained in the Fifth Reader, will astonish any one who will take pains to examine its contents; and he will not find a page in the volume unsuited to the purpose of an elocutionary exercise. When the series is completed, the addition of a classified index will make it a most valuable cyclopædia for the young, and a copy will be preserved in every family book-case where the old or the young seek for knowledge.—Missouri Republican.

We have examined Willson's Readers somewhat particularly, and we unhesitatingly pronounce the series to be far superior to any other of which we have any knowledge. They are as far ahead of Town's, Sargent's, and Hillard's, as those are in advance of the Old English Reader. The author aimed to step outside the beaten track, and most admirably has he succeeded.—Aroostook Herald (Maine).

What examination we have been able to give to Will-

track, and most admirably has he succeeded.—Arosotook Herald (Maine). What examination we have been able to give to Willson's Readers leads us to the conclusion that they are superior to any other books for school uses ever before published in this country. While Professor Willson has aimed to make them as instructive as possible, he has not lost sight of the importance of making them pleasing to youthful minds.—Kennebec Journal (Maine).

Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST: Being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. By W. Pembroke Fetringe. With a Map embracing Colored Routes of Travel in the above Countries.

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